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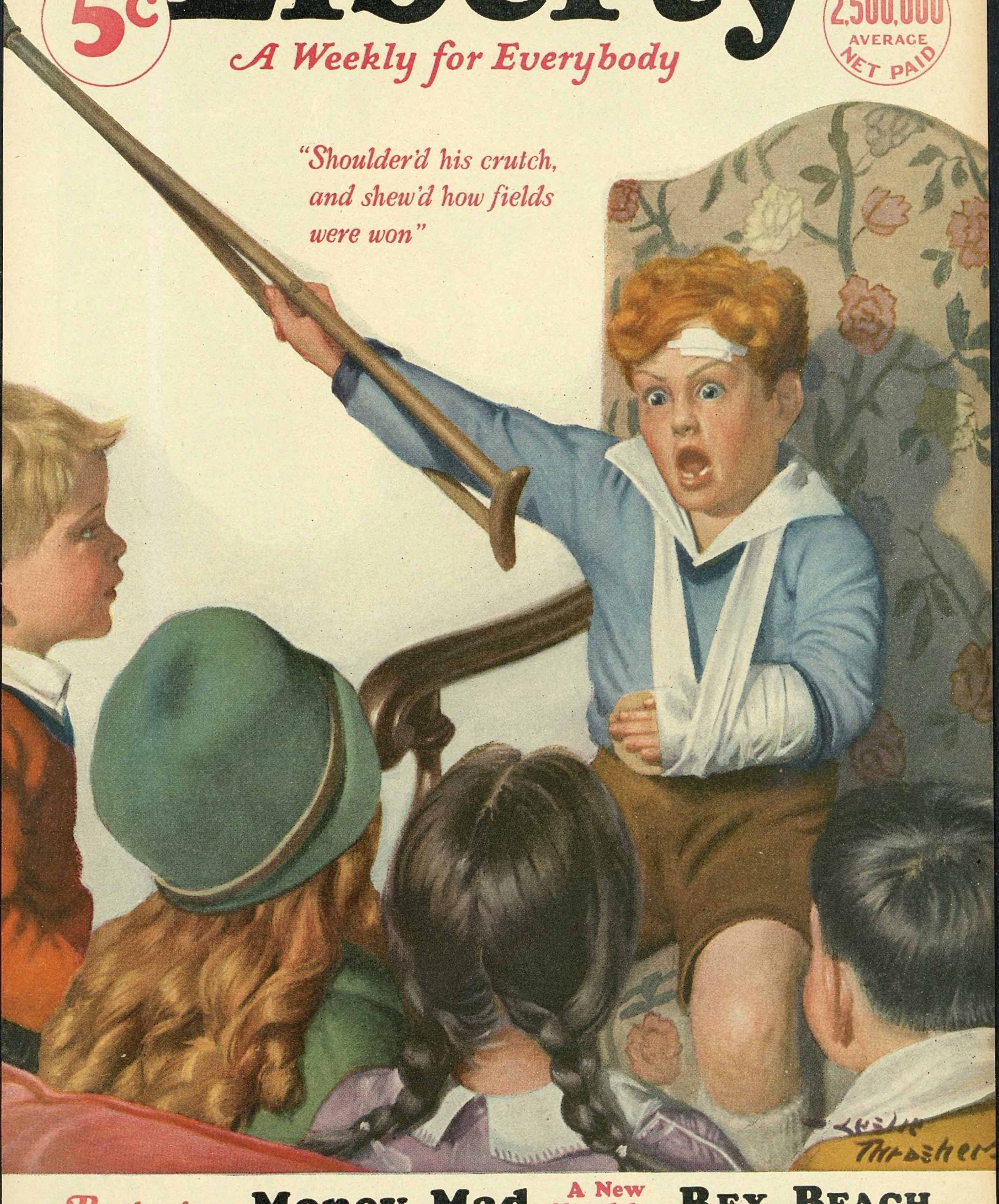
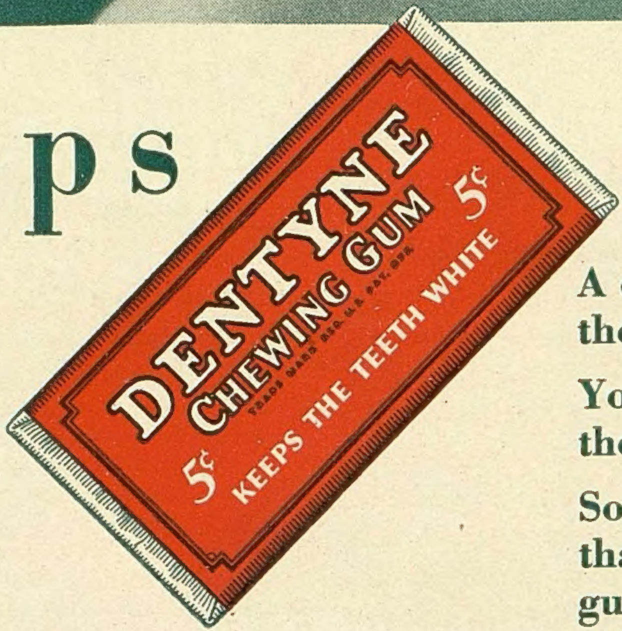


*"Shoulder'd his crutch,
and shew'd how fields
were won"*

Beginning **Money Mad** A New Novel by **REX BEACH**

keeps teeth white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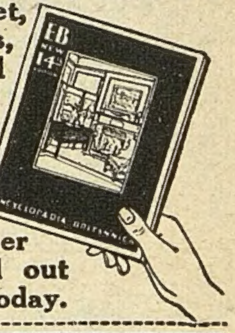

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MARCH 7, 1931
Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody
VOL. 8
No. 10

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices:
220 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. Telephone: Vanderbilt 3-6900.
Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower. Boston: Rice Building.
Detroit: General Motors Building. San Francisco: Kohl Building.

Entered as second class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1931, by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, in the United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved. No manuscript received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Published weekly by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; J. M. Patterson, President; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager; James O'Shaughnessy, Business Manager; S. W. Stubbings, Secretary; Sheppard Butler, Executive Editor.

Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions less than one year. Allow four weeks for change of address.

☞ **Address all communications to 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.**

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

SPEED

At this writing Captain Malcolm Campbell has just established a new world's land speed record of 245.73 miles an hour. He is the first man ever to go faster than four miles per minute in an automobile.

Of course all this happened on an American beach, but it was done by an Englishman with an English machine, and it broke a speed record held by another Englishman.

As we look over the records, we find that we can beat the English at golf and tennis as a rule —though when it comes to the ladies in golf, theirs win—and our plug-uglies usually can lick theirs in the squared ring.

Also, we can outdo them at sailing yachts, and when we beat an old gentleman, racing at ten miles an hour, we give the loser a silver cup by popular subscription. At that rate, Captain Campbell ought to have a gold cup, with his initials on it in diamonds.

When it is a question of the thing man is chiefly striving for nowadays—the dominance of time and space, which means speed—we are prone to think of the English as a leisurely people and of ourselves as speed merchants.

But as a matter of fact, when the test is really worth while they mostly beat us. Their machines are better and, apparently, their reactions are better.

This applies not only to land speed, with automobiles. It is true also of water speed, for which the late Sir Henry Segrave set the present record of 98.76 miles an hour, after having established the automobile mark which Captain Campbell has just beaten.

And in the air, of course, there is no comparison. The world record of 357.7 miles an hour is held by an Englishman, Squadron Leader A. H. Orlebar. Here too, as in the case of automobiles, an Englishman broke an Englishman's record.

The best we have ever done in the air, officially, is 266.6 miles an hour. We are 90 miles an hour slower than they.

We sit around with a good deal of self-satisfaction—and of course it is true that England as a whole is not in the most fortunate position. She has the dole, her colonies are getting away from her, her trade is falling off, and so on.

But there still remain adventurers in England: the kind that made the British Empire—enough of them at least to hold most of the worth-while records. There is evidently in them some kind of stuff—some toughness of fiber—that urges them to go fast on land, on water, and in the air.

And it is interesting to note that when England's Labor ministry, seemingly as a pacifistic gesture, sought to do away with the British entry in the next Schneider Cup race, private enterprise came forward, and a woman announced that she would not permit the pacifist government to be a spoilsport.

This country's answer to the Schneider Cup invitation was that Mr. Hoover wished to economize and that we'd rather save the money a team of racing planes would cost.

Well, we have too many people out of work now. Entering the Schneider race would give work to many men. Of the cost of such planes as are needed, ninety per cent would go to labor. Yet our government says it will stay out "for economy."

As this is written there is still a hope that the United States will enter this greatest of all speed competitions. If so, it will be due, not to our government or the people generally, but to the patriotism of a very few men.

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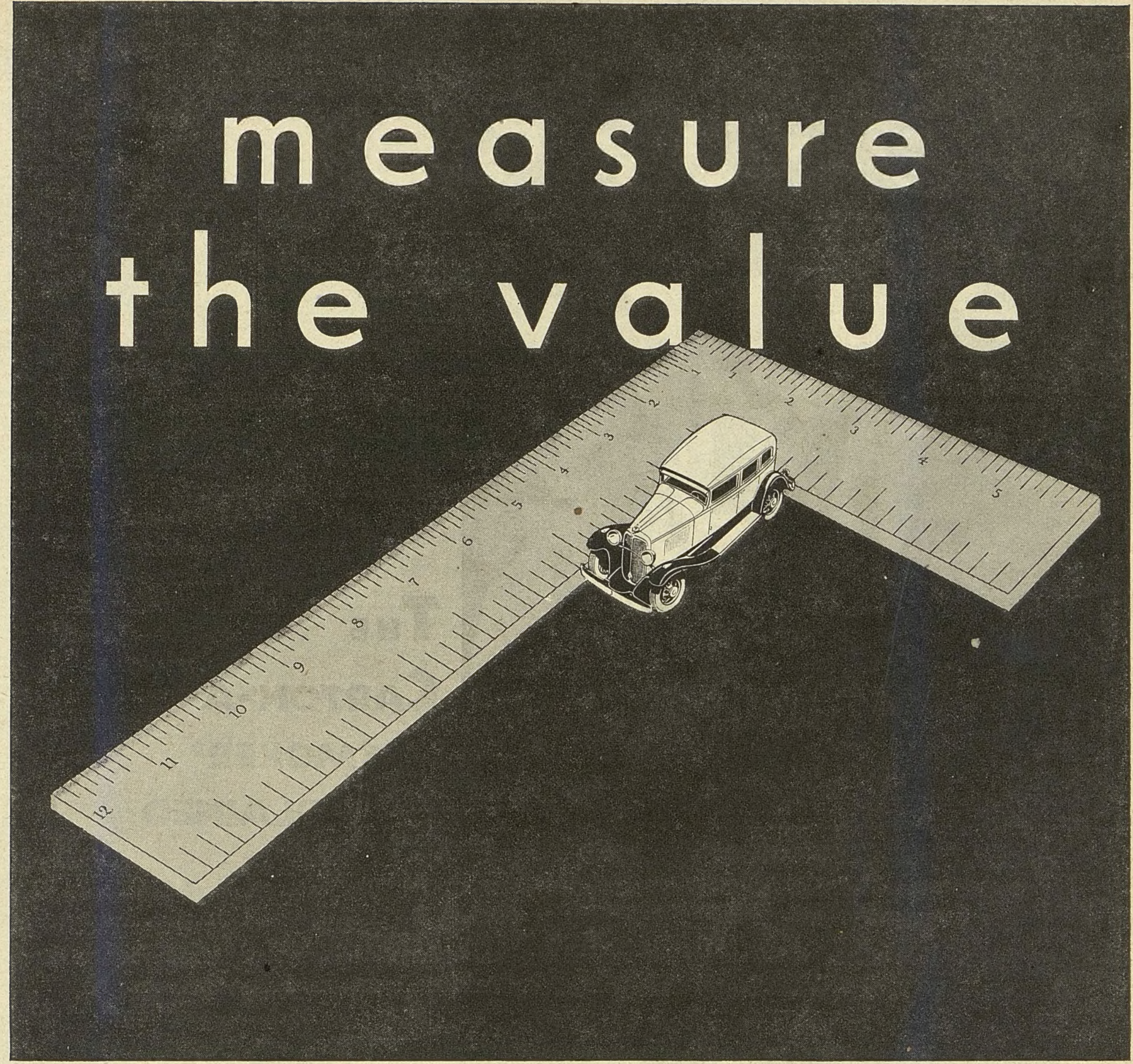
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MAKING NEW FRIENDS AND KEEPING THE OLD
George Washington
Born February

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MAKING NEW FRIENDS AND KEEPING THE OLD

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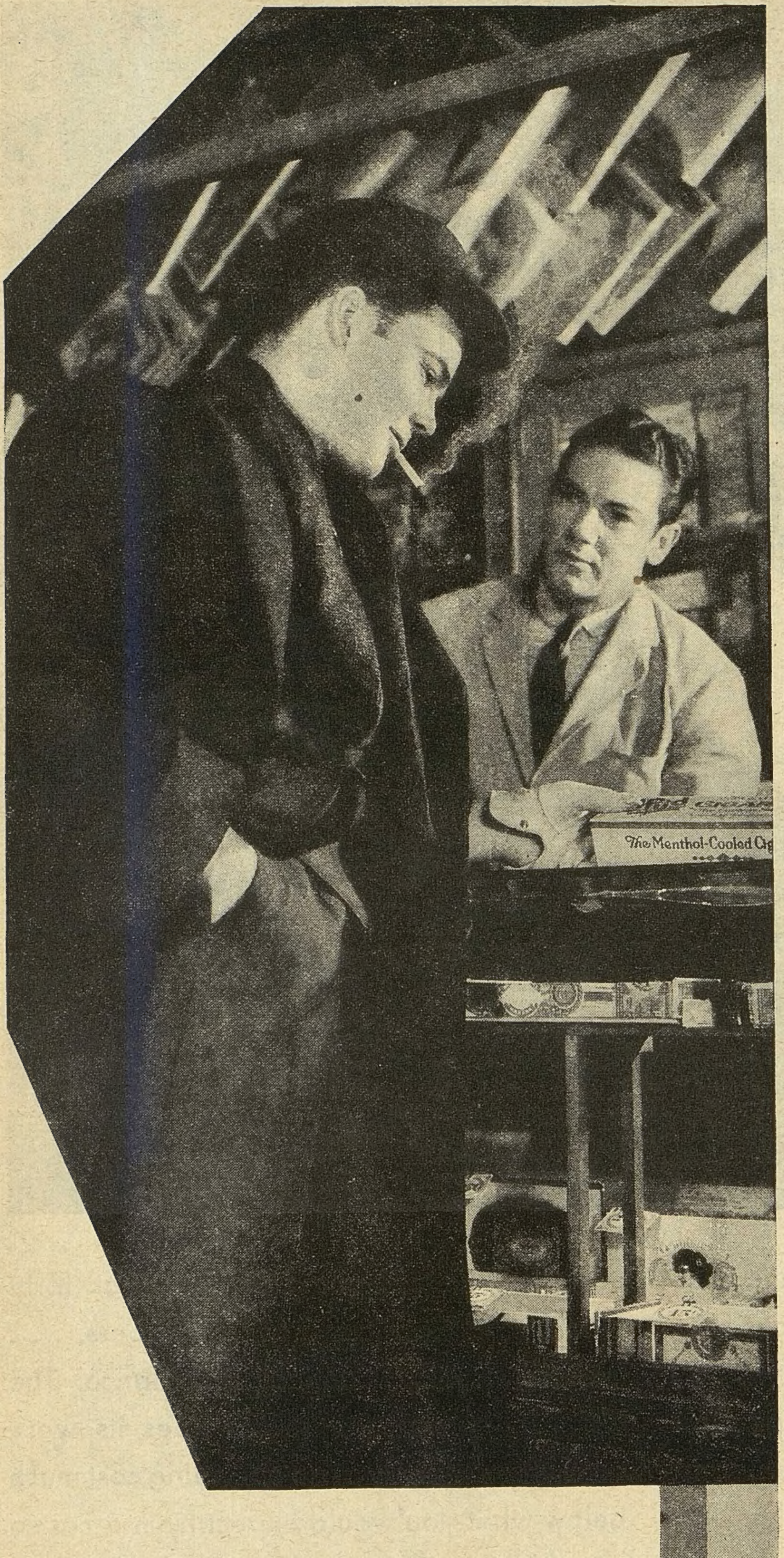

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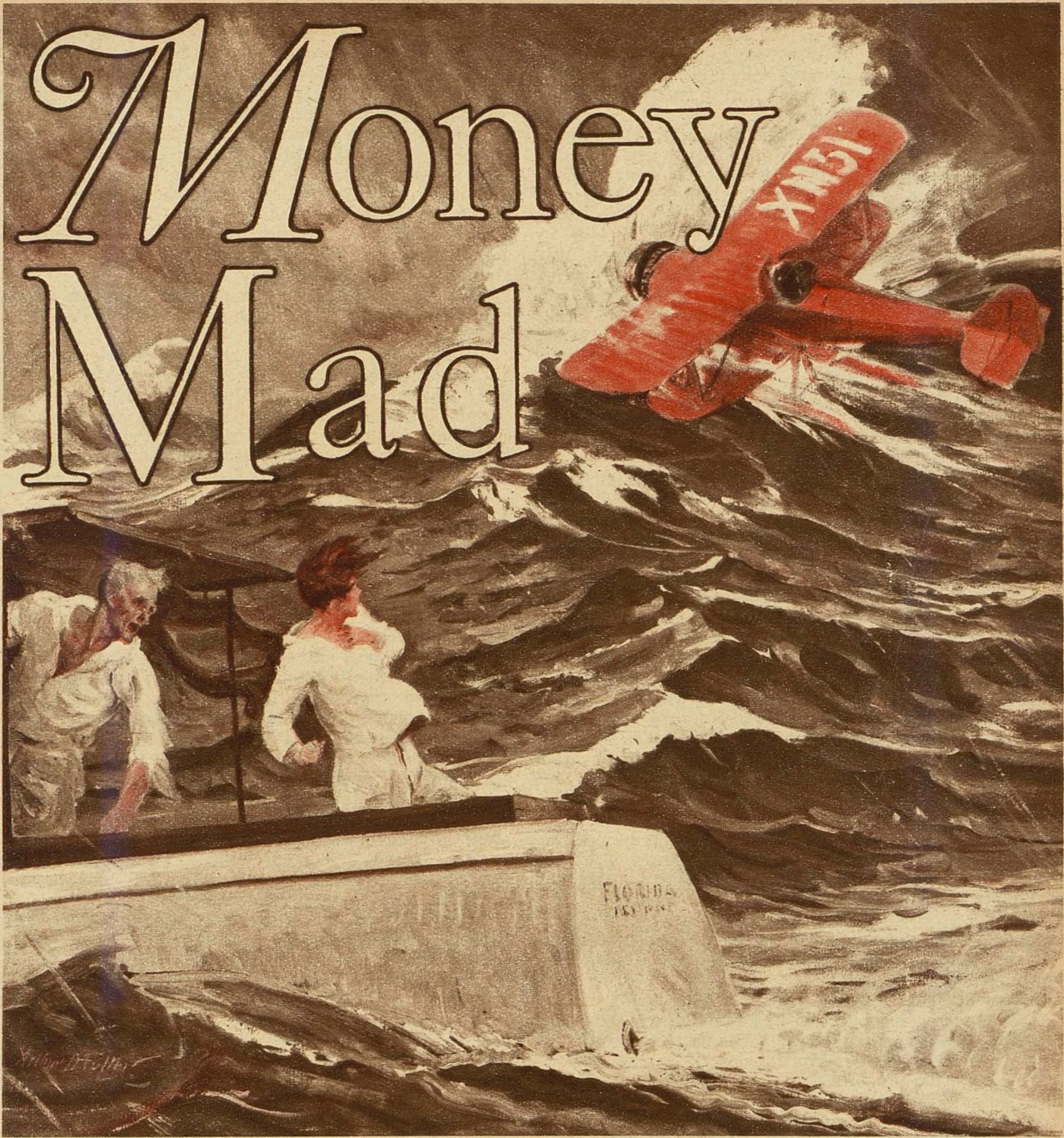
Money Mad



IT skimmed above the waves, then touched the crest of one, and there was an explosion of spray.

The Story of a Girl's Gamble for Happiness

PART ONE
Forced Landing

(Reading time: 27 minutes.)

By

REX BEACH

who was born in Michigan, studied law in Chicago, wrote "The Spoilers" in 1905, and has been one of the most popular American novelists ever since. He is Fred Stone's brother-in-law, and his homes are in New York and Florida.

Pictures by ARTHUR D. FULLER

IT was February. The sun was hot, the sky was faultless, a salty breeze frolicked with the waters of the Gulf Stream, indigo blue and incredibly clear. Against the western horizon lay an inch-high border of green: it was the belt of mangroves and palms fringing one of several keys. To the south a black feather of smoke advertised the approach of some rusty tramp nosing her way up from the Caribbean. She was holding well offshore to take full advantage of the Stream. Closer inshore, where the current was weak, a southbound Cunarder was breasting it.

Sharp-sighted passengers on the deck of that liner could have seen, several miles to seaward, a small boat gleaming in the sun like a speck of foam. It was a little trunk-cabin cruiser with a bit of awning aft, and it

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MONEY MAD
Continued from page seven]

bobbed about as if crippled. In reality it was neither helpless nor was it as white as the sunshine painted it. Closer investigation would have shown it to be an exceedingly dingy craft which was running with its motor throttled down to the last notch.

There are many weather-beaten power boats furtively plying the waters of the Florida Straits, and for the most part they are manned by disreputable crews. This one was of a size to carry, say, five hundred cases; its two occupants were as ragged and dirty as could be found between the Bahamas and Key West.

The helmsman was a lean, gray, leathery person in a soiled shirt and a pair of rusty duck pants so bagged that even when he stood erect he seemed to be poised for jumping. A tramp would have scorned them, as well as his frayed tennis sneakers, which by reason of internal pressure had split, exposing a pair of sockless, bony feet of enormous size.

His companion, a girl, was clad much as he, except that her clothing was a trifle cleaner, due, no doubt, to the fact that she was younger, or that she had been rained on more recently.

Father and daughter, that being their relation, were at first sight as ill-favored as their battered boat, but a second look at the girl would have provoked a third and a fourth. She was pretty. She was animated. She had all the charm of youth and strength and perfect health and she was burned as evenly as the prize confection of some fancy chef. Her hair was red, her skin was without blemish, her eyes, unusually large and dark, were alive and glowing. They were mirthful, inquisitive, mocking eyes, as restless and as provoking as the owner herself.

Two scarecrows indeed, and yet each was thoroughly self-satisfied and in the very best of humors.

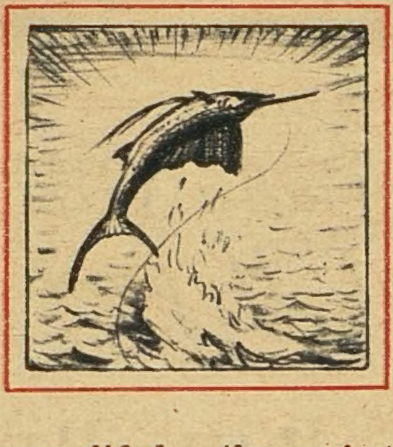
The girl sat low in a decrepit chair, which was securely lashed to screw eyes in the floor. Her legs were elevated and her feet rested upon the coaming of the cockpit. She held a rod and reel across her lap and these she occasionally manipulated with practiced hands.

Her father was equally at ease, for he was a man of the sun and the sea, as his name implied. Henry Morgan. Who could be other than a rover, a buccaneer, a restless vagabond, with such a name?

"BALDY was wrong again, as usual," the girl spoke dreamily. "We'd have been a couple of fools to lay up on such a day."

Morgan nodded. "Nice, ain't it? But Baldy claims his mother was a sea gull and he can smell weather."

"Baldy can't even smell bread when it's burning. If she was a gull she taught him to cook. His idea of preparing a good dinner is to drop clams on a rock. He sure is a liability to a stove."



"What's the use of any higher knowledge? All a man needs in these keys is a pair of grains and a mosquito net; all the cooking practice he gets is with a frying pan."

"I know, but Baldy is downright dumb. That head of his isn't a head at all: it's a cypress knee. If he stood in a swamp overnight, an orchid would grow on it."

"Compared to some of these mullets he's a statesman. Poor folks like him don't have much experience with rich victuals."

Father and daughter—the latter's name, by the way, was Florida—spoke with the careless dialect of the far south. Their *r*s were elided, they accented certain unimportant first syllables, they employed idioms and ungrammatical short cuts as languid economies of expression, the effect of which was musical.

"How come you sent him for gas, and us with a full drum on the dock?" Florida inquired. "Gas is thirty cents at the inlet."

"I promised Bud Harkins I'd keep an extra. He's due back from Bimini any night."

"Oh! . . . Bud's a nice boy."

"Sure!" Morgan pronounced the word "show." "And his wife's in the hospital. Poor Bud took a beating in the boom and he belongs to get ahead." There was a silence which the speaker broke to say, "Notice that haze to the no'thwest? Reckon I'll head in."

Slowly the boat swung about and idled in the general direction of land. It had gone perhaps a mile when Morgan exclaimed sharply:

"Watch out, Florrie! Yonder he comes." With the warning, life awoke suddenly in the speaker. He sprang aft and snatched at the teaser line, a heavy cord at the end of which dragged a larger wooden surface bait from which the hooks had been removed. Morgan jerked at it violently, causing the lure to dart and plunge the more actively. An instant, then a shadow, a gleaming brown shape, appeared in its wake.

Florrie was on her feet now, sweeping her rod from side to side and causing the cut bait on her hook to swim the more rapidly.

"He's going to strike!" she annnouced sharply, and swiftly she reeled in. The fluttering strip of bonita belly on the end of her line broke water and drew closer. Behind it, porpoiselike, rose a long, slim, shining body. It clove the water with the swiftness of a torpedo and as it approached it raised a spiny, sail-like dorsal fin.

VICIOUSLY it slashed at the bait with its horny bill, whereupon the girl released the drag on her reel and stripped the line from it. The bait sank, there ensued a breathless pause of several seconds—so many minutes, hours to the watchers. The line ran off loosely from the spool. Followed a click, the line straightened, Florrie struck.

The result was extraordinary. It was as if that line were a wire leading to a depth bomb and she had shot an electric spark through it. The sea exploded, an enormous fish flung itself bodily into the sunlight. It was an iridescent creature of perfect grace and beauty and it bristled with feline fury. Its every fin was spread, its horny mouth was agape. Ferociously it shook itself. Leap after leap followed and the waters boiled. Rage was succeeded by a desperation that multiplied its ample strength tenfold. The rod bent, the line ran off with burning speed as the monster catapulted itself into the air time after time or tore through the waves in a series of fifty-foot lunges.

"Attagirl! You've got him!" Morgan yelled. He returned to the wheel and from there directed the battle.

A battle it proved to be, with skill and judgment pitted against strength, savagery, abysmal terror. The fish ran far and fast, the boat followed. Minute after minute went by.

"He's an eight-footer," the girl panted after a while. "Strong, too. He must be hooked high—that's over twenty jumps I've counted."

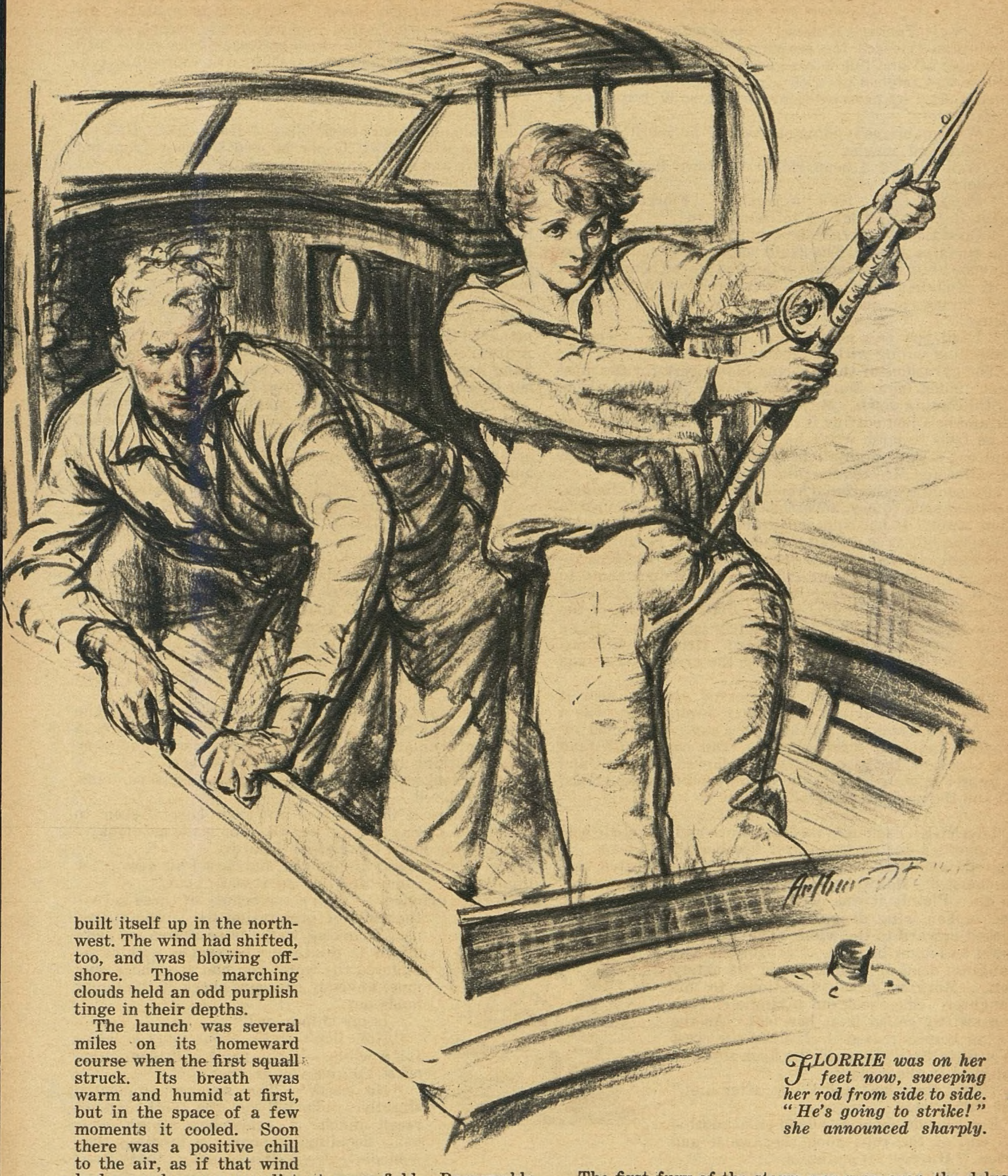
The fish tired slowly, the angler handled it with care; it was more than a half hour before Morgan leaned far out and seized the piano-wire leader, allowing Florida to relax for the first time. She laid down her rod and stretched her tired muscles.

It became plain now why the father's clothing was so stained and bloody, for he lifted the fish by its bill until he could grapple with it, bend it over the deck coaming, and release the hook. For a moment the two wrestled, the water was threshed into foam, then the hook was freed, and the majestic creature, bested for the first time, its strength gone, its savagery tamed, fell back into the sea, and slowly swam away.

"Good-by, beautiful! Don't let a shark get you!" Florida cried, and tossed a kiss after it.

"Makes me sore, those Palm Beachers killing every fish they take," grumbled the father. He wiped the water from his face, then, with a change of voice, exclaimed, "Hello! Who says Baldy can't smell weather?"

For the first time the anglers noted that the haze they had felt rather than seen earlier now obscured the horizon, and that a queer, menacing cloud bank had



FLORRIE was on her feet now, sweeping her rod from side to side. "He's going to strike!" she announced sharply.

built itself up in the northwest. The wind had shifted, too, and was blowing offshore. Those marching clouds held an odd purplish tinge in their depths.

The launch was several miles on its homeward course when the first squall struck. Its breath was warm and humid at first, but in the space of a few moments it cooled. Soon there was a positive chill to the air, as if that wind had passed over some distant snow field. Presumably an upper blanket of warm air had been ripped apart like the roof of a tent and the cold from on high was pouring down through it in a torrent.

Traveling with that cold wind came a slashing sheet of rain. It swept across the sea like a giant bellying curtain blown bodily ahead of the gale, and the roar of its coming silenced the murmur of the whirling motor. The waters, so friendly an hour ago, grew dark and began to churn. They were whipped to froth. Wave crests were picked up and hurled like charges of shot against the canvas awning. The boat plunged and shivered.

The first fury of the storm was soon over, the deluge lessened, and it became possible to peer through it for a half mile or so. Morgan was reviling himself for ignoring Baldy's warning when his daughter cocked her head and inquired, "What's that?"

After a moment she staggered out from under shelter and stared about. The rain stung her face and half blinded her, but the sound she had heard grew more distinct. She lifted her head, then uttered a cry. In the murk above she made out a shape that seemed to hover almost motionless.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MONEY MAD
Continued from page nine

"Look! Yonder's a plane!" she screamed.

Morgan released the steering wheel long enough to scramble aft and follow her gaze, but the boat fell off its course and fetched up with a plunging roll that threatened to hurl its passengers overboard, so he leaped back under cover.

"What in blazes'it doing out here?" he yelled.

"Blown off, maybe."

"Well—! I'd a heap rather be down here than up yonder."

"Pappy! . . . He's in trouble!" Florrie's excitement rose. "He's trying to come down!"

"Good Lord! He can't land in this sea." Morgan tore the curtains loose. The wind flapped them, the spray drenched him as he leaned far out and stared heavenward. "He wouldn't dare. . . . He's probably flying blind and trying to make a harbor. Wave him towards shore."

"I tell you he's going to— Listen! . . . There's something wrong with his motor."

The gyrations of the laboring plane were for the most part hidden from Morgan, but Florrie described them. "Still coming down. Maybe the motor's all right, after all, and he's just cutting it in and out. . . . He'll crash if he tries to land, won't he? . . . *Whoo-hoo!*" She sent out a long, high-pitched cry. Violently she waved her arms and directed the pilot shoreward.

She could see the round knob of his head now. He gesticulated back to her, nevertheless his plane continued to slant lower. It had appeared to move slowly up there in the wind, but as it neared the sea its speed became more apparent. It was a small seaplane and its pontoons reminded Florrie of the spraddling feet of a duck about to alight. Painted in large letters upon its side she read the name, "Falcon." The ship, in flight, had some of the grace of that bird, but it completely lacked the latter's ability to settle, or to check its speed. Briefly it skimmed above the waves, then it touched the crest of one, and there was an explosion of spray.

The plane leaped high, it swerved crazily, then it sheered off the surface of another swell. This was a heavier blow and the girl uttered a cry. It seemed incredible that any mechanism so frail could withstand the shock of the ricochets that followed. Father and daughter expected to see the entire landing gear ripped off and the plane itself swallowed up.

STRANGELY enough, its framework and its fabric held together during those first few horrifying leaps. It slowed, wallowed, came to rest finally, and floated half submerged. Its propeller ceased revolving; it appeared to die. Plainly it was badly damaged, for it was atilt; one broken wing dragged, the other was cocked upward to the wind. The occupant could no longer be seen. Probably he was hanging, dead or insensible, in his safety belt. Morgan yelled directions to his daughter. She shook out a tangle of rope and swiftly coiled it at her feet. As the racing launch reared itself upon the crest of a wave they glimpsed the flyer slumped forward in the cockpit.

"Take the wheel and I'll go after him," the father said.

But Florida shook her head. She knotted an end of the rope about her waist and cried, "Hurry! It's sinking."

The plane floated lower momentarily. It was almost awash when they dashed into the oil slick surrounding it. Sluggishly it rose and fell; the waters drenched it.

More thrilling rescues have been made, but for the girl, at least, those next few moments were supremely exciting. In a sea like this Morgan dared not actually lay his boat alongside, nor did Florida wait for him to do so. Overboard she plunged and after a few strokes she laid hold of a strut, pulled herself forward, and clambered up on the fuselage. It was easy to throw the buckle of the safety belt, but it was a task to lift the inert flyer, for he was a long-limbed, well built fellow. While so engaged Florida noticed something which struck her as odd: the man wore a dinner jacket. There was no mistake. He was clad in semiformal evening dress, except for his leather helmet, and the broad expanse of his white shirt bosom, now limp and bedraggled, was incredibly fantastic.

"Make haste!" Morgan shouted. "I can't hold this position."

Florida answered him shrilly: "Haul away. He's too heavy to lift." Swiftly she slipped the loop from her shoulders and set it around the aviator's body.

The launch fell off before the wind; the line grew taut. Florida tugged. Together she and the unconscious man were dragged into the sea. In such angry waters she could do little more than support her burden, keep his head above water, the while her father drew them in, hand over hand. Even that was a breathless, strangling maneuver. Nor was it a simple matter to get the limp stranger aboard that plunging craft, but Morgan had landed live, struggling fish of greater weight, and he managed it somehow. Then he gave his daughter a hand. A drunken lurch of the boat while she hung half overside flung her sprawling into the cockpit. She scrambled to her knees and bent over the prostrate figure.

Either his immersion or his rough handling or both had revived him, for he moved, he opened his eyes, and looked up at her. A thin trickle of blood stole from the corner of his mouth, but his lips twisted into a smile and he murmured:

"Thanks, brother! I'll do as much for you some time."

His head rolled, his eyelids closed, he settled back upon the floor.

II

THE house was one of those flimsy, factory-made structures. Its walls were thin and sounds in one room were plainly audible in another. Hearing a stir in the stranger's chamber, Morgan entered to find the occupant sitting on the edge of his bed and feeling himself over, testing his bones and muscles for breaks or bruises.

"Morning, mister. I just heard you wake up. How goes it?"

"Good enough. Much better than I deserve." The aviator smiled ruefully. "Tender spot here and there, a few painful enlargements in unexpected places, and some cuts. Nothing broken or missing, however."

"So it looked to me last night. Just sick, sore, lame, and disordered."

"I suppose I thanked you and your boy. I seem to remember— Say! What was that you made me drink?"

"Nothing but a tumbler of Bacardi."

The flyer pressed his temples and closed his eyes. "A tumblerful! Something tells me it wasn't cut."

Morgan grinned. "That's one beauty of these keys—the evils of prohibition have been spared us. Drinking water is so scarce we can't afford to dilute our beverages with it. I figgered the worst you had was shock, and most anybody can cure shock if the liquor holds out."

"Is my ship gone?"

"Now don't think about your accident for a while. If you can't keep your mind off it I'll give you another shot—"

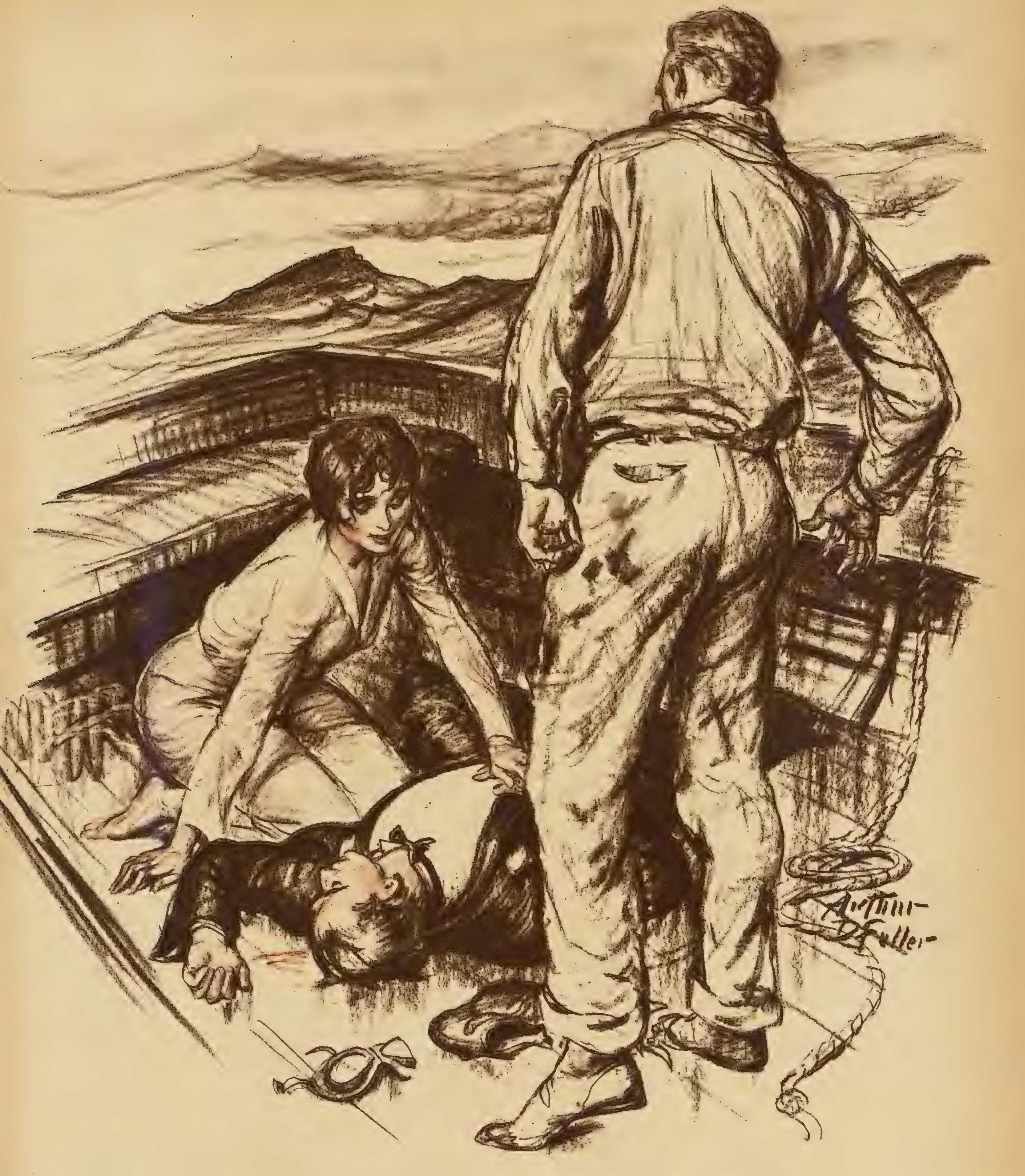
"No need." The speaker shuddered slightly. "To tell you the truth, I don't recall much. I remember seeing your boat, deciding to chance a landing, then—blooie! . . . It's usually that way! I've cracked up before."

"If that's the case, you'll be all right in no time. Can I bring you some breakfast?"

"I'd rather see if I can come and get it. I hate beds and hospitals."

"Good! I'll fetch your clothes."

Some twenty minutes later the birdman limped into the living room and with a painful grimace eased himself into a chair at the table. Amid these homely surroundings he presented an incongruous appearance in his wrinkled, salt-stained dinner suit and his thin dancing pumps. Curiously he stared around him.



She scrambled to her knees and bent over the prostrate figure.

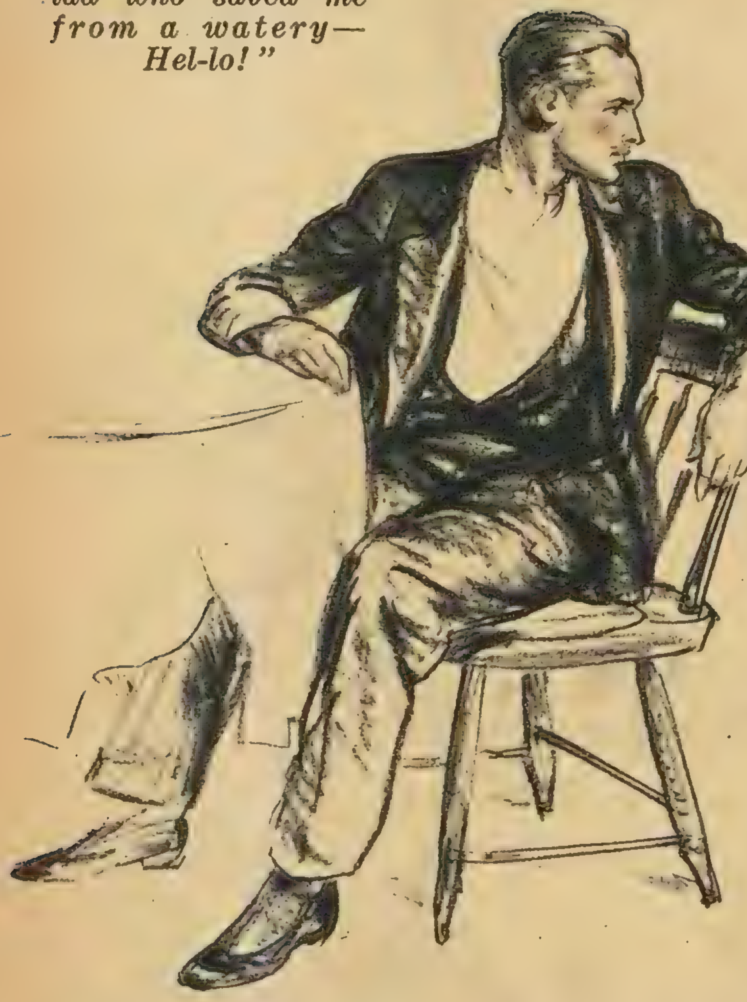
The fragrance of coffee was in the air and the pleasant aroma of frying bacon. Through the open door to the kitchen came the heat of a wood-burning stove. A boy in duck trousers and sweater was busy over it, and the stranger addressed him:

" Morning, son! Are you the lad who saved me from a watery— Hel-*lo!*" The speaker sat back in his chair and his expression changed, for the " boy " had turned, exposing the oval brown face of a very pretty girl. It was flushed becomingly by the heat and it was framed in a nimbus of red hair, soft and fine-textured but unruly.

" I'm the boy." Florida dimpled, exposing a flash of the whitest, evenest teeth the stranger had ever seen. How stunning, he thought.

" My daughter, Florrie. Our name is Morgan," the father told him.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



"MORNING, son! Are you the lad who saved me from a watery— Hel-lo!"

MONEY MAD
Continued from page eleven

The aviator was dumb, amazed. Incredulously he inquired, "Was it—*you* who put a rope around me and—I remember something—"

"It sure was. And you're lucky to be here, mister. I never expected to cook breakfast for you."

"Good heavens! I don't see how you managed it. Why, you might have been drowned. Think of a girl taking a chance like that—for an idiot like me!"

"You're making a lot out of mighty little."

"It was splendid! Code of the sea, I presume. I can't express my admiration for your courage, but—if you'll permit me, I'll show my gratitude in a more substantial manner." Against Florida's continued protest he asserted, "You must be an extraordinary swimmer. A million thanks, miss, and to you also, Mr.—"

"Morgan. Henry Morgan."

AN expression of whimsical amusement flitted over the stranger's face. "A famous name. No wonder you and your daughter can rise to an emergency. A redoubtable name, if I may say so."

"Old Sir Henry was quite a citizen," agreed his namesake.

"They tell us Panama has never been the same since his visit," said the girl. "How does it feel to fall among buccaneers?"

"Fine! Hold me for ransom. Make me pay. But in the meantime, for heaven's sake, give me a cup of coffee."

"Coming up!" Morgan exclaimed and lent his daughter a hand in serving the stranger's breakfast.

"So the Falcon is washed out," the latter said a moment later. "My own fault. Nice little ship." He frowned and shook his head. "There's nothing wrong with aviation: nine-tenths of the accidents happen to fools like me. If we could only fall on our heads we'd never be hurt."

"I suppose you want to get word out that you're safe. It blew hard most all night, but I can send a message up to Turtle Inlet and they'll wire it."

"Thanks, but that isn't necessary. Nobody knew I was coming and I hate newspaper stories."

"See here!" Florida exclaimed. "Aren't you going to let me get my name in print? You're the first gentleman in evening clothes I ever pulled out of the Gulf Stream. Maybe I'd get in the news reels."

"Um-m! I must look funny," the stranger admitted. Quizzically he examined himself. "I hate to deny you a screen career, but let's make a bargain: You forget all about that crash and never mention it to a soul and I'll make you a nice present. What would you like? An armful of pretty dresses?"

"Dresses? What would a girl need of dresses in this place?"

"If not dresses, then—jewels, money?"

"Oh, golly! He's bribing us, pappy." Father and daughter exchanged glances. "I'll bet he's on the dodge—escaping. Maybe he's a murderer or something. You can tell us, mister; we're just poor turtle hunters. Pappy's a rumrunner himself—"

"Now, Florrie!"

"We won't turn you up. We're tougher than bull beef."

THE flyer was a keen-visaged, handsome fellow with brooding eyes, but when he smiled—and it was impossible not to smile when this girl invited it—his face became suddenly boyish. "I'm sorry to disappoint you, but— I'm a disappointment to everybody, including myself. Always have been. That's why I thanked you rather casually for saving my life, which really isn't worth saving. Don't think me ungrateful, please. It's this way: I was in Havana and I wasn't having a very good time, so I decided to fly back. The Falcon was mine and her loss concerns nobody but me."

"You do after-dinner flying exclusively?" queried the girl with a curious glance at his black satin-faced jacket.

"I was out on a party last night—I mean the night before. Friends from New York and their women, all stupid—and stupefied. The usual Havana whoopee. It got on my nerves, or something was said that I didn't like—I don't remember—anyhow, I decided to hop off."

For a moment the speaker applied himself with relish to his breakfast.

"Go on," Florida urged him. "You can lie better with your eyes on your plate."

The man shook his head and waggled his fork at her. "Call me impulsive or thoughtless or insane, but not untruthful. I get a kick out of telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the abominable truth. As a matter of fact, I was varnished, saturated, lit. That's the danger of drinking good stuff: it exalts the consumer.

"Take the spirits of locomotor ataxia which we get—I don't mean the honest liquor you import, but the ginthetic sin which is bottled in our basements and dispensed under the national embalming act—it doesn't fool with a fellow. It dissolves his spinal cord, deadens his nerve centers, and—keeps the Sabbath holy. There are no more good times, no more disturbances of the peace. The thirsty amusement seeker merely raises his glass, says, 'Here's how!' and 'Good morning, nurse.' It gives less mileage and it keeps him out of harm's way.

"Foreign beverages, on the contrary, provoke mischief, and Americans should be forbidden to imbibe them. They arouse poetic fervors. Look at me. There was a book of poems in the Falcon, and as I held it in my hand and soared out over the sea I experienced a godlike exhilaration—"

"You—weren't reading and flying too?" Florida queried incredulously.

"I often do. You can hold a pretty true course by the light on the page. I read some of those poems on the way over and they weren't very good, but that vintage stuff the other night unlocked for me their full grandeur. There is æsthetic beauty in a charred keg."

The speaker was doing more talking than eating now. Father and daughter listened with mingled amusement and curiosity. Plainly the fellow was still pretty badly shaken and this loquacity was due to nervous agitation: the dregs of that excitement he had suffered were still potent and their fumes intoxicated him.

"After I had been out a while, I discovered that Florida was not where I had left it, so I put the book away. I began to wonder if hoodlums had destroyed it or if some boomtime investor had met his deferred payments and moved your land of flowers up north. I've crossed the straits several times, instinct assured me that I had flown a true course and that land should be in sight, but—it wasn't. I knew then that I was stewed, had been stewed all night, and would probably remain stewed until my gas gave out.

"There was only one thing to do: I headed west, at right angles to my course, and sailed for fifteen minutes. No good. So I doubled back and ran east for half an hour. Still nothing but water. By that time the weather didn't look so nice. I saw a small freighter finally, and I went over, dropped down, and circled it. I tried to indicate my dilemma, but the captain and the crew seemed to think I was weaving a daisy chain or something and waved their caps at me. I shut off and glided close. I asked them at the top of my voice where they had hidden Florida."

The pilot shook his head and grinned. "What do you suppose? Nobody could speak English! They all laughed and clapped their hands! Some of them threw kisses. I saw by her name that she was from Helsingfors. They were a bunch of Finns. . . . I suppose I could have landed and they'd have picked me up, but—imagine going to Finland with a bunch of kissing sailors.

"I had a hunch I was way too far east and it turned out I was right. I'd have made Miami if it hadn't been for that storm, but—I was out of gas when I saw your boat under me. The rest you know better than I do."

"Sure you don't want to wire that you're safe?" Morgan inquired.

"Quite sure. This appears to be a delightful spot and I have serious aches and pains which I wish to enjoy privately. Perhaps you'll put me up until I feel more like moving on? I'll pay the regular union ransom, Sir Henry."

Morgan was about to speak when his daughter forestalled him: "Sure. We'll board you and be glad of the chance. Money's right scarce since the boom. If you can put up with our ways we'll try and eat with our forks while you're here."

The father chuckled; his weather-beaten face wrinkled itself into a hundred lines of good nature. "You've heard the boss. Now, then, just in case you stray off at mealtime and we have to call you, what'll we yell?"

"Oh, I'm sorry! . . . Falconer."

"That's a pretty name and easy remembered." Florida smiled, and the visitor told himself that he had never seen such beautiful, such tantalizing eyes as hers.

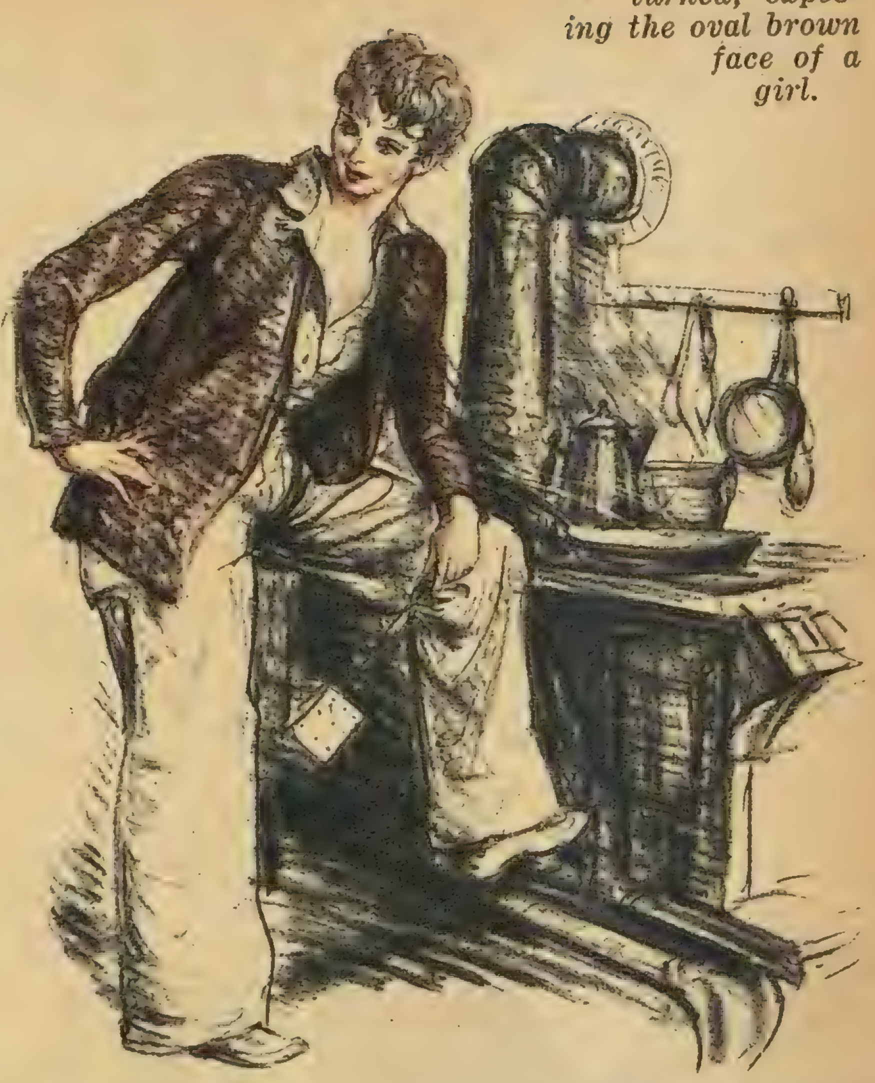
III

LATER, as he lazily reclined in a rickety canvas porch chair, Falconer assured himself that he had made a lucky landing and a happy choice of names. Falcon—Falconer. Why not? In a few days, when he felt better, he would slip back into Palm Beach unobserved, and pick up the threads of his uninteresting existence where he had dropped them, but meanwhile he would rest and sleep and get acquainted with this fascinating cracker girl. At least the newspapers wouldn't get another story.

These Morgans were agreeable and Florida was a positive beauty, or she would be if she knew how to dress, which of course she didn't. Where she obtained her good looks was certainly a mystery, for the father was a limber-jointed tramp and obviously a spineless old failure. Too bad. That girl, if given half a chance, would create a sensation. Aside from her beauty she had magnetism, appeal. He had seen little of her as yet, of course, but whenever she was near he could not keep his eyes off her. And the very tone of her voice—

He stirred uneasily. Bosh! He was getting sentimental merely because she had saved his life, or because this Eden into which he had crashed demanded an Eve of unusual attractiveness.

It was indeed lovely here. He looked out upon the scene in sleepy satisfaction. The house was lost in a grove of coconut palms sown at random but so close together that, in places, their sweeping fronds interlaced. Those crowding branches formed a series of lovely green arches like the graceful groin ribs in some cathedral vault. Their trunks reminded him of Morgan, the owner, for scarcely one of them stood straight: they were bent, or they leaned, as if the exertion of standing at attention was too tiresome.



THE "boy" had turned, exposing the oval brown face of a girl.

The soil from which they sprang was a dazzling combination of washed sand and tiny bits of broken shell, and either nature or their owner had decreed that no spear of grass should find root in it. From the shore a dock ran out into the shallows where mullet were jumping, and from one of the several boats moored there came the sound of hammering, as a bald-headed scarecrow made repairs of some sort.

Morgan and his daughter had gone fishing again. What a life for a pretty girl chock full of—of It. Falconer could think of no better word for her peculiar charm. Well, he would pay them liberally for their services and see that some advantages were put in Florida's way.

The breeze that fanned him was softer than—softer and cooler than the touch of her slim brown fingers. . . . Oh, indeed! How could he know whether her fingers were hot or cold?

The palm leaves whispered secrets to each other. Falconer slept.

Either this salt air had a soporific quality or else the nerve shock of that hazardous landing had resulted in a decided lethargy, for he dozed most of the afternoon and crept into bed early.

The splashing of some huge fish aroused him on the second morning and for a while he listened to it. He felt much better, almost well, in fact. It was a cloudless morning. The sun had only just awakened the birds and there was a great twittering outside among the palms.

The cottage was still, so when he had dressed himself, this time in a cotton suit laid out by his host the night before, he decided to have a look at that noisy marine monster. What a fisherman's paradise this must be with creatures of that size trying to climb right up on the front porch! His rubber-soled tennis shoes made no sound as he stole out upon the little wharf and looked over the edge.

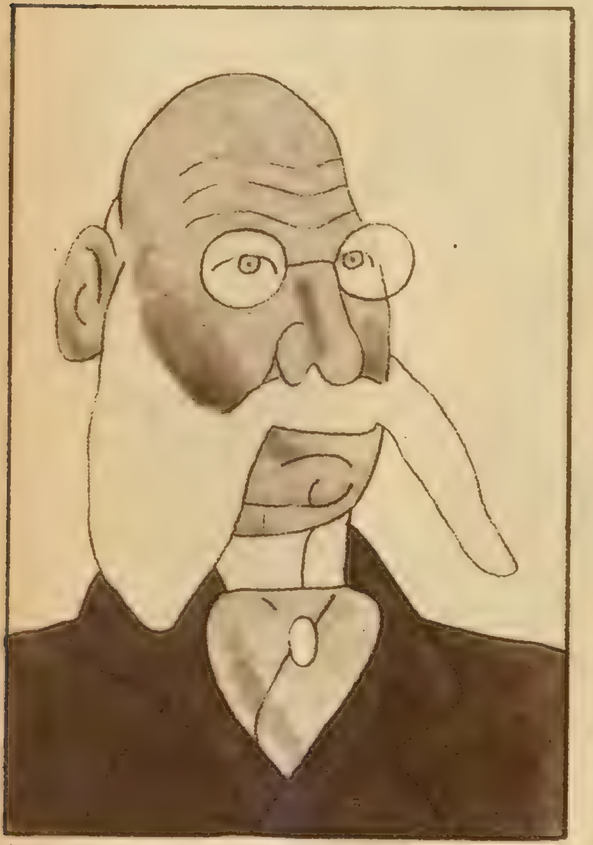
To "Falconer," his forced landing is the gateway to unrealities wild as a dream, while Florida's life is destined to be shattered and shaped anew. Follow their adventures in next week's installment of the story.

GRAPHIC SECTION

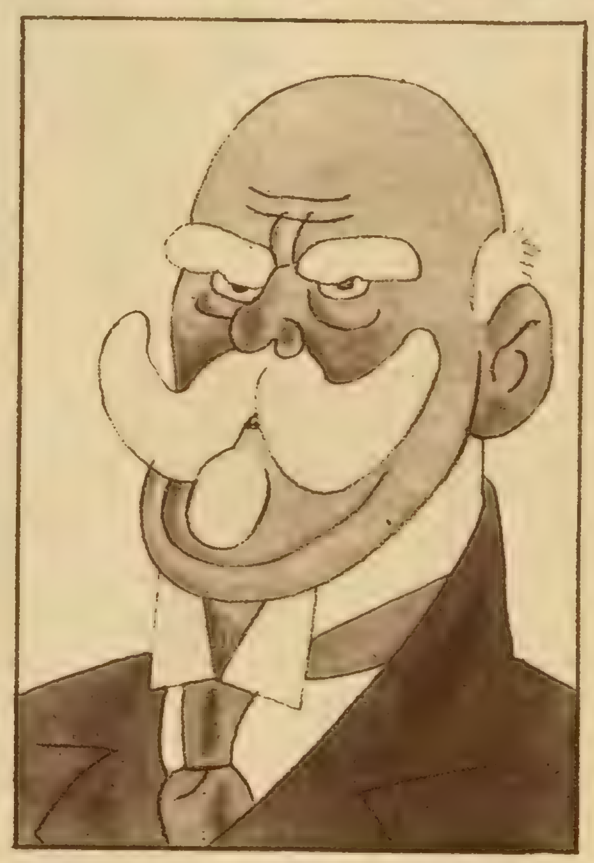
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

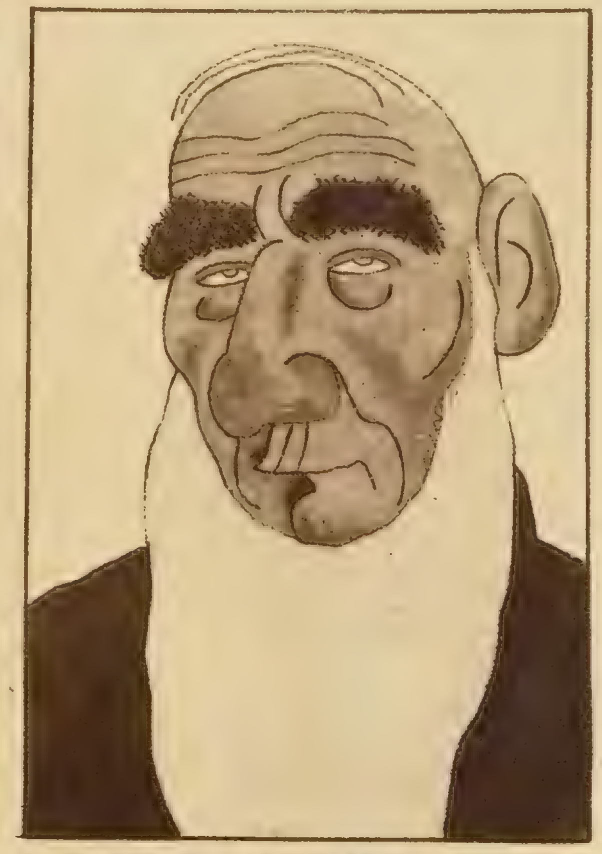
THE WHIFFLEBERRY LAW ENFORCEMENT COMMISSION, APPOINTED IN 1840 BY PRESIDENT MARTIN VAN BUREN FOR THE PURPOSE OF MAKING A THOROUGH INQUIRY INTO THE PROBLEM OF ENFORCING PROHIBITION, TURNS IN ITS LONG AWAITED REPORT.



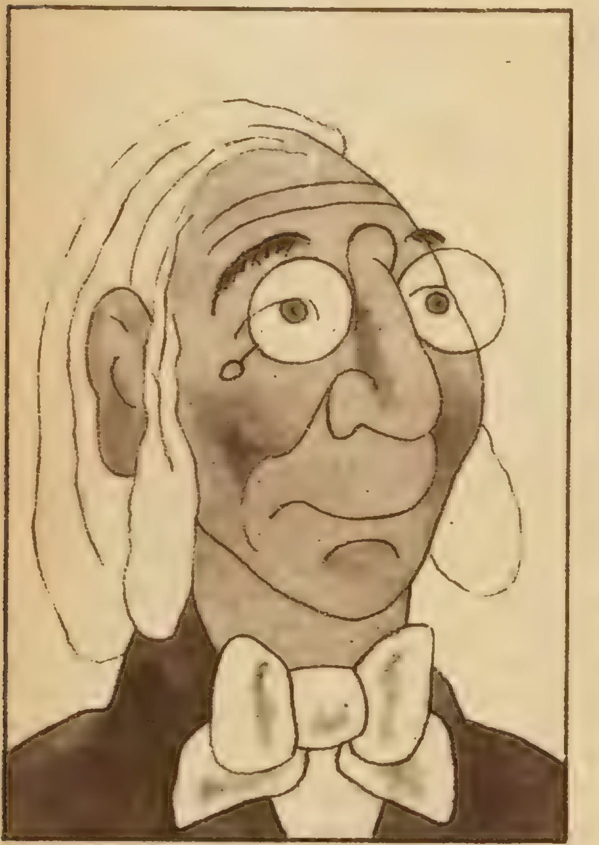
NAPOLEON B. WHIFFLEBERRY, chairman: "In my opinion, federal appropriations should be increased to the point where enforcement would be actually efficient. In the event of the government going broke, it could always negotiate loans from wealthy bootleggers to carry on."



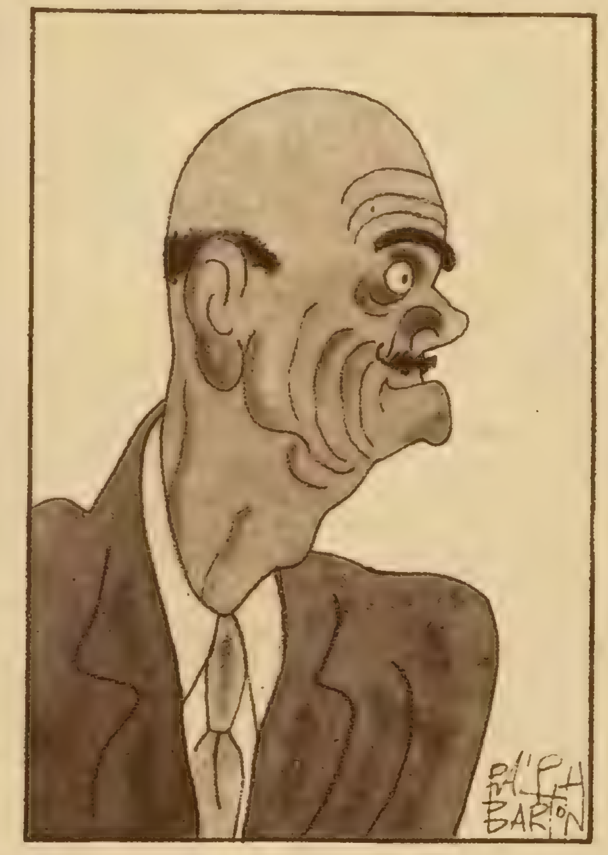
GEN. APPLEGATE R. DINGLE: "I'm for strict enforcement along the present lines and a good, old-fashioned civil war. We settled the Rights of Man business that way in 1776, and we settled the Slavery business that way in 1865, and, hod-dern it, we ain't too soft to settle this Prohibition business the same way."



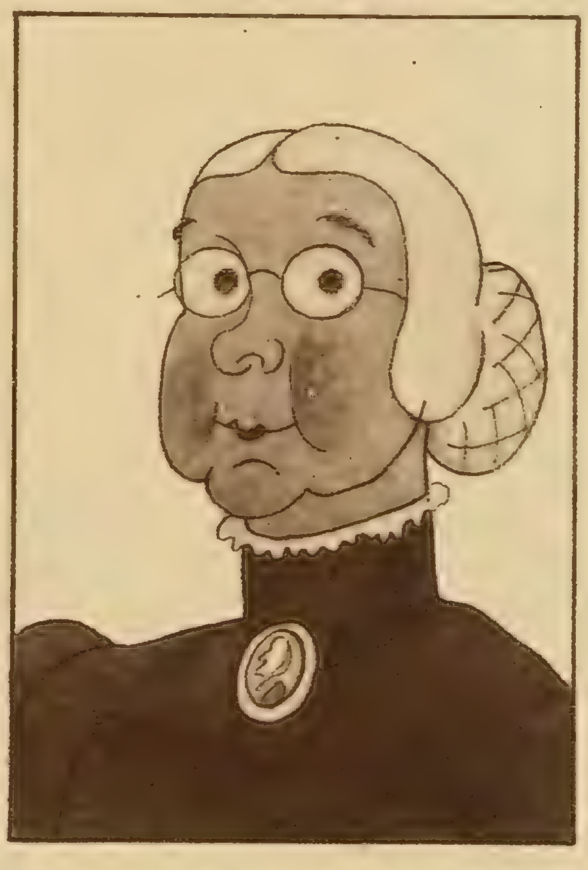
E. ELMER CADWALLIS: "It's a plain business proposition. Uncle Sam collected half a billion dollars in revenue on distilled spirits and fermented liquors in 1919. If we kept enforcement, consumption, and prices the way they are today and taxed the bootleggers we could collect three or four billions a year."



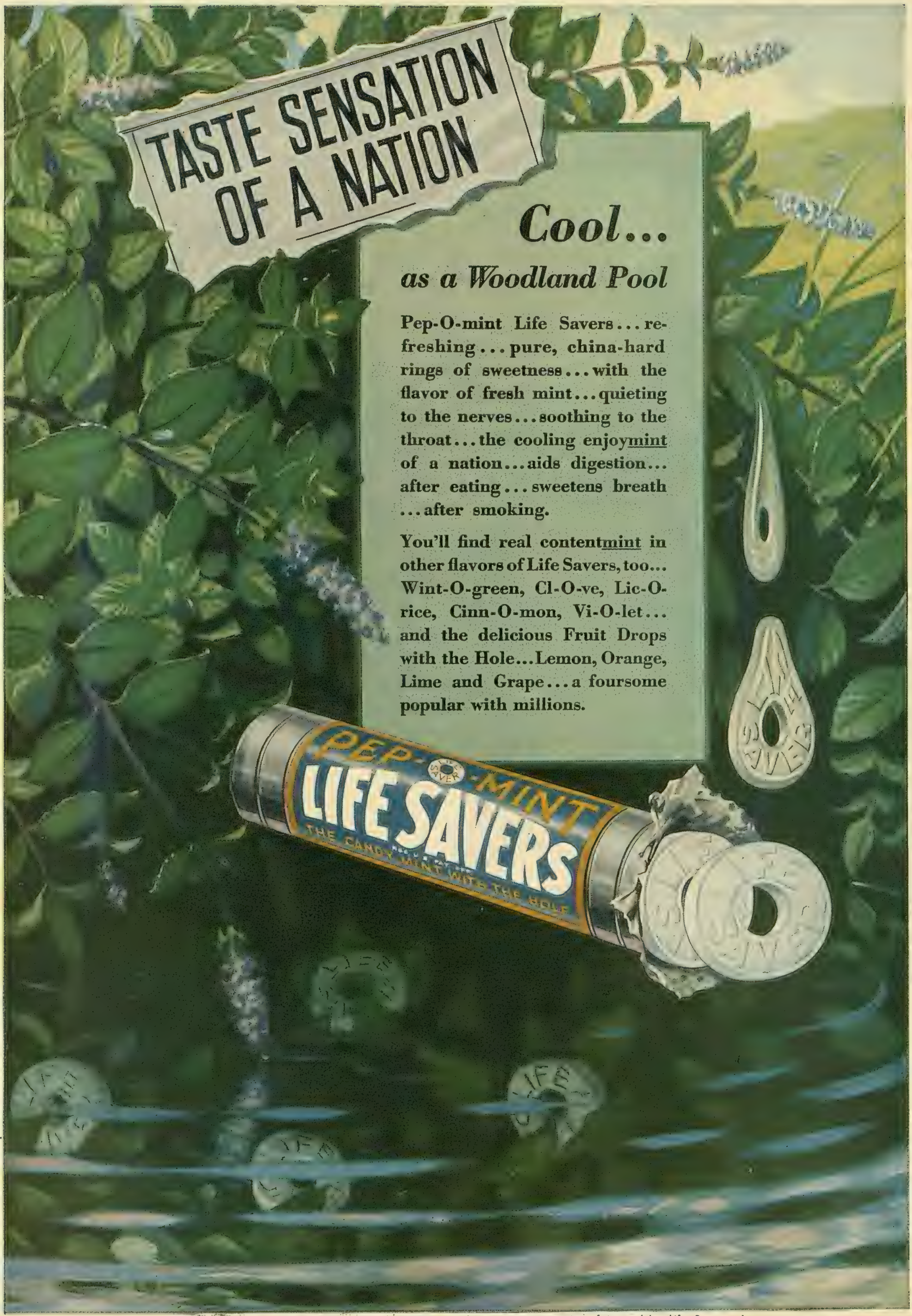
ALGERNON O. ZUGBAUM: "Prohibition under present conditions is undemocratic and, therefore, un-American. Abolish the police forces, dry agents, customs officials, coast guard, and the politicians. With the middlemen out of the way, prices for good stuff could be brought down within reach of the plain people."



HORACE VESPASIAN GIBLETT: "What I say is: strike at the source. Declare war on France, England, and Germany and destroy their vineyards, distilleries, and hop fields. Then exact a promise from the League of Nations that no intoxicating liquors will ever be manufactured in any member nation."



MRS. HETTY HANDLEBAR HUTCH: "Put the entire population to a painless death in lethal chambers. Then ask Professor Einstein or somebody to invent some mechanical beings which would believe only in the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, and which would have no desire to drink intoxicating beverages."



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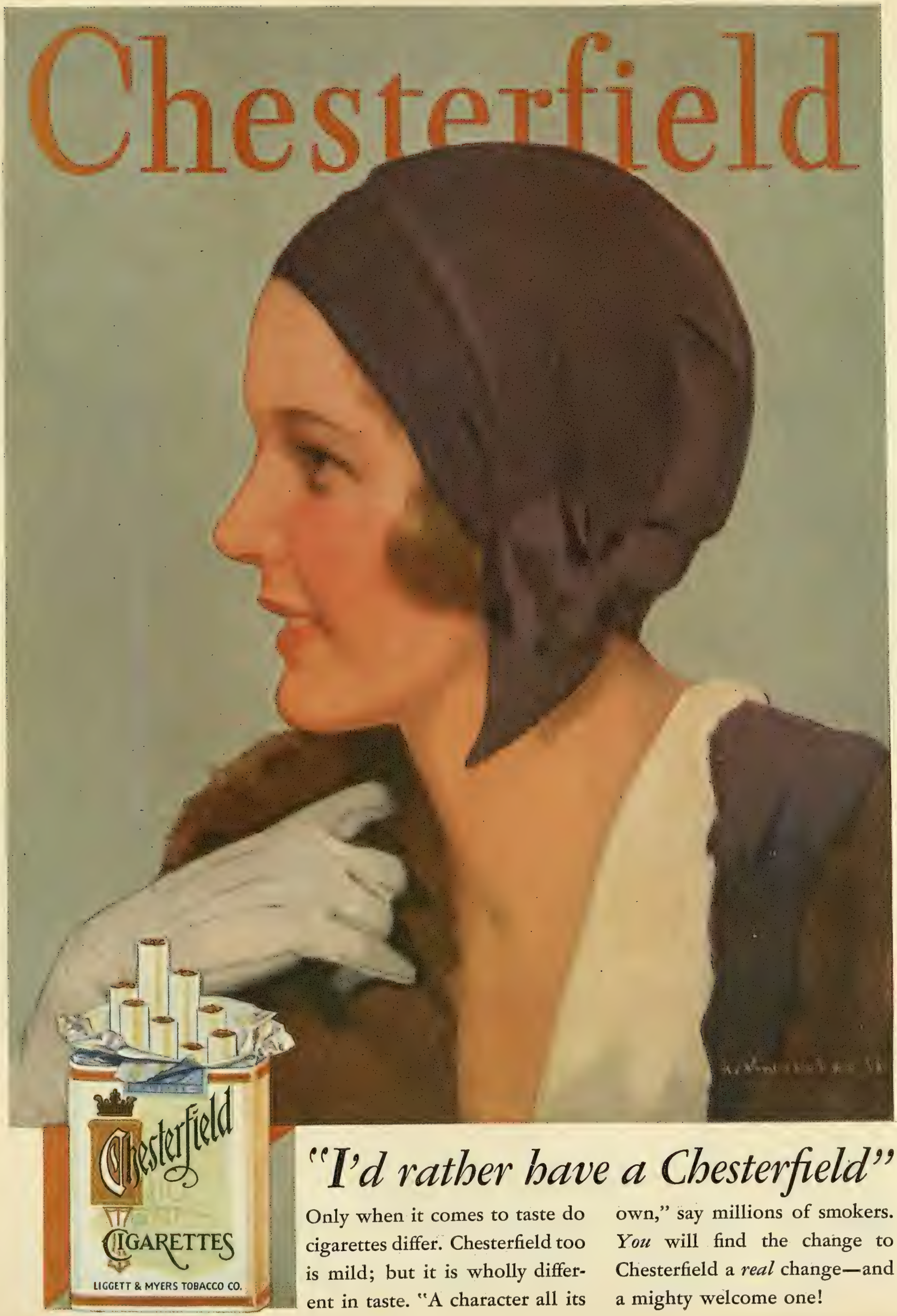
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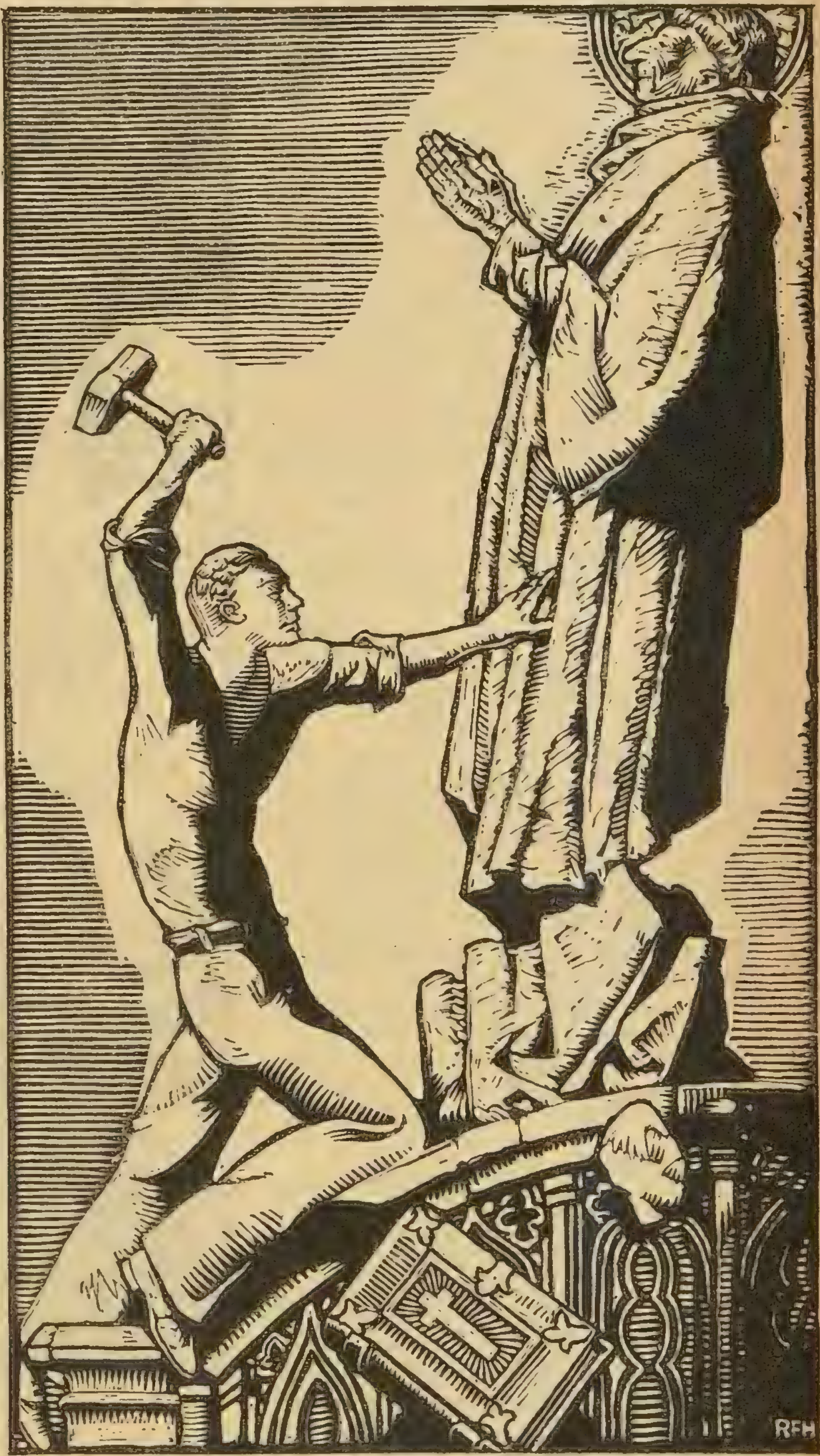
At Seventeen

An Unvarnished Portrait of an American Boy

Pictures by R. F. HEINRICH



My brother has decided at seventeen that he can live without religion.

(Reading time: 13 minutes 50 seconds.)

EDITOR'S NOTE—This came in from a well known literary agent, signed " Anonymous." And as far as we are concerned, it is anonymous. We have no idea who the author is. " At Seventeen " translates Bolshevism into the American language. If there are many " Seventeens " among our high-school boys and girls, there may be considerable trouble here some day.

THE young generation perplexes me. I say that —and I am twenty-eight. If I signed this article, it is possible that a number of readers would recognize me as a protagonist of youth. I've written several novels about youth. Twenty-eight is scarcely the borderland of senescence—but I am perplexed, and it is on account of my brother.

My brother has come to my house to stay for the summer with my wife and myself. He is seventeen. Until he came, I didn't know him very well. He has been in preparatory school and in high school —while I have been successively writing advertising, books, short stories, moving to better apartments, marrying, going abroad, and attaining a level of literary independence which at least permits winters in Florida.

My recollection of myself at seventeen is vivid. My family was Calvinistic—my father a minister. At that time I was in vehement disagreement with his philosophy. I doubted the Trinity. I felt that God was a symbol—a symbol setting like an old moon that has cast faint light in dark places and that will give way to the glare of the sun which we in turn may make a symbol for fact. When I was seventeen I was in love—but what we will call my morals were above criticism. I had had a drink of gin—perhaps two—but I did not like it—then. I was fidgety and sensitive and probably impertinent. I was vastly intolerant.

My brother is different. I have met a good many of his friends, and they are like him. My parents knew a good deal about me. They know nothing about my brother. They have no conception of what he is, thinks, knows, or does. They will never have such a conception. And since my brother's friends are like him, and since those friends, both boys and girls, come from middle-class families in New York and Boston and Chicago and St. Louis and San Francisco, I feel that he must be typical.

It would be a terrible shock to most parents if they could spend forty-eight hours with their sons or daughters and if their presence did not handicap the actions of those children. I know that. Yet my parents believe that they have the confidence of my brother, that they are " modern " in their treatment of him, that they understand him. He lives on another planet. The confidences he gives them are sketches from a prearranged design.

They know that he is tall and broad-shouldered, handsome, popular, a good athlete, a trifle slow in thought and action, more than a trifle deliberate, maturer than he seems, independent, and self-reliant. They think that he is passing through the ordinary adolescent revolt against the church. They think that he is what they like to call virtuous. They believe that he has never tasted liquor. They are confident that at thirty he will revert to their philosophy.

He is not and will not.

He came to my house in the country on a sunny afternoon with two suitcases full of sport clothes. He said it was damn' nice of me to give him lodging for the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

AT SEVENTEEN
Continued from page seventeen

summer. Otherwise he would have had to go to a Y. M. C. A. camp somewhere. The family is temporarily disrupted—part of it abroad and our father preaching in the west.

It was assumed by my family that he would take one of those tentative and unsatisfactory summer jobs by which each rising member of my house has tried without any success to earn money toward a college education. We always worked in the summer—and spent the money we made. One of us worked in a canning factory. One in a post office. Other years on farms, in stores, on ships. But none of us emerged in the autumn with that hypothesized two- or three-hundred-dollar profit which would eke out a minister's best contribution toward tuition.

He made us a proposition at once: "I can get a job here, you say. A hundred dollars a month. I'll have to buy a Ford to get to work in. There's a lot of unemployment. I'd put a regular worker out of a chance to work. I don't feel like working. I want to write. Can I?"

We said, "Sure. But you won't."

NOBODY knows why he wants to write. I think he admires me—which, looking at him, I feel is silly. He has been here for a month. He has written on the average of six hours a day. He never misses a day. He tears up everything he produces—although I'm sure some of his stories could be sold. At seventeen.

"Ever write before this summer?"

"Verses," he says.

"Ever do anything with them?"

"No. Just stuff in high school. I did win," he mutters, "the interscholastic poetry prize—"

"What? How many schools?"

"All of them."

"All the schools in the country?"

"Yeah."

"And you won it?"

"Mmmm. I wrote a lot of rot—and the English teacher sent it in. They gave me a prize."

"Oh!"

He goes back to the portable typewriter I gave to him. The keys bang.

I watch him. He's six feet one. He weighs a hundred and ninety. He plays tackle on the team that won his state championship. His forehead is high and wide. His eyes are blue. His hair is blond and curly. He likes my house because nobody bawls him out for smoking cigarettes. My father doesn't look up from his five feet seven and tell him that "cigarettes will stunt your growth."

I find him sitting on the lawn, reading. I look at the book. Schopenhauer.

"What do you think of that?"

"It's all right."

"Do you believe it?"

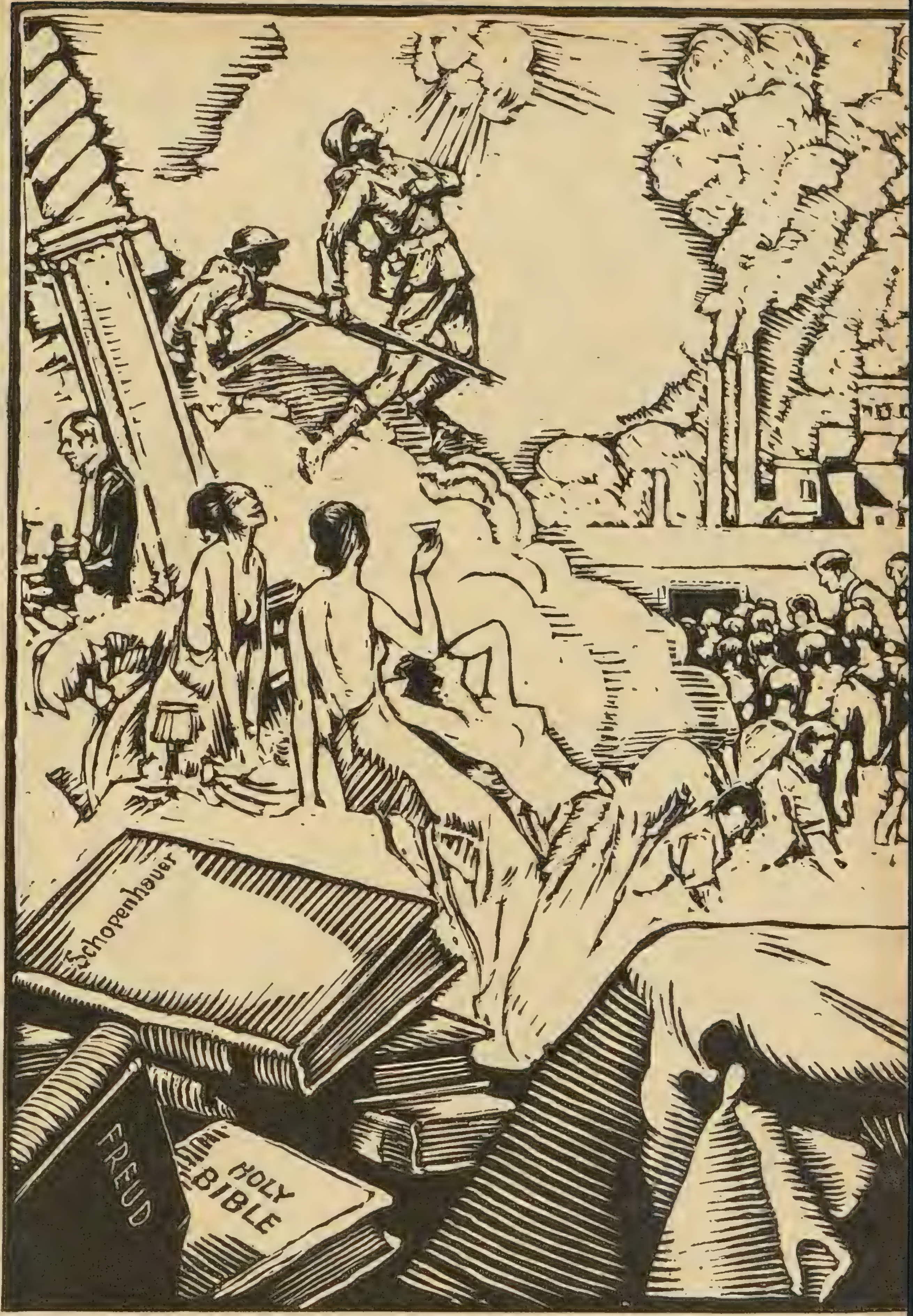
"Some of it."

The book may be Freud. He reminisces:

"Father found me reading The Well of Loneliness the other day. He took it away from me." My brother grins. He has been amused. He has tolerated my father.

"Why?" I ask.

"No reason. Said it was an immoral book. I asked him if he'd ever read Freud. He said he had." My brother scowls.



He has neither illusions nor delusions. His beliefs are

"What fools the Christian dogma makes people become! The old man can actually sit down and read twentieth-century psychology and still consider it inferior to and less correct than the superstitious ideas they had two thousand years ago."

"You mean the Bible?" I say.

"What else?"

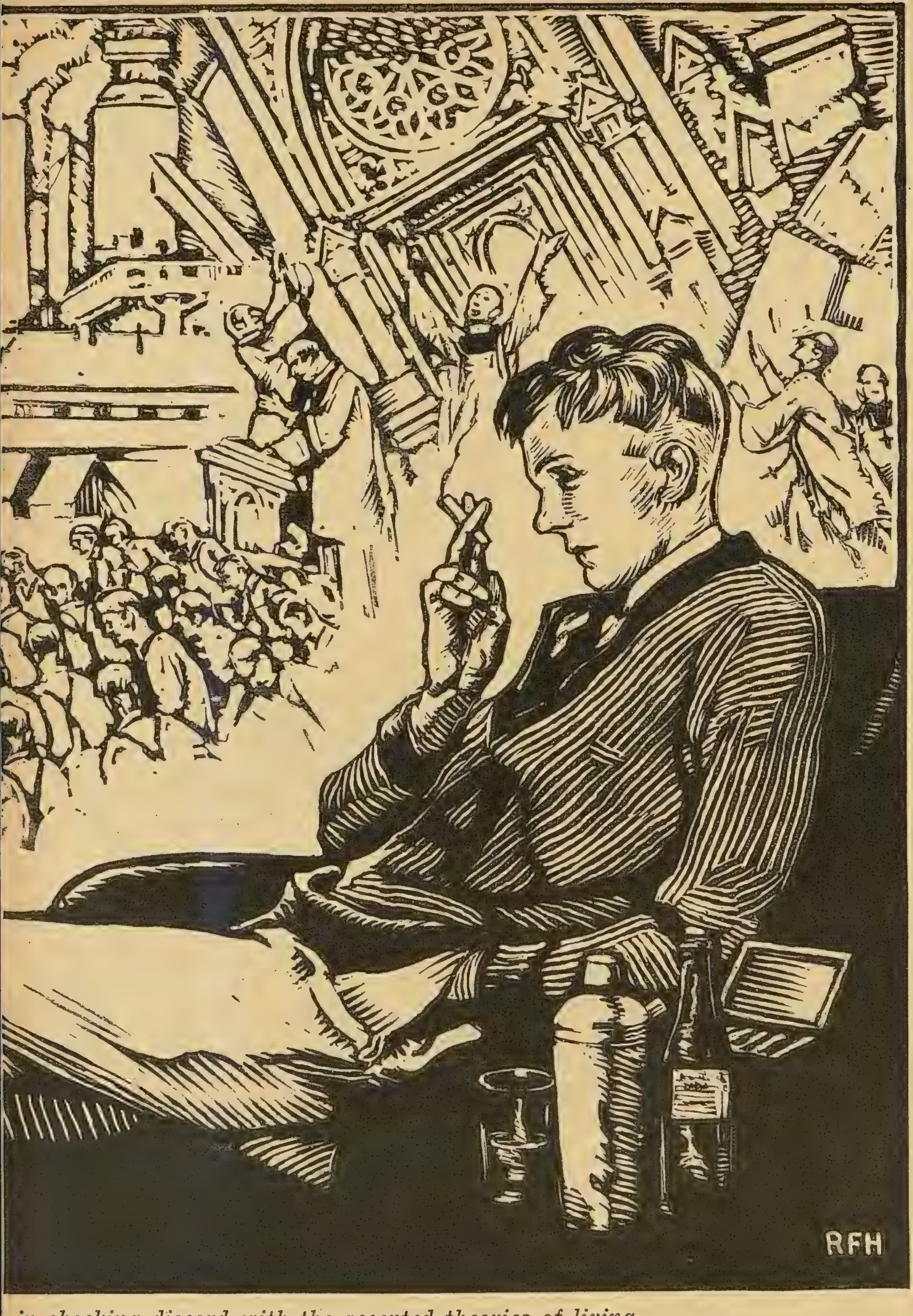
"You're not very religious."

He looks at me to make sure I'm not kidding him. "I've gone to church for seventeen years," he says. "Ever since they poured water on my head when the bones were soft. The people who go are either hypocrites or stupid. No exceptions."

"Well—what will take the place of the church?"

He shrugs. "That's another dumb idea—that if you remove a thing or an idea you've got to have something to take its place."

My brother, then, has decided at seventeen that he can live without religion. And I'm sure he will never become a thief or a murderer.



in shocking discord with the accepted theories of living.

He is faintly aroused. "I get a lot of kick out of the church. It's still trying to live. There are a lot of people like Dr. Fosdick always trying to negotiate religion and science. Most people haven't got the brains to realize they're wrong or the guts to admit it afterward. Religion's getting thinner and thinner and sillier and sillier. I guess there isn't any—even now."

I REALIZE that there isn't any protest in him—as there was in me. No doubt. No anathema. He is utterly through with religion—as he is with alphabet blocks. His mental seniority has rid him of it. He isn't smart or impertinent. He simply will never be sold on religion again. His ethics are utilitarian.

"When I die," he says, "that will be the end of me. The world has tried to overlook that fact for a long time. It knows now that it can't overlook it, and any religious circumvention is vanity."

My wife and I drink port before dinner. When we were younger—my brother makes us think that way—we drank more and harder liquor. He sips his port.

"I used to get cockeyed after every fight I had with father. I'm not crazy about being drunk. But he used to make me so damn' mad—trying to tell me when to go to bed—"

"I suppose so."

"There's a good bar two blocks from our house—"

"I see."

"When I was in preparatory school we used to have beer parties every Saturday night. In Allentown. I was fifteen then. But I don't drink much now. Once in a while I get a buzz on—"

That leads us into a discussion of the Eighteenth Amendment and from there to a broader consideration of these United States. His ideas are spread through the random bicker.

"I DON'T think anybody really cares about the country any more. The newspapers say that politics is graft. Well? Policemen in all the speakeasies. Look at Chicago. Thompson is still mayor. Look at Capone. You say you even went to his house in Miami. . . . You can buy anything. They caught about twenty people in my class at high school having a dance in a house they rented. The police raided it. It was a nice dance—only everybody was dancing downstairs and they had left their clothes upstairs."

"All their clothes?" I ask, somewhat dubiously.

"Sure. Hushed up. For a couple of thousand dollars."

"But—"

"What's the matter with that?" he asks me. "They weren't making any trouble. They were all right. It was the people who broke in who made the trouble. That's the way it is. The married people aren't any better. In fact, they put on a pretense of fidelity—"

I consider this twentieth-century pastoral—this classic portrait in reality. And it suddenly occurs to me that at sixteen and eighteen these boys and girls are physically more presentable than the roué of the eighties or nineties. Much more. It might have been all right. My idea was somewhat different.

"Man's promiscuous," he says. "The family is a joke. A farce. A wrong idea. Children should be communal after infancy. It's the family that inverts them and checks them. I wish I had been brought up in a public institution run by real teachers and biologists instead of our dump—"

"Individuality," I suggest.

He goes back to the nation—which interests him. "Individuality? Do you think family life makes individuality?" I blush a little. "With thousands and thousands of business men rushing home from work to be in time for Amos and Andy? With everybody dressing alike?"

"You're a soviet," I say.

"Maybe."

"Why don't you start a revolution?"

"You can't. You've got to wait for things to evolve. Revolutions change the surface—that's all. In a few thousand years it'll be different. Unless the majority of morons finally ruins the whole Nordic strain."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

AT SEVENTEEN
Continued from page nineteen

“Oh! Ethnology.”

“Stand on a road and look at the people who drive by on Sunday afternoon. All of them little and pale and driving a car half paid for. Miserable and petulant and dumber than hell. Swell people!”

“Well—”

He touches patriotism and war. “Would you fight?”

I don’t want my answer to corrupt his statement. He is very polite. “Would you?”

He lifts his broad shoulders. “Hell—no! It’s ridiculous to get shot up for an idea—ideas ought to make that unnecessary. That’s the definition of an idea, isn’t it? And as far as defending the country is concerned . . .”

He selects a nonconformist epithet. “I’d rather live as a Japanese citizen than be dead.”

I’d rather live. That seems to be the nucleus of his opinion.

We talk about girls and women. Women—because he’s already had an affair with a Vassar graduate and another with someone’s divorced wife. He does not say they’re all alike.

Sex isn’t pervading his mind as it was mine and the mind of everyone I knew when I was his age. Romance is not possible to him.

He talks of a girl he knows.

“She is nice—but repressed. She had the beginning of a mother complex—and then her mother died. So you have to treat her gently.”

I MET the girl. Little tendrils of that mother fixation still clung to her. She was repressed. She was nice.

My brother speaks of myself and my wife with the same calm deliberation.

“You’re happy. That’s swell. You can go anywhere you like. You don’t have to work in an office. Imagine a human being willing to sit in one office at one desk for years and years until he dies! With all the world around him—and the sun shining.”

“Somebody has to work.”

“Work? Sure. We’re inventing new machines all the time to make work easier and cut down the time it takes. To bring leisure. But with the capitalistic system, a saving of labor doesn’t mean more leisure—it means unemployment.”

I am somewhat startled. It seems to me that that idea is the profound and basic trouble with capitalism as it is now operated.

“You work,” he continues, frowning at me, “but you don’t work at some mean job like stocks and bonds. You don’t get up some artificial enthusiasm like selling refrigerators. That’s why you’re happy. It would be the same if you ran a machine—if you only had to do it two or three hours a day. People aren’t too dumb to relax. They can’t afford it. People could use leisure if it didn’t risk their economic stability. But it does. A mechanic can’t be an art fancier. You’re married and you have a swell wife and you’re pretty happy as happiness goes, and you’re faithful and ambitious. It ought to be that way for everybody, but in this society you have to be a parasite to do it.”

“Parasite?”

“You don’t produce anything useful, do you?”

“Ideas? Entertainment?”

“Too many more important things to do before that.”

“But you’re trying to write.”

He nods. “I wouldn’t be if doing anything else would change the system.”

HE walks outdoors. The interscholastic weight-throwing champion of his state. The president of his senior class. The football tackle. The leading man in the senior play. The nascent author.

He has no religion. No god. No heaven.

He has no virtue in its ancient and narrow sense.

He is bitter about his father—but not mean.

He wouldn’t die to save America from the yellow peril.

Like an old and wise man, he knows that all the fine syllables of romance and nobility and immortality are merely symbols for relative and evanescent attitudes. He not only knows it, but he feels it and lives by it.

He’d give you his last nickel if you needed it. He’d die trying to pull you out of a lake if you were drowning—that is, unless he pulled you out, which he doubtless would.

He’d never seduce your daughter—you could send them to the Antilles alone together and she’d have to be the one to make love or love would not be made. He’d lie to his father, but never to himself.

Babbittry won’t corrupt him. He has neither illusions nor delusions. He’s seen death and he knows he is also going to die. He never forgets that.

He wants to make money. He doesn’t care particularly to be content, but it will be hard for psalm singers, politicians, or patriots to send him on a fool’s errand. His beliefs are in shocking discord with the accepted theories of living. He never imposes them.

He lives his life, and if he interferes with anyone, it is he who steps aside. If anyone interferes with him, his tolerance and moderation are active, and he is slow to anger.

His single enemy is hypocrisy and the stupidity that engenders it. He is not sure that he is right, but he is sure that an absolute and uncompromising inspection of facts is the best approach to rightness. That’s his creed.

He perplexes me. I can’t find anything wrong with him.

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

A Barrel and 40 Thieves

A glamorous tale of
love and adventure
in the South Seas

By
BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

The Pilgrim Daughters

A riotous comedy:
The story of one
wild week-end

By
ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—How many inches in a cubit in English measure?
2—Who was the god of the winds in classical mythology?
3—What is the Apocalypse?
4—What is thrombosis?
5—What is a monolith?
6—What king of ancient times was renowned for his great wealth?
7—What is the common name for the tympanum?
8—What is a *savant?*
9—How many members comprise the President’s cabinet?
10—What river flows through Berlin, Germany?
11—Between what two countries are the Pyrenees Mountains?
12—John Ridd is the hero of what novel?
13—What is the source of “All that glisters is not gold”?
14—Who composed To a Wild Rose?
15—What is the title of the ruler of Persia?
16—What is a bobwhite?
17—What is a *raconteur?*
18—According to the Bible, whom did Nebuchadnezzar cause to be thrown into a fiery furnace?
19—What is the common name for Riggs’ disease?
20—What are homographs?

(Answers will be found on page forty-eight)

How to Get 8 Hours of
SOUND SLEEP
. . . Without Drugs

The Kind That Gives You ALL-DAY ENERGY

You Can Start Tonight
The Way 20,000 Doctors Advise

DID you get "a good night's sleep" last night? Did you get to sleep quickly, sleep soundly and wake up teeming with life and energy?

If you did not—you will want to try this new way to insure sound, *natural* sleep. A way that comes from Switzerland, that is now used in 54 countries throughout the world, and that over 20,000 doctors are advising.

It is as free of drugs as the milk you drink or the bread you eat. And brings the benefits that go with sound, natural sleep—sleep *as soon as* you go to bed, *sound sleep* for eight restful hours, and energy that lasts from daylight to dark. And it does far more than simply induce sleep. It actually *rebuilds your wasted tissues* while you sleep!

Does Three Things

First, it induces sound, restful sleep by a *natural* process.

Second, it aids digestion, since it contains in high proportion a remarkable food property known as diastase, which is a natural food substance with the power to digest the starch content of other foods in your stomach, and thus lifts a great burden from your digestive organs.

Third, it rebuilds worn-out nerve cells. Because it contains in concentrated form a nerve restorative called "lecithin" which is taken from eggs. And this rebuilds nerve tissues as you sleep.

During the World War, Ovaltine was used by the Red Cross as a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers.

Try It Tonight

Just try Ovaltine tonight. Note how quickly you go to sleep. See how differently you feel tomorrow. A few weeks' use of Ovaltine will make an amazing difference. Your whole appearance will *show* the result of this restful sleep and new vitality.

Take Ovaltine not only for sleeplessness, but whenever you feel nervous or run-down. Thousands of people, on doctors' advice, take it as a stomach "conditioner."

Whenever you begin to "feel" your stomach, just take 4 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine in a half glass of milk with your meal. You will be surprised at the way it helps your stomach and rests your stomach. For Ovaltine, when taken with a meal, will digest the major portion of all the starch content of other foods you have eaten. In this way Ovaltine not only relieves distress but *actually helps* the cause of the trouble.

Also this is one of the reasons why Ovaltine helps to put you to sleep at night, for digestive unrest is one of the main causes of sleeplessness.

Start tonight! Just 'phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls in a glass of warm milk and drink just before you go to bed.

Whatever you think of the claims made for Ovaltine, just try it! It has brought restful sleep and teeming energy to thousands. You'll be surprised at what it does for you! 781R

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula

Our PAST in PICTURES

Painless History for Young and Old in Two More Frontier Films

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

(Reading time: 6 min. 17 sec.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ CIMARRON

CAST

Yancey Cravat	Richard Dix
Sabra Cravat	Irene Dunne
Dixie Lee	Estelle Taylor
Felice Venable	Nance O'Neil
The Kid	William Collier, Jr.
Jess Rickey	Rosco Ates
Sol Levy	George E. Stone
Lon Yountis	Stanley Fields
Louie Heffner	Robert McWade
Mrs. Tracy Wyatt	Edna May Oliver
Isaiah	Eugene Jackson

Produced by Radio.
Directed by Wesley Ruggles.

EDNA FERBER'S novel furnished Wesley Ruggles with the material used in his picturization of the settling of Oklahoma, known, before it became a state, as the Cimarron country.

It is an interesting story expansively and graphically screened. Because it covers such a long period of time in the lives of the characters it is necessarily episodic, and this tends to lessen its dramatic effect. But the thrill of Cimarron comes rather when you see it in retrospect than as it is unreeled before your eyes and is in the realization that you have witnessed a city and state grow out of a prairie in a shorter span than a lifetime.

Richard Dix's performance of Yancey Cravat places him among the brightest of the stars. Irene Dunne, as Sabra, gives him excellent support. In the later scenes of the story, which she carries almost entirely alone, she is exceptionally good.

In spite of several directorial touches that are in questionable taste, Cimarron is a stirring picture of frontier life.

★ ★ ★ FIGHTING CARAVANS

CAST

Clint Belmet	Gary Cooper
Felice	Lily Damita
Bill Jackson	Ernest Torrence
Lee Murdock	Fred Kohler
Jim Bridger	Tully Marshall
Seth	Eugene Pallette
Couch	Roy Stewart
Jane	May Boley
Faith	Eve Southern

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by Otto Brower and David Burton.

Parents no longer can complain about a lack of pictures suitable for their boys and girls of school age to see. A number of fine pictures with historical backgrounds are current on the picture circuits. Besides having entertaining stories to tell, these productions, for the most part, contain historical information that is of importance to youngsters.

Fighting Caravans is based on a novel by Zane Grey. The story of this memorable trek is told with a lightness that distinguishes it from the other covered-wagon stories. It is designed to amuse and entertain you.

Gary Cooper is excellent in the rôle of the young scout. His movements and

Richard Dix and Irene Dunne in Cimarron.

A scary moment for Jean Arthur and Jack in The Gang Buster.

A couple of scouts and a happy couple—Tully Marshall, Ernest Torrence, Lily Damita, and Gary Cooper—in Fighting Caravans.

Stolen sweets in Resurrection, with Nance O'Neil, Lupe Velez, and John Boles.

Oakie

his speech are so natural that it is hard to imagine a director on the spot coaching him in his lines and action. The two old scouts are grand old fellows and the colorful characterizations of Torrence and Marshall add greatly to the enjoyment of the story. Lily Damita, who makes a reappearance on the screen after an absence devoted to the stage, is lovelier than ever. Her French accent is logically accounted for and lends piquancy to the love scenes.

★ ★ Resurrection

CAST

Prince Dmitri	John Boles
Katusha Maslova	Lupe Velez
Major Schoenboch	William Keighley
Aunt Marya	Nance O'Neil
Aunt Sophya	Rose Tapley
Simon Kartinkin	Michael Mark
Simon's wife	Sylva Nadina

Produced by Universal.
Directed by Edwin Carewe.

Tolstoy's immortal story again emerges on the screen from under the sympathetic and deft hands of Edwin Carewe, who made the silent version of this tragic Russian story several years ago with Dolores del Rio as the star.

Lupe Velez in the rôle of Katusha in the talking version resembles Dolores in looks, but her characterization is her own. This is a different Lupe from any I've ever seen before. She has evidently taken Mr. Carewe's direction docilely, and has submerged her own personality in the creation of a tragic and always sympathetic character. John Boles is a handsome and dashing Prince Dmitri in the first part and a serious and repentant one toward the end.

The scenes are all beautifully photographed and recorded and some of the shots of the march through Siberia are inspiring. The final renunciation scene is affecting.

★ ★ The Gang Buster

CAST

Cyclone Charlie Case	Jack Oakie
Sylvia Martine	Jean Arthur
Sudden Slade	William Boyd
Andrew Martine	William Morris
Gopher Brant	Tom Kennedy
Zella	Wynne Gibson

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by Edward Sutherland.

Here's a gangster picture that's different. It's a comedy, as you know because it has Jack Oakie in it. And a pretty good comedy it is, too. Jack comes to New York from a small town and, without realizing his danger, walks into a gang leader's net that's been spread to catch an enemy. There's a girl involved in the plot and it is Jack's job to rescue her. Armed only with a monkey wrench, which he buys from a taxi driver, he beards the gang in their own den. Jack's irrepressible good nature and childish superstitions are funny indeed in the sinister surroundings.

★ ★ The Bat Whispers

CAST

Cornelia Van Gorder	Grayce Hampton
Lizzie Allen	Maude Eburne
The Caretaker	Spencer Charters
Dale Van Gorder	Una Merkel
Brook	William Bakewell
Dr. Venrees	Gustav von Seyffertitz
Detective Anderson	Chester Morris
Detective Jones	Charles Dow Clark
The Unknown	Ben Bard

Produced by United Artists.
Directed by Roland West.

Under any other title this would still be The Bat, first made known on the stage a decade ago and later on the silent screen. In spite of its elaborate production, The Bat Whispers misses some of the more sinister aspects of the stage play.

It has all the usual ingredients of mystery plays. Mysterious persons walk in and out. Queer shadows appear and disappear. Strange noises penetrate the house. The heroine is constantly in peril and there's a maid whose hysterical fright furnishes the comedy.

The ending is clever, but I think the director himself gives it away long before the dénouement.

Do you know that—

In filming Trader Horn 35,000 miles were covered by some of the actors, the director, and cameramen on their trip from Hollywood to darkest Africa and back? . . . Charlie Chaplin wrote most of the music which is to be heard in City Lights?

Four- and three-star films of the past month

★★★★—None.

★★★—Illicit, The Great Meadow, Little Cæsar, New Moon, Reaching for the Moon, The Criminal Code, The Right to Love, The Royal Family of Broadway.

KNIGHT Errant

The Story of a Gangster's Beau Geste

By

EDWARD L. McKENNA

who, like the author of "Alice in Wonderland," combines the writing of fiction with the teaching of mathematics. He is a member of the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, is just about to publish a novel, and has produced an amazing number of short stories—which he calls "jobs."

Pictures by HERBERT F. ROESE

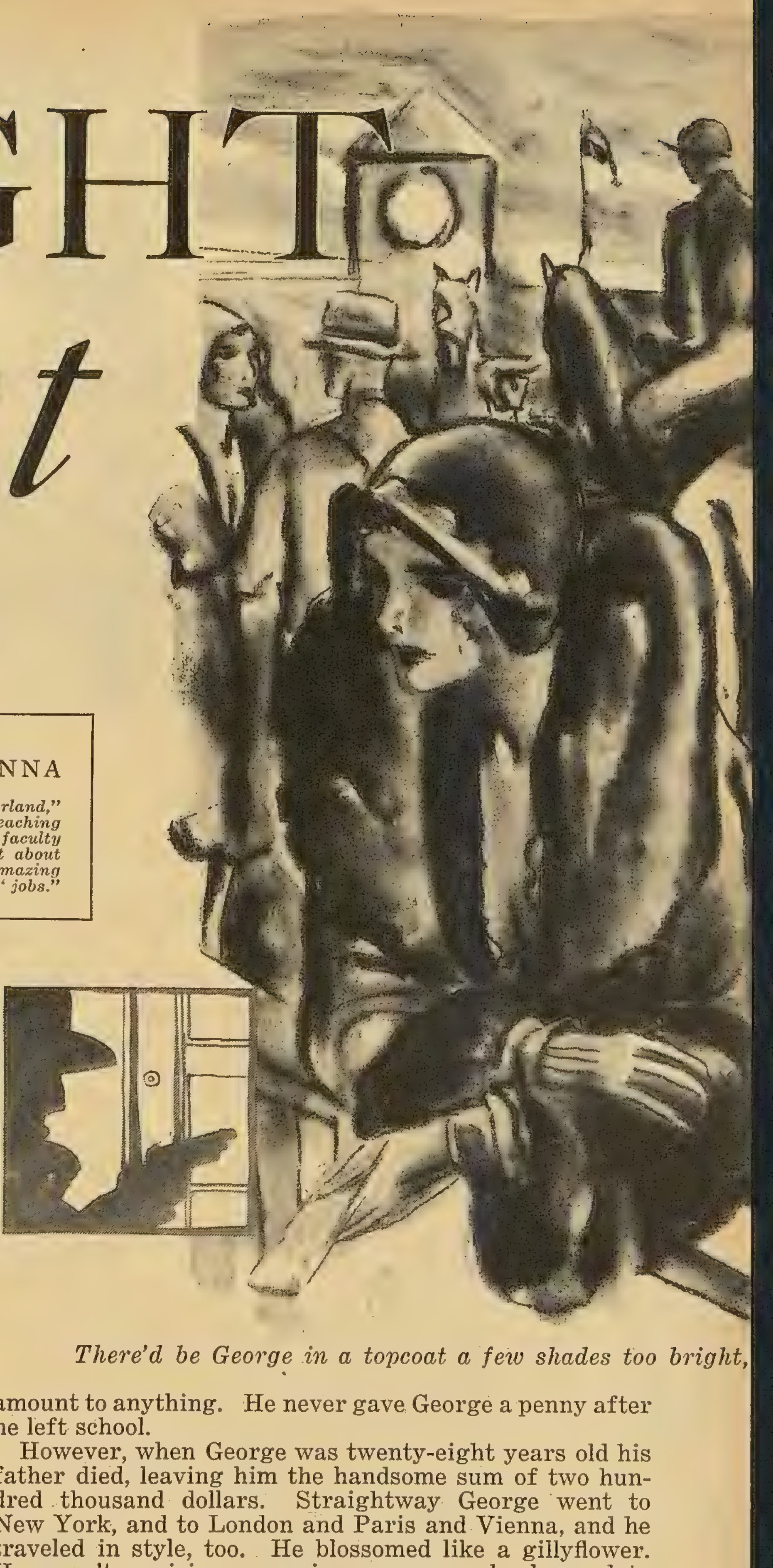
(Reading time: 24 minutes 10 seconds.)

ON May 11, 1928, George Somerset got his name on a police blotter for the first time. It had to happen. Everybody knew that. Maybe George knew it, too. It was a bad break for him, just the same; a bad break all around. It's hurt him; it's done him no end of harm; and he's not through with it yet, either. Sometime he'll go up against a real rap, and the jurymen will look at him, and say to themselves: "We know all about you, buddy. You're the guy that was mixed up with that dame— What was her name? Oh, yeah, Alice Malone. Oh, yeah." Or if that doesn't happen, maybe some of Alice Malone's misguided friends who don't know the whole story will take the matter up with him. They say George is in wrong with his own mob, too, and that his boss, Louis Martone, doesn't trust him any more.

Now, the dope on George Somerset is this, and it explains everything he's ever done: he has a theory that he's a gentleman, and, anyhow, he wants to be one. That idea has gotten him into all his troubles.

He came from the Middle West somewhere. His father built silos, or maybe it was grain elevators. George wanted to go to Harvard, but compromised on the State University. Furthermore, his father insisted that he study agriculture. He stuck it out for two years, though he hated it. He didn't make an athletic team or a fraternity; he lived by himself in a big cold bedroom, and he was pretty lonesome. He was a nice sort of kid, blond, short, not bad-looking, good-humored, anxious to please. Intellectually he was no heavyweight, then or ever. He took great care of his appearance, spent a lot of money on clothes and in barber shops, and his horny-handed classmates laughed at him, not too gently. So, after flunking agronomy and inorganic chemistry, he left the college for a town where he could carry a cane.

That must have been about 1904—1904 or 1905, maybe. He was always reticent about his early life; doubtless it wasn't too pleasant. It's certain that he worked as a clerk in a Chicago department store. His father was disgusted with him, called him a dude, said he'd never amount to anything. He never gave George a penny after he left school.

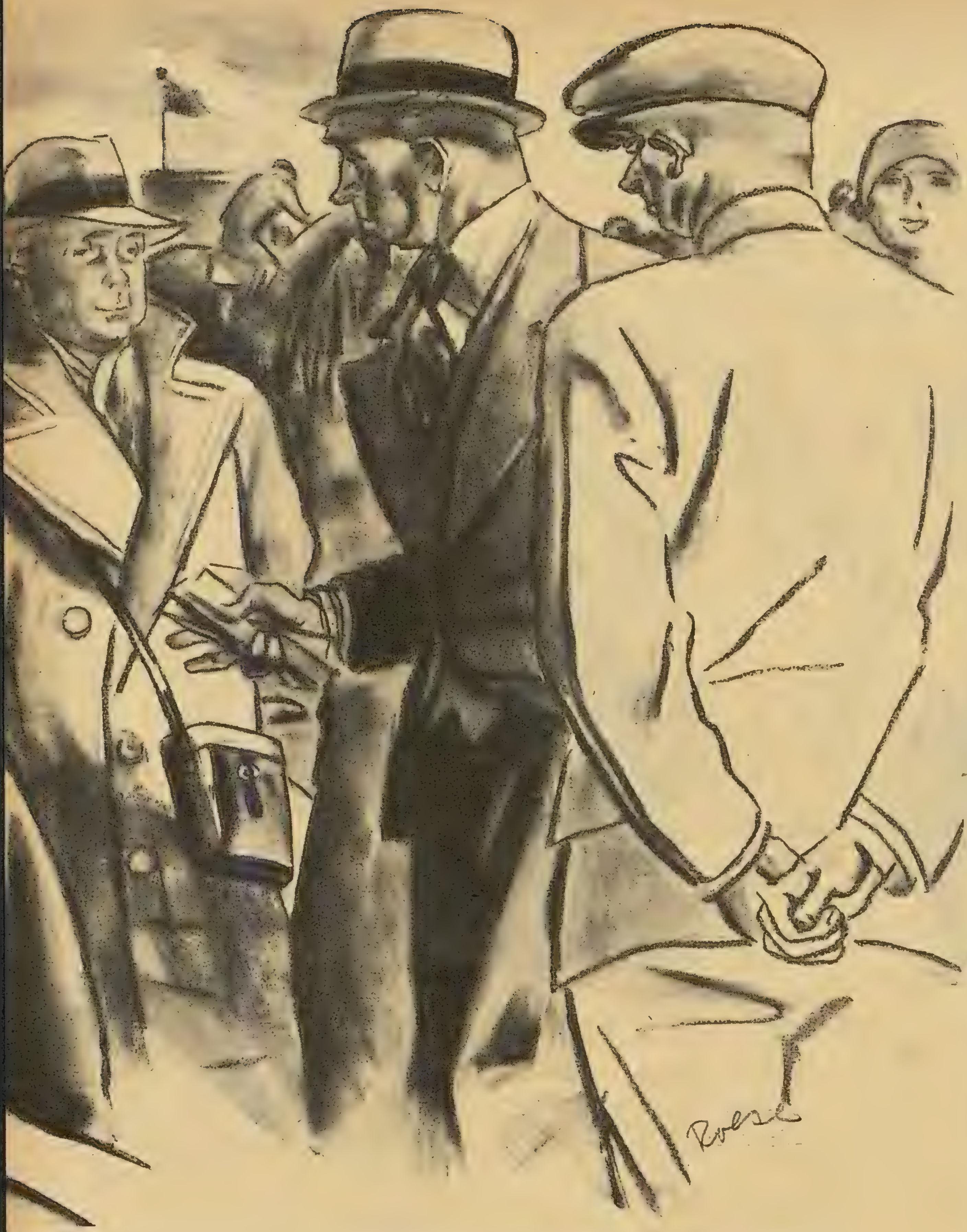


There'd be George in a topcoat a few shades too bright,

However, when George was twenty-eight years old his father died, leaving him the handsome sum of two hundred thousand dollars. Straightway George went to New York, and to London and Paris and Vienna, and he traveled in style, too. He blossomed like a gillyflower. He wasn't a vicious man in any sense; he learned to gamble a little and to drink a little, but the things he liked best to do were to buy new clothes and to eat in good restaurants. He was getting chubby, and his blond hair was wearing thin. He had the face of a round, roly-poly cherub and there wasn't a bit of harm in him.

When a man has no natural aversion to paying the check, he won't be lonesome long. George met actors and song writers and sportsmen of various sorts. Curiously enough, these hard-fisted, tough-minded citizens seemed to like him. It wasn't just that they were pleasant to him because he was ready to spend his money, though doubtless that helped. He was a good listener, and proud of his friends.

Indeed he was proud of them. It was the first time he'd ever had any friends. He'd suddenly found people



strolling hither and yon and being the veteran sportsman all over the place.

who accepted him—careless people, broad-minded people, people very different from the censorious folk he'd known at home. They took it for granted that he was one of them; they weren't suspicious of his little courtesies and his conscientious imitation of William Faversham and Kyrle Bellew. A nice little fellow, they said, and they meant it.

HE had four years of good fun. At the end of that time he was well rehearsed in his part. He could dress for dinner without a thrill, and he could tap a cigarette against his wrist with the hero of any Pinero play. Unfortunately, it was the manners of actors that he had learned, rather than the manners of aristocrats; still, he did have a good deal of natural politeness and even some delicacy. His taste in books, in plays, in music, and in art wasn't good, and he used hair tonic that had an everlasting odor. His clothes were too carefully considered, and he was somewhat ashamed of his low beginnings, which surely is not the mark of the elect. Still, he was thoughtful of other people's comfort, and no hard-luck story, however improbable, ever left him unmoved. The things he liked were, on the whole, pretty nice things—horse races and sunny days and spotless linen and ocean voyages and Chablis and Sauterne, and pretty women, and bands playing *Waldteufel* or *Geschichten aus dem Wienerwald.*

Pretty women. If anyone tells you, and plenty will now, after this Alice Malone business, that George Somerset was a rake, you can laugh at him. He knew women—yes, hundreds of them—liked their company, liked to be seen with them. They liked him, too, but most of them accepted him as a friend too quickly to consider him as a sweetheart. Maybe they knew he wasn't a dangerous fellow; maybe they knew that in many ways he was like themselves, interested in a lot of little, unimportant things, but born for tragedy and heartbreak just the same.

He never cared what a woman's reputation was: he could be courtly and decent to the tawdriest Broadway Semiramis. He'd suffered enough himself from intolerance and sneers—the sneers of people who are satisfied with themselves and who think they're patterns of manliness and virtue.

OF course the thing anyone would expect to happen to a soft, stupid, harmless sort of fellow happened to George Somerset. A little chorus girl from The Red Widow or Love of Mike saw him and took him. Plenty and plenty of people will swear that she was the first woman in his life, though that seems a little fantastic. Maybe it was true. Out of all that gang of easy-going, careless, good-natured girls he had to pick this one. Trixie, her name was. She wasn't even pretty, and she didn't have even the first of an actor's virtues, which is generosity. She divorced him in Reno after sixteen months, charging cruelty, which gave a lot of people a good laugh. She didn't leave him a dime.

It's common knowledge that when a good spender loses his money his old friends turn their backs on him. It's common knowledge, and it's like the rest of common knowledge: it's too axiomatic to be entirely convincing. George didn't lose his friends. Of course, not all of them knew exactly what had happened. But there was Lily Hastings, for instance, who was a headliner not so many years ago. Lily's still traveling around—she must be as old as Ninon de L'Enclos, and she's only less lovely, even now. She called George up and made him take her to Murray's, where she cried into a pitcher of beer and offered George the half of her kingdom. She wasn't in love with George—not a bit of it. She liked him and she was sorry for him.

There was Benny Davis, the song writer, a Jewish boy who used to play piano at the College Inn, Coney Island, and who's graduated up to a dozen Broadway shows and his own music-publishing business. Benny offered George money and he also offered him a job. And if you don't think the second offer was much the better proposi-

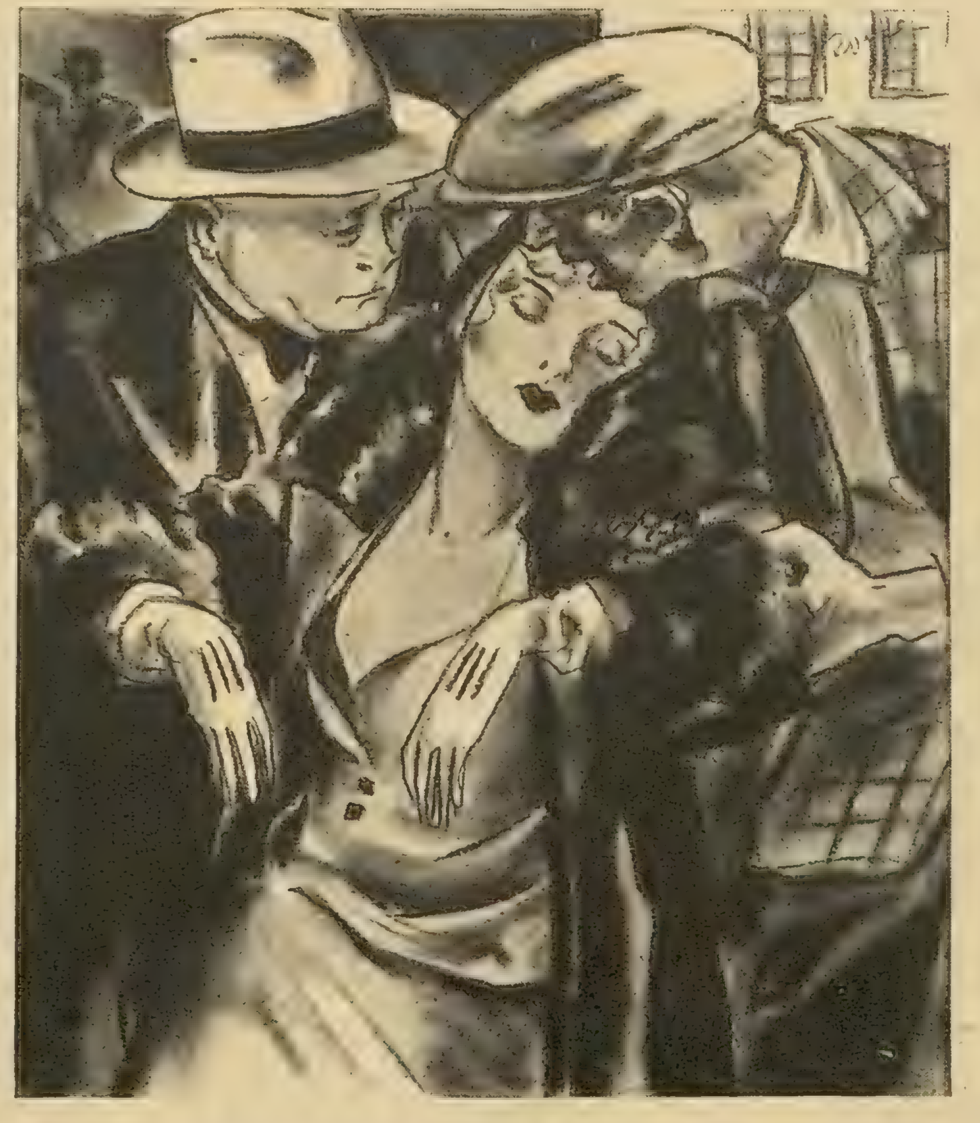
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

tion, you don't know Benny Davis and you don't know Jews. They're not careless with money, and they're a lot more careful about the people they hire.

But it was Louis Martone that hired George.

At that time Louis wasn't as big as he has since become. Still, he was a long way from small. He was protecting the garment workers and the stuss games on the East Side, and he was also interested in the circulation of a couple of morning newspapers, which isn't as harmless a sort of business as it sounds.



The driver and George helped the blonde girl in. That is, they hoped it would look as if they were helping her.

Say what you like about this Louis Martone, he's a king, just the same. He's a funny-looking, squat, sallow sort of king, but so was Attila. You read about the Borgias and the Sforza and the Medici, and you look around and there's a fellow like Louis Martone right under your nose, a fellow who's got so much power that he makes the Renaissance nobility look like a lot of cheap banditti on the heist.

What did he see in George Somerset? Maybe he saw in him what George wanted people to see: a gentleman; a man who'd fallen from high estate, but who wore his ragged cloak and jaunty plumes with a graceful air; a man who'd be a good front for Louis Martone and who could further some of his little schemes. Or maybe it was because Louis, who was crafty and cruel and selfish and ugly, saw in George a man so different from himself that he took a fancy to him. Louis used to like him. That's certain.

It was a pleasant sort of job he gave to George. He made him his betting commissioner. Nobody knew for a good long time that George wasn't acting for himself. There'd been rumors that he'd lost all his money, but when he turned up at Belmont or Aqueduct and began to knock the bookmakers dead, the tune soon changed. Louis slipped him enough so that George could still continue his old habits. That was part of the front, part of the disguise. Still, Louis is supposed to be a good boss, anyhow.

MOST of the races Louis bet on were fixed. That's well known now. Most of the ball games, most of the prize fights were fixed. All that didn't worry George. He was somewhat cynical about sporting events after he teamed up with Louis, but he still enjoyed the bright sun and the smell of the brown track, and the sight of the nervous horses prancing out of the paddock, and the gay crowds, and the band playing. There'd be George in a topcoat just a few shades too bright, and a pair of glasses slung over his shoulder a little too aggressively, or too informally, strolling hither and yon and being the veteran sportsman all over the place.

Louis gave him a tryout and was well satisfied with him. George wouldn't shave the odds; he wouldn't fail to get his bets down; and he showed a great capacity for silence in important matters, as so many talkative men do. Louis found he could trust George. He didn't get drunk; he didn't tell secrets; and he never touched a penny that didn't belong to him. When it finally leaked out that George was no free agent, but only Louis' henchman, Louis had got into the habit of using him for a lot of things. They weren't things that required shrewdness, usually. Faithfulness and reliability were what Louis wanted.

In former times they'd have called George a lobbygow. Words change their meaning fast in the underworld. A lobbygow was a man who brought little trifles to the secluded women of Chinatown. Then the word came to mean any messenger. Essentially, that was George's new function. He'd go places for Louis, and deliver propositions or ultimatums. Sometimes he understood the implication of these messages; sometimes he didn't. That wasn't important. He'd go, and he'd say his piece, and bring back a reply.

IN time he knew every section of the underworld in the United States. He'd go to Boston, to Phillie, to Baltimore for Louis. He'd go to places where Louis himself wouldn't dare to go without a good strong bodyguard. George would go, all right. He didn't have the imagination to be a coward. In a way, you see, he was just a good, solid, Middle-Western boy, one who regarded his business just as the Illinois farmer regards the corn or the wheat or the tenants—without excitement, without too much love, but seriously and soberly.

There he'd be, so direct, so candid, so good-natured, and so pleasant, and yet so serious about it all, telling the thugs of distant cities just what the Boss had said. Louis was in every racket, every one. In politics, in liquor-running, in highjacking, in organized gambling and other forms of vice, and in "protection." Protection, as every apple-knocker knows, means any sort of interference with labor, from window-breaking to mayhem and murder. Louis was pro-union or anti, according to his affiliations or his whims. He was crazy for power.

The yeggs and gunmen with whom George was dealing didn't think he was a sissy, didn't sneer at him for his fancy clothes or his manicured hands. They thought he must be one bad guy. He never carried a weapon; that was known. He'd walk in anywhere; he showed no signs of nervousness. He wasn't stand-offish, and he'd learned to drink pretty bad liquor (doubtless it spoiled his taste for Sauterne). He couldn't be fixed; he couldn't be coerced. At least, they concluded that he couldn't be. Lots of people tried to fix him—at first.

Maybe, all this time, he was preening himself and glorying in the thought that he was a new kind of Raffles or Claude Duval. Anyone who's ever talked to him will find that hard to believe. He isn't an introspective man, or a complicated one. He had no great thoughts on any subject. He wasn't deep, he wasn't subtle. He was just a farmer boy, a farmer boy tilling a strange field.

He was very easy in his ways, and companionable, if you didn't want to discuss Einstein or the prospects for world peace. And who does? And he never discussed anybody's private business, his own included, with a stranger or a casual acquaintance.

It would be nice if some of his former classmates at

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

"Lock your door on Birthdays!"

SAYS . . .

HUGH TREVOR

famous screen star

YOU CAN ESCAPE THE MASK OF AGE

Learn the Complexion Secret 98% of the important Screen Actresses know . . .

"THE WOMAN who wants to win and hold adoration should keep *youth,*" Hugh Trevor says.

"Stage and screen stars hold the admiration they have won year after year. Birthdays don't matter at all. And nowadays other women are learning their complexion secret!"

Actresses all over the world remain young, lovely, alluring, year after year! In Hollywood (605 of the 613 important ones!) . . . on Broadway . . . in Europe, they guard complexion beauty—KEEP youthful charm—with gentle, soothing Lux Toilet Soap.

So dependent are they on *regular* care with this fragrant, very white soap, that it is official in all film studios, is found in theatres everywhere.

Of the countless stars who use this white soap, some have the skin that is inclined to dryness; some the skin that tends to be oily; some the in-between skin. . . . Every type is represented. *You,* too, will find Lux Toilet Soap the perfect soap!

BEBE DANIELS, beautiful Radio Pictures' star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for keeping skin lovely."

BETTY COMPSON, lovely Radio Pictures' star, says of this white soap: "I'm delighted with Lux Toilet Soap."

The caress of dollar-a-cake French soap

Youth LUX Toilet Soap..10¢

AFTER CRUIKSHANK 1835

Gastrogen
banishes
Indigestion

DON'T let after-eating discomfort bother or embarrass you another day! Take two or three Gastrogen Tablets immediately after your meals. Quickly indigestion goes.

Gastrogen is as quiet as it's quick in stopping heartburn, acidity, and other indigestion ills. Unlike "bi-carb," it contains only insoluble antacids. Hence it can't alkalize the stomach, retard digestion, or cause the gas which bothers users of soda.

Gastrogen's taste is spicy and aromatic. Its effect is harmless and quick. Get it at your druggist's in tins of 15 tablets for 20¢ or bottles of 60 tablets for 60¢!

MAKE THIS TEST

1. *Pour a little vinegar into each of two tumblers. (The vinegar corresponds to the acid in your stomach.)*

2. *Into one tumbler drop 3 or 4 Gastrogen Tablets.*

3. *Into the other drop a teaspoonful of soda bicarbonate.*

Note the fizzing, the foaming and the seething in the tumbler with the soda. Note how little gas is released with Gastrogen—actually *less than half* as much, while neutralizing the *same* amount of acid. You see why soda disturbs and bloats the stomach—and why Gastrogen brings relief quietly without retarding or hampering normal digestion.

SEND THIS COUPON

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. A-31
73 West Street, New York City
Please send me your FREE introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

Name..............................

Address..............................

KNIGHT ERRANT
Continued from page twenty-six

that cow college of his could have seen him sitting in the reception room of a dive, or in some dubious apartment house in South Boston or South Brooklyn or even that South Side of Chicago, while he told an alderman or a state senator or a Halsted Street heist guy exactly what it was that Louis Martone wished him to do. It's to be hoped that George didn't always realize fully what the nature of these instructions was.

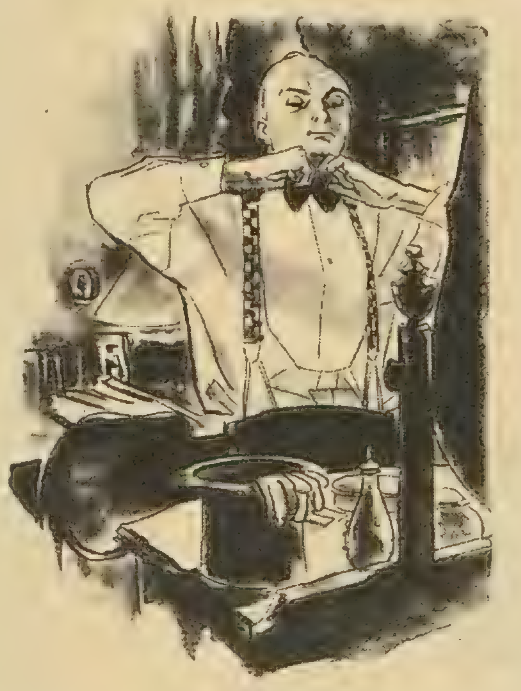
Maybe he didn't; maybe he did. Possibly these things didn't bother him a great deal. He'd been getting broad-minded for a long time. You couldn't live around Louis long and stay very finicky. And it's true, isn't it, that everybody finds out that there are a few things about his particular job which wouldn't square with the teachings of Plato? Or haven't you found it so?

But the peculiar thing is this: George Somerset was getting to be more of a man all the time. A vicious man, no; that he was not, if by vicious you mean one whose personal habits are open to censure. He drank; he gambled; but neither the cards nor the liquor were important to him, except as a way to kill an evening. He was capable; he was efficient; never before had he been anything but ineffectual. He'd been a ribbon clerk, a haberdasher's helper. Now he was a fixer for Louis Martone.

OBJECT to his business, if you like. Who's defending it? It isn't noble to assist thugs to steal bundles of newspapers from delivery boys, or to slug poor laundrymen in the nose, or to break nonunion barbers' windows, or to steal a vanload of liquor from poor but hard-working alki runners. Anybody will agree to that.

But that's not the point. Here was this George Somerset, a man who had nothing but peculiarities to begin with, a ladylike sort of fellow. Suppose he'd stayed in Peoria, or Columbia, or Fargo, or wherever it was. He'd have had two strikes on him right from the start. He'd have grown up to the laughter of his fellow citizens—and they like a joke out that way, and nothing seems funnier to them than an effeminate man. Maybe they're right, at that. But suppose he'd stayed there. What would he have amounted to? What fun would he ever have had? What would his chance have been to demonstrate that he had the qualities that belong to a man—courage and honesty and such limited independence as the law allows?

It's something, isn't it, to walk through the world with your head up, indifferent to the comments of the passers-by, or ready and able to resent them? Isn't it something to win the respect of your fellow man, even if he happens to be a yegg? And if your weakness is spats and a gardenia, haven't you arrived somewhere if you can wear them with impunity in a Race Street whisper-low, or in a hop joint a few blocks away from the Charlestown Navy Yard?



He had four years of fun. At the end he could dress for dinner without a thrill.

THIS much is certain: in the year 1928 there were a good few people in the city of New York and elsewhere who heard the name of George Somerset with a certain amount of respect. Reputable people? Well, no, not so many reputable ones. However, the cops knew who he was by that time.

On May the eleventh, 1928, George Somerset, very neat in his dinner jacket, got out of a taxi in front of the Karnak Baths on Forty-fourth Street. The sun had just risen, and George was going to have a Turkish bath and go to bed. He'd been playing poker all night, and he felt as a forty-seven-year-old man feels when he's been in an all-night card game—sticky and stiff and a little disgusted with himself. Also, he'd lost twenty-eight dollars.

He walked into the lobby and up to the desk, and was chatting with the clerk when a woman came in.

She was a big blonde, maybe twenty-five, maybe thirty. How can you tell how old a blonde is? They get old all of a sudden, that's true, but in the meantime nobody considers such questions. Pretty? She'd have been pretty if she'd had a little color, and if her eyes weren't dead and listless. Her voice was dull, too, heavy and dull.

"I want a room and I want a bath," she said.

George and the clerk looked at her.

"You can't get no room here, kid," said the clerk. "Nor no bath, either. We only got men here."

She was standing very stiff and straight, her fingers were clutching the edge of the desk.

"I got to get a bath," she said. "Where can I go?"

"A Turkish bath, lady?" said the clerk with Eighth Avenue demureness, and George frowned.

"A Turkish bath, yes. Where can I go?"

"I don't know, lady. The Shelton, maybe."

"Not this time in the morning," said George.

"I don't know of a single place, lady," said the clerk.

She nodded. "Thanks," she said. "O. K." She nodded to George; it seemed as if she were remembering her manners from a great distance or from a long time ago. "Thanks," she said, and turned and walked away slowly down the lobby. She was walking very straight and very slow.

"A cokie," said the clerk to George, but George, who had hesitated just a second, was walking swiftly after her.

"Excuse me," he said to her retreating back. "Pardon me. Just a second, madam."

She stopped; he bared his bald head. "Is there anything I can do for you?" he said.

She looked at him. "No, thanks," she said.

"Look at here. I'm George Somerset. I'm—I—now look here. I'm not trying to intrude on you in any way. If there's anything I can do, just say so."

"Nobody can help me," she said. "Nobody. I—I'm just out of luck, that's all. I—I've got to get straightened up. I've got to meet a train—a train—at ten o'clock. I didn't know about it. I didn't know."

HE nodded. He knew what was the matter with her, or thought he did. If he'd met her at two o'clock, or even at three or at four, her eyes would have been bright—too bright—her cheeks would have been flushed, and her voice would have been as merry as the sleigh bells. It wasn't liquor. Liquor wouldn't have left her like this.

Just to make sure he said, "Now, look. I'm not going to ask you to go up to my apartment or anything like that. But if you'll wait here five minutes, I'll get you a little rye. Maybe that'll straighten you up."

"I never touch it," she said. "I'd only get sick. I can't get sick."

"Uh-huh!" said George. He knew now that the clerk was right. As a rule, those who sacrifice to the Little White Gods haven't any use for whisky, or so they say.

"I got to meet a train," she said. "A train, at ten o'clock."

"Kid," said George, "you're going to meet that train. Don't worry. It's six o'clock now. Why don't you go to a hotel, lie down a couple of hours? I'll call you, myself, at nine o'clock, or you can have the clerk call you."

"If I lie down, I'm done. Never get up. Never get up. I thought, maybe, a Turkish bath— I tell you —I tell you—I got to meet that train. If I don't, it's curtains, that's all. Curtains."

"Could you eat anything? No? Well, you want to come out, get the air? I'll walk you around a while. Come on, we'll catch a little air."

"I'm pretty near dead," she said.

"You want to ride around in a taxi a while? Look, it's light now. You needn't worry. I'm O. K."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

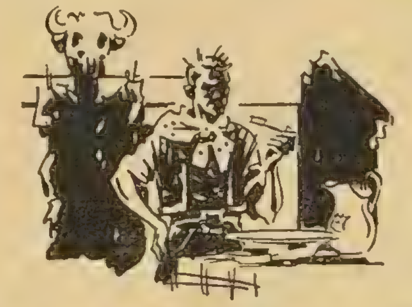
Ride him, Cowboy...Ride him!

but even a Bronco-buster can get "Pink tooth brush"

MUSCLES as hard as a cow-pony's ... blood coursing through your veins! But you're no more immune to "pink tooth brush" than if you were softened by years at a desk!

The soft-foods we moderns eat give our gums little stimulation—and unstimulated gums become flabby, unhealthy gums. Then—"pink tooth brush."

And gums which bleed even slightly are susceptible to gingivitis, to Vincent's disease, even to the dreaded but less frequent pyorrhea. Worse still, "pink tooth brush" is often the first step toward infection at the roots of some of your soundest teeth. Which means the probable loss of the teeth!



Today—get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it in the regular way. Then put some additional Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it into your gums! The ziratol in Ipana is the same preparation used by modern dentists to stimulate the gums.

Watch your teeth regain some of that childhood sparkle! Watch your gums grow pinker, harder, healthier! Continue to use Ipana with massage regularly—and "pink tooth brush" will soon cease to worry you!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. AB-31, 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of mailing and packing.

*Name*____________________ *Street*____________________

*City*____________________ *State*____________________

Quickly—stop his cough!...S. B. Cough Drops are fine for children's throats. They give gentle, mild medication.

FOR THROAT PROTECTION

Let Johnny take along a box of S. B. Cough Drops. They protect his throat against raw winds, cold weather—and his own enthusiasm for slush and snow.

FOR PURE CANDY

Do youngsters like them? Just try, once! A favorite confection since 1847.

TWO KINDS
S. B. BLACK & MENTHOL
SMITH BROTHERS' S. B. COUGH DROPS
TRADE MARK
S. B. COUGH DROPS
5¢

KNIGHT ERRANT
Continued from page twenty-nine

"I know you're O. K.," she said.

They got into a taxi. "Drive over to Fifth and up to the park," said George. "Then drive back again. See?"

"You don't want to go through the park?" said the driver. "'Snice this time in the morning."

"No, just up there and back," said George patiently.

The girl settled herself back against the cushions and closed her eyes, and opened them again wearily. "Say," she said. "Don't let me pass out, will you? If I go to sleep, I'm done. I'll never get up again if I fall asleep. Talk to me, keep on talking. I got to meet a train. It goes at ten o'clock."

"O. K.," said George.

He talked to her about everything that came into his head, unimportant things, little stories about the show business, about the race tracks, about the cities he'd seen. She'd smile, now and then, and say something. She knew show business. He'd guessed that. She knew the race tracks, too.

"You're a good guy," she said to him once, and then, a little later, "Don't let me pass out, will you?"

He grinned at her. "One time, when I was at Havre de Grace—ever been to Havre de Grace? Well, anyhow—"

The taxi went up Fifth to the park, down Fifth to Twenty-third, and back again. Up and down, up and down.

He didn't say to her, "Look here. What is this? Why don't you keep yourself straight, if you have to meet a train at ten o'clock? Why do you go partying around all night with a lot of other snowbirds? Were they all coked up? Were you the only one that could snap out of it at four o'clock in the morning? Huh? Who is it you're going to meet? Your sweetie, hay? Some square shooter, maybe, that doesn't know about you and what you're like. Your mother, maybe. Maybe your girl friend, hay? When did you hear about this ten-o'clock train? Maybe it's just the snow. Maybe it's just the sleigh bells ringing in your dome."

No, he didn't ask her any such things. He wasn't much of a hand for asking questions, except questions like "Isn't the steak good? Ain't the beer cold? Isn't that music hot?"

She was smiling a little; she had closed her eyes. "You O. K.?" he said. She didn't answer.

He touched her arm. She didn't stir. He grabbed her shoulder, and shook her gently. Her head bobbed against the cushions. He couldn't rouse her.

With shaking fingers he lit a cigarette and did some hard thinking. Thinking was never too easy for him.

At last he tapped on the glass. "Stop at the drug store. I want to make a phone call."

"I'll go wit' you," said the driver, not offensively but definitively.

"Sure thing," said George. The one thing that never entered his mind was that he might duck into the drug store and out again, leaving the taxi driver with his problem. George Somerset didn't do things that way.

He called Madame Gaby's beauty shop on Forty-sixth Street. There was no answer. He looked at his watch. It was seven-ten. Then he tried Madame Gaby's home phone, which was listed under the name of Ethel Schwartz.

He was horribly embarrassed while he was making the call. Miss Ethel Schwartz, aged at least forty-five, and whose business alias was Madame Gaby, wasn't any too well pleased. Still, George was a good friend of hers.

At ten minutes to eight the taxi drew up before Madame Gaby's beauty parlor. George got out and Miss Schwartz opened the door. Then the driver and George helped the blonde girl in. That is, they hoped it would look as if they were helping her in.

"Oy, weh!" said Miss Schwartz. "George, at your age—"

"Aw, pipe down," said George, not at all as George Arliss would say it.

The taxi man looked at the twenty and the ten that George had given him, and nodded. He didn't linger.

Miss Schwartz and George got the girl into a barber's chair.

"What is it, George? Booze?" said Miss Schwartz.

"No. Dope," said George.

"George, I think you better get a doc."

"Listen, Ethel. This kid wants to make a train at ten o'clock. It's the most important thing in the world for her. Don't ask me why. I want you to try, see if you can't bring her around."

"O. K. I'll try. Go on inside," said Miss Schwartz.

George sat down in the front of the shop, and chewed a cigar and waited. He could hear Miss Schwartz bustling around inside, and the boiler under the towels was hissing.

The latch clicked. "Is that you, Irma?" called Miss Schwartz. It was Irma. She nodded to George and went swaying into the other room. George heard Miss Schwartz telling her she was late.

Presently Miss Schwartz came out. She was very white; her hair was damp from the steam. "George, you go in. Take a look at her. I can't wake her."

George went in. Irma was looking at him, looking at him as a good many people were going to look at him in the next few days.

He gazed down at the blonde girl, who was huddled in the chair. He lifted her limp wrist.

"Get a doc, I guess," he said very low.

But it was too late for the doctor to do anything.

. . . . .

George Somerset testified at the coroner's inquest. Before that he testified at a more informal gathering, whose members were detectives and harness bulls. Their questions told him the girl's name—Alice Malone. That didn't mean a thing to him. But many, many other names were mentioned, and some were quite familiar. They were the names of people in his own profession.

He'd never heard of Soapy Dale before that morning. Soapy Dale, it appeared, was Alice Malone's heart, or sweetheart, or husband, maybe. A yegg from Indianapolis.

George was pretty tired—he'd had no sleep all the night before, of course—and the questions bothered him a lot. Names, names, names and places and names, repeated and reiterated. Do you know Soapy Dale? Do you know Manny Coburg? Do you know Aloysius Flannery? Then the names of his own mob, from Louis Martone all down the line.

Then there were the questions about the train. What train was it? Where did it leave? Where was it going? Who was on that train? What was Malone meeting him for?

They seemed to assume that it was a man she was meeting.

The cops, at least, seemed to believe part of his story. They believed there was a train, and that it was important that Alice Malone should meet it. They didn't tell George Somerset why.

THEY never found out where Alice Malone had been that night before she met George at the Karnak Baths. At any rate, there was no testimony about that at the inquest. Maybe the cops know that, too.

George wasn't beaten up at the station house. Among other nice things the cops said to him was this: "You don't know Soapy Dale, huh? Never heard of him, huh? Well, you're liable to." . . .

The coroner's verdict was "Death from heart disease, induced by indulgence in cocaine." He had George on the stand for thirty-two minutes, during which time George was made to look pretty bad. The clerk from the Karnak Baths testified, too, which helped some. Still, it looked like a cheap pickup, just the same.

But you see where the whole thing puts George Somerset, don't you? Suppose they find him, some morning, out in Canarsie, or up around Fort George? There's a lot of people will have an alibi all ready. Oh, ask Soapy Dale, they'll say; it was George Somerset that stole his girl. For the benefit of anyone who wants to use that stall, it is remarked that Soapy Dale is at the present time doing two and a bit up in Joliet Prison. He's there, in person. His girl is buried out in Holy Cross, in Flatbush, in case he wants to know. If it was Soapy Dale she wanted to meet, she died trying, and about the last thing she said was: "You're a good guy. Don't let me pass out, will you? I got to make a train."

THE END

The Security of Kotex
is what you value most

It absorbs correctly, safely; it is shaped to fit; it is adjustable.

WHAT you really want in sanitary protection—more than any other one thing—is a feeling of perfect safety and security. This is one of the most important assurances Kotex gives you.

Kotex, in the first place, is so tremendously absorbent . . . by test, five times more so than the finest of surgical cotton. And the way it absorbs is important—"lateral absorption"—a process which makes the pad effective not in just one area but over the entire surface.

The delicate fibers of which Kotex is made carry moisture swiftly *away from the surface,* leaving the protective area delicate and comfortable for hours. This distinguishes Kotex from the ordinary pad. Gives it far greater efficiency—and you far greater comfort.

Wear it on either side

Kotex may be worn on either side with equal efficiency, equal comfort. No danger of embarrassment, no fear of inadequate protection.

Its softness lasts. It deodorizes thoroughly and effectively. Hospitals use it because of its hygienic safety, its amazing absorbency. You'll find it wise to specify Kotex next time you buy sanitary protection. All stores have it.

Kotex Company, Chicago, Illinois.

IN HOSPITALS . . .

1 The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.

2 *Kotex is shaped to fit.* It gives inconspicuous protection.

3 *Disposable . . .* instantly, completely.

4 *Can be worn on either side* with equal efficiency, equal comfort.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

See the new Kotex Belt

Brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.
(U. S. Patent No. 1,770,741)

KOTEX
The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

German Spi

Headquarters in Wall Street—Plots Against Canada—Running Dynamite—Von der Goltz Confesses

By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

(Reading time: 20 minutes 42 seconds.)

HOW modern warfare is carried on along far-flung, secret battle lines, how German agents of propaganda and destruction operated in America to an extent undreamed of until recently, how the strings and wires that set off bombs and started strikes led directly to Berlin, and how Ambassador von Bernstorff and his official aids took leading parts in financing and covering up the activities of spies and saboteurs has been told in the first two installments of Mr. Sutherland's revelations in Liberty. In this issue he begins an account of the deeds and personalities of the agents who held the front line in the Kaiser's war in the neutral United States.

PART THREE—VON PAPEN AT THE HELM

CAPTAIN FRANZ VON PAPEN, military attaché, was in Mexico City when the war began. He left at once for Washington, D. C. Following a conference with Ambassador von Bernstorff as soon as the latter returned from Germany, von Papen went to New York City and at 60 Wall Street took a suite of offices. There he established the War Intelligence Center, also called the Bureau of the Military Attaché.

Every agent in the western hemisphere reported to von Papen, and he generally coördinated their activities. By October he had the sabotage campaign under way in the United States—although, of course, manufacture and shipment of munitions didn't really amount to much for several months—and so thorough was his work that the campaign continued with unabated fury and appalling success long after President Wilson gave him and Naval Attaché Karl Boy-Ed their congés.

Between October, 1914, and December, 1915, when he left America, von Papen received from Dr. Albert alone exactly $3,102,000. From von Bernstorff he received other huge sums, but so far as his records show he spent less than $300,000 which he cared to account for.

Von Papen was a cunning, capable, loyal, scheming toiler in the Kaiser's Yankee vineyard. And he liked women. It is entirely probable that, though many of his sabotage enterprises were discovered, by far the major part of them never were found out.

For the sixteen months he flourished on American soil he was the dictator of his own plots and destructiveness, and the extremely efficient right hand of von Bernstorff and the General Staff in Berlin.

In September, 1914, he arranged the conspiracy details and the funds for the attempted raid by German agents on the vital Welland Canal in Canada. Also he gave Werner Horn the money he required to blow up the Vanceboro, Maine, bridge, over which munitions were being shipped from America to Halifax.

He supervised and financed the expeditions against India and Canada and Ireland which landed so many Germans in American cells—and placed some of them in front of firing squads in the Tower of London.

When he reached Falmouth, England, on his return to Germany after Wilson kicked him out, as he had kicked Austrian Ambassador Dumba out of America for trying to blow up a munitions factory in Ohio, the British secret service haled von Papen ashore and examined his luggage and papers.

Interesting memoranda were found, and a check book whose stubs showed numerous payments through New York City banks to German agents who were later convicted in American courts, and to other agents who confessed their relations to the bureau on Wall Street. When I narrate the deeds of these agents you will behold the brazen hand of von Papen throughout the sabotage.

If he was indulging, as he maintained in an astonishing statement to the press the day he was deported, only in innocuous *observation* of America's wartime industries, that sedentary and harmless activity was richly rewarded by the Kaiser when the faithful attaché reached Berlin, for von Papen was promoted to the rank of major, covered with medals, and assigned to the German staff in charge of the Turkish army in Palestine.

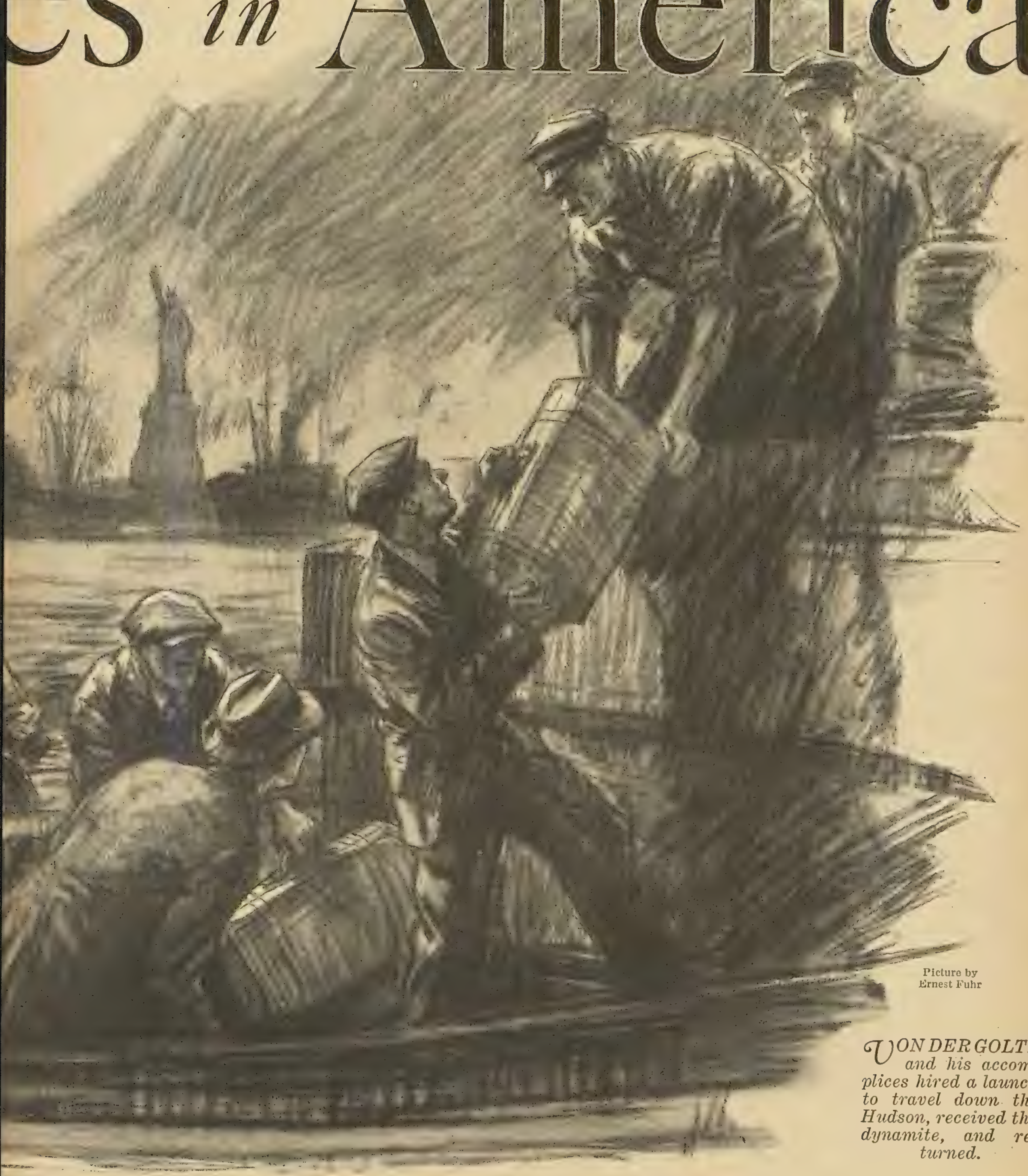
VON PAPEN was the sender, recipient, and subject of many messages between von Bernstorff and Berlin that Admiral Hall intercepted and decoded. A glance at some of them will show how innocent the ambassador and attaché were.

December 12, 1914. Berlin to von Bernstorff:

> Secret: Transportation of Japanese troops through Canada must be prevented at all costs, if necessary by blowing up Canadian railways. It would probably be advisable to employ Irish for this purpose as it is almost impossible for Germans to enter Canada. Discuss this with military attaché. Strictest secrecy indispensable.

This breach of American neutrality—the equipment on

es *in* America



Picture by Ernest Fuhr

VON DER GOLTZ and his accomplices hired a launch to travel down the Hudson, received the dynamite, and returned.

our soil of a hostile force to invade a friendly nation—was followed by a whole series of cablegrams having to do with violence against munition plants, strikes of Germans and sympathizers on American railways and in factories, mutinies on American ships, the desirability of causing riots around factory doors, sabotage wherever possible, and dynamiting of railways in neutral China.

On January 3, 1915, Zimmermann sent to the ambassador this cable:

> Secret: The general staff is anxious that vigorous measures should be taken to destroy the Canadian Pacific in several places. Captain Boehm who is well known in America will return there shortly with instructions. Acquaint the military attaché with the above and furnish the necessary sums for the enterprise.

But retribution presently darkens the horizon and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

GERMAN SPIES IN AMERICA
Continued from page thirty-three

von Bernstorff becomes worried, as shown in this cable to Berlin:

> Feb. 11, 1915. Most secret: The carrying out of your order was intrusted to a former officer who has been arrested after causing an explosion on the Canadian Pacific. Canada demands his extradition. I request authority to protect him. According to the laws of war the decision ought to be: non-extradition, if an act of war is proved.
>
> I intend to argue that although the German government has given no orders, the government regarded the causing of an explosion on an enemy railway as being, since it furthered military interests, an act of war.

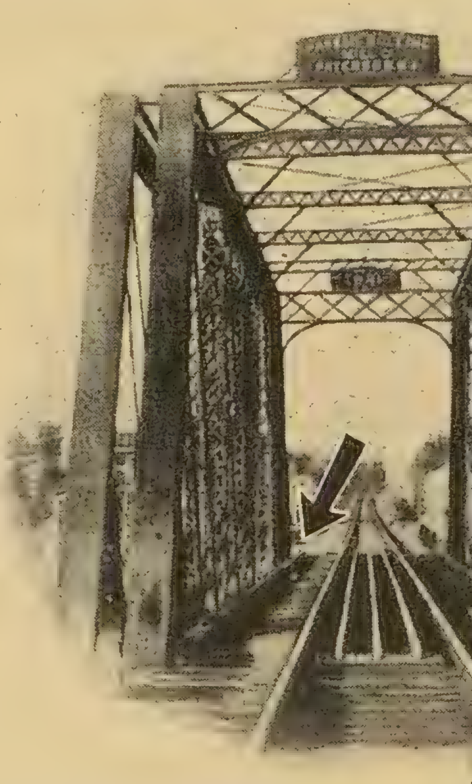
On February 19, Zimmermann cables von Bernstorff to protect the agent at all costs and carry it to the American Supreme Court to prevent extradition to Canada, "the Imperial Treasury paying all costs."

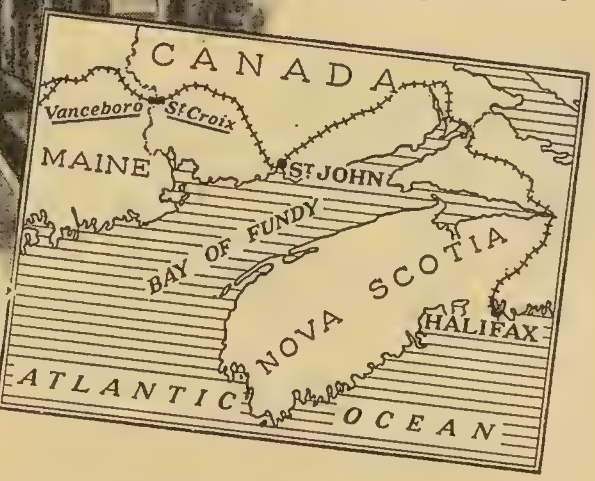
Von Papen's check book, seized at Falmouth, showed the payment of $500 to Werner Horn for a similar destruction. Horn was arrested and sent to the Atlanta penitentiary.

Though von Papen had been ejected in December, 1915, "K W Street" in Washington, D. C., sent a long cable to Berlin on May 10, 1916, showing certain expenditures made by the military attaché's office, "with Dr. Albert's consent," up to and including November 30, 1915, a day or so before von Papen relinquished control of that office. Evidently Berlin had questioned certain expenditures. The total included the following items:

First purchase of arms for India	$159,049.48
Second purchase of arms for India	152,227.09
Consignment of tetanus	82,109.08
Propaganda telegram, Bryan	144.30
Support of Labor Exchange	2,000.00

The cable added that disbursements from December 1, 1915, to May 10, 1916, could not be submitted because the "account book was seized in the raid on von Igel's offices and his arrest." Wolf von Igel succeeded von Papen in charge of 60 Wall Street.





Underwood & Underwood

The international railroad bridge over the St. Croix River. The bomb was placed below where arrow points. The map shows the site.

THERE were many cables sent between the foregoing and the one quoted below. (They will be given.) On August 16, 1916, harassed by his multitudinous and ever-mounting troubles, von Bernstorff sent a long cablegram to Berlin in which he reviewed his manifold griefs and the measures he was taking to meet them, and paid a compliment to the departed von Papen. Such sentences as these are selected from the lengthy message:

"I doubt if the military attaché bureau can be conducted by von Igel and von Skal as it was in the time of von Papen. . . . Proceedings are pending against von Igel for being implicated in the Welland Canal enterprise."

"I think it is in our interest not to raise the question of von Igel's diplomatic immunity until after the elections here and then to insist on a withdrawal of charges. If the United States does not assent we can then propose to refer this matter to an arbitration court."

"Von Igel and von Skal have also conducted various other matters started by von Papen and have partly settled them."

"Von Igel and von Skal are keeping up relations with the Indians and Irish, respectively, since von Papen left. Von Skal has special qualifications for maintaining relations with the Irish because of relationships in those circles and their complete confidence."

As the winter of 1916-17 passed grimly by with the tension tightening between America and Germany and with the harried ambassador striving frantically to stem the torrent he foresaw would follow America's entrance into the war on the side of the Allies, feverish messages crowded the cables and the air between Sayville, Long Island, and Nauen, and between Berlin and all the outside world. New York, Havana, Mexico City, Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, Madrid, Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Switzerland were some of the neutral points sending and receiving these desperate dispatches to and from Berlin.

Brown Brothers photo

Werner Horn, credited with the dynamiting.

ON February 23, 1917, soon after the rupture of relations had sent von Bernstorff home, but before the April outbreak of formal hostilities, the naval attaché in Buenos Aires cabled to Berlin:

"Consider it suitable to move the New York Intelligence Center to Havana." This was done a few days later.

Since it was this office at 60 Wall Street which had handled the long campaign of sabotage in neutral America, still existing when this cable was sent, it casts an illuminating light on Germany's contention, then and today, that all sabotage orders and devices and plots were to have been held in abeyance during our neutrality and employed only if and when America joined the Allies.

As a matter of record and of fact, when America neared actual participation in the rôle of a belligerent, the Intelligence Center and the hordes of agents and spies were removed from the United States territory at the very moment when they would have legal warrant and justification for waging a war of destruction against American citizens and industries!

After von Papen had been promoted and transferred to the Palestine campaign he wrote to a friend a long letter which the British secretly read before sending it on. In it von Papen discusses his sabotage activities in America. Today von Papen is a member of the Prussian diet, which corresponds to an American state legislature.

Boy-Ed, the son of the famous German novelist, Ida Boy-Ed, was decorated by the Kaiser after his expulsion from the United States. He became a well known writer on politics for Berlin newspapers. His wife was an American girl. Boy-Ed died late in 1930, the result of falling from a horse.

Horst von der Goltz was a major in the Mexican army on August 1, 1914. On August 3 he got a leave of absence and hastened to El Paso, Texas. The German consul there instructed him to report to the embassy in Washington. The ambassador presently sent him to von Papen in New York City.

They began at once to conspire. The first plan discussed was the feasibility of seizing some spot on the west coast of Canada with the aid of German warships in the

Pacific and reservist officers then in the United States. Other officers were to be sent to this captured port from Germany via neutral countries.

This scheme would have three desirable results: first, it would halt Canadian contingents destined for France; second, it would stop the shipment of wheat and other materials to England; and, third, it would compel the United States government to decide whether America should supply munitions to both sides in the war. If America decided not to supply this German stronghold, why, then it was bound to stop shipments to the Allies in Europe.

This rabbit-brained plot was submitted to von Bernstorff, and he promptly squelched it. Why? Because " it was not likely to succeed."

Von der Goltz then ran into a couple of Irishmen, important members of several associations which had been active in Irish unrest. They suggested it would be well to blow up canals, rail junctions, and grain elevators in Canada, and distribute propaganda leaflets to cause a reign of terror in the Dominion.

Von der Goltz was ordered to carry out this conspiracy at once, beginning with the destruction of the Welland Canal. Von Papen introduced him to Captain Hans Tauscher, a reserve army officer and head of the Krupps agency in America, at 311 Broadway. On September 5, 1914, Tauscher wrote a letter to the duPonts in Wilmington introducing von der Goltz as Bridgeman H. Taylor, and arranging for the purchase by him of 300 pounds of 60-per-cent dynamite.

The duPonts gave " Taylor " an order for the explosive, to be delivered to him from one of the company's barges anchored somewhere off the Statue of Liberty.

A few nights later von der Goltz and his accomplices hired a gasoline launch and left the 125th Street pier to travel down the Hudson River to where the barge was stationed. On the way down they stopped, went ashore and in a pawnshop bought several old suitcases, continued their trip, received the dynamite, and returned to the city.

In this party were von der Goltz, Carl Fritzen, Frederick J. Busse, Charles Tucker, alias Tucheimer, an Austrian agent, and C. V. Covani, an Italian. The dynamite was distributed among them and taken to their rooms or apartments. Von der Goltz stored his suitcase filled with explosive in a spy rendezvous conducted at 123 West Fifteenth Street by Martha Held, a German woman, whose story will be told in the next installment.

VON DER GOLTZ then went to Baltimore and a German consulate clerk there, who was also a notary, forged a passport for him in the name of Taylor. He returned to New York, assembled the crowd, and they proceeded to the Grand Central Terminal to take a train to Buffalo. The suitcases with the dynamite were under their seats.

In Buffalo von der Goltz called on John T. Ryan, a lawyer in the Mutual Life Building, who was known as a pro-German sympathizer. He was to be indicted along with Jeremiah O'Leary in June, 1918, for " feloniously conspiring to violate neutrality and commit espionage."

O'Leary and Ryan, according to Madame Victorica, who was indicted along with them, were her associates in propaganda and other anti-British activities. On October 4, 1922, the indictments were nol-prossed. O'Leary, it will be remembered, indulged in a notorious quarrel with President Wilson; and it was he who was named in Zimmermann's cable of January 26, 1915, as qualified to give von Papen information about suitable sabotage agents.

From Ryan von der Goltz received $600 which von Papen had supplied. When von Igel was arrested, after he succeeded von Papen, among his papers was found a letter from Knauth, Nachod & Kuhne, New York bankers, to von Papen showing the payment of that sum to Ryan and his receipt for it, dated September 7, 1914.

The conspirators stayed around Buffalo for several days, but learned that the Welland Canal was too adequately guarded by Canadian soldiers. So they left some of the dynamite in a Buffalo restaurant run by a German sympathizer and returned to New York City.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"I eat this delicious modern yeast for HEALTH and BEAUTY"

"YOU have no idea what this new yeast has done for me! Really, I can hardly recognize myself. My skin is actually clear and smooth for the first time in months. I feel like a million all the time—with more pep and energy than I know what to do with. And the wonderful part is that these Yeast Foam Tablets are not only good tasting, but their dry, concentrated form makes them so convenient and easy to eat. Since they keep indefinitely, I can always have some within reach—tucked away in my handbag or desk drawer."

Yeast Foam Tablets are nothing but pure whole yeast. They contain no drugs or other ingredients. Due to its purity, uniformity and vitamin strength, this yeast has become the accepted standard for vitamin studies as conducted by the U. S. Government, leading universities and other experimental laboratories.

Eat Yeast Foam Tablets for skin and complexion disorders, digestive and bowel disturbances, underweight and rundown conditions. The large 10-day bottle costs but 50 cents at your drug store. Made and guaranteed by the Northwestern Yeast Company, Chicago; World's Largest Makers of Dry Yeast.

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Every Wednesday 7:00 P. M., Central Standard Time, the melodious "Yeast Foamers" over N. B. C. Stations: WJZ WJR-WHAM-WGAR KDKA-WREN-KSTP KWK-KFAB-WBZ KYW-WEBC-WBZA

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The face of an athlete . . . fit, conditioned . . . can be yours. Pat a few drops of Fougère Royale After-Shaving Lotion over your just-shaved face each morning. Instant in action, this Lotion will stimulate the circulation, bring the blood surging to your skin, leaving it keen, toned, glowing with life. Styptic, too, it heals the tiny nicks and cuts that are the inevitable aftermath of shaving. Your face will be soothed, cooled, made supple, freed from razor smart and burn. Try also, Houbigant's Fougère Royale Shaving Cream and the special tinted Talc, both as indispensable to perfect grooming as the After-Shaving Lotion.

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After-Shaving Lotion
HOUBIGANT
PARIS

GERMAN SPIES IN AMERICA
Continued from page thirty-five

The whole outfit was indicted for conspiracy and eventually rounded up by the American authorities.

Von der Goltz later returned to Germany and reported for duty. He saw the Kaiser in person and the All-Highest told him he could either fight in Turkey or serve in America.

"Your work in America," the Kaiser said, "will not be pleasant, but it will be work that your Emperor will regard as honorable. Your duty will be to cripple the United States by a campaign of terror and conspiracy. We feel no hostility toward America, but, also, we feel no compunction."

New York World photo

Konstantin Dumba, recalled Austrian ambassador to the United States.

Von der Goltz accepted the assignment and started back to this country. Admiral Hall was waiting for him in England and he was taken from a ship and questioned. He confessed everything and Hall turned over the affidavit to Ambassador Page. Von der Goltz was held in England until May, 1916, and then returned in custody to America, where he was kept in prison for a while and then paroled. He admitted all his enterprises as a German agent and said that the whole conspiracy was headed by von Papen, Boy-Ed, and Dr. Albert.

Kurt A. Jahnke was an important and sinister figure in the drama. About thirty-two years old, he was five feet ten inches tall, weighed about 165 pounds, had dark hair and a sallow skin, and spoke English with a German accent. He was attached to the German legation in Mexico City and was first on the American scene in San Francisco in June, 1916, where he and Consul General Franz Bopp headed a ring of plotters and destructionists which kept the west coast in turmoil for months.

In San Francisco Jahnke met Lothar Witzke, and together they constituted the most dangerous spies and conspirators that operated in this country. Witzke, by far the more menacing figure, gets a couple of chapters apart for his story.

JAHNKE was highly trained for espionage work according to the German school. Some of his procedure was the model for others in America. He joined a private detective and patrol agency in San Francisco and got a job as watchman for banking houses. The records of the detective agency could thus show him as guarding a bank when, as a matter of fact, he would be miles away on a secret mission.

This job was his front, or alibi, in case he was suspected or questioned about what he really was up to.

Also, he walked boldly into the Federal Building and confided to the officials there that he had discovered a German plot to blow up the navy yard at Mare Island. So circumstantial was his story and so engaging were his candor and "patriotism" that he completely disarmed those whose duties ordinarily would have led them to suspect everything about him.

Meanwhile, he was one of the guiding spirits among the Germans who were blowing up western munitions factories, sending dynamiters against Canadian railways and tunnels, helping to equip and replenish the stores of German raiders off the coast, and inciting anarchistic elements to riot and strike in industrial centers.

WITH Witzke he went to New York City and they lived together at 100 West Fifty-sixth Street. Witzke was to say, long afterwards, that he and Jahnke and a Russian blew up Black Tom the night of July 30, 1916, by approaching the great munitions shipping plant in a rowboat and planting time bombs on barges and in freight cars loaded with TNT and shells. They returned to San Francisco immediately thereafter and continued their sabotage there.

Early in 1917 Jahnke fled to Mexico City, and after a while Captain Fred Hinsch, an exceedingly busy agent whose career in America will be told, also reached the Mexican capital. They were both capable servants of the Kaiser, but their temperaments clashed. Some of Admiral Hall's decoded telegrams are interesting. They show how Jahnke, Hinsch, Charles Wunnenberg, and others were now employed in fomenting trouble for the new belligerent.

Jahnke had powerful influence over the pro-German Carranza and his military leaders, and Washington was to be worried by the bewhiskered Mexican president and his anti-American and anti-Allied policies.

Somebody in Berlin put Jahnke under Hinsch's orders in the Mexico City area and Jahnke protested violently to Heinrich von Eckhardt, the German minister to Mexico. Jahnke himself sent this cable to Berlin:

> According to my former instructions from Son Charles [the alias or code name for Charles Wunnenberg] I was to work independently in the United States and Mexico. I am accustomed to doing this. My successes justify the confidence placed in me. Hinsch has absolutely no organization; has no experience; is incapable and tactless, and works with characteristic pettiness and personal spite. It is out of the question placing my services at his disposal.

What successes did Jahnke allude to, inasmuch as he had just arrived in Mexico after spending months in the neutral United States?

The military attaché of the German embassy in Madrid, through which many of the messages to and from Berlin were transmitted after America joined the war, reported to Berlin that Dr. Delmar, one of the principal agents in Mexico City, who was really Dr. Anton Dilger, a breeder of anthrax and glanders germs in the United States, considers "Jahnke an able agent, but because of his double nationality, his American train of thought, his lack of organizing talent, and his lively imagination, he is unsuited to supplant Hinsch. A complete dismissal of Jahnke is inadvisable, however, since we have to reckon with the possibility of his acting against us."

When I tell the Hinsch-Dilger-Hilken-Hermann phase of the sabotage plots, the above telegram siding with Hinsch will be more comprehensible.

But if Delmar and Hinsch thought that Berlin wasn't appreciative of Jahnke's past "successes" they were wrong, for Berlin promptly wired to Madrid, for transmission to Mexico City:

> According to Jahnke detailed accounts of his successes appear credible. His coöperation must therefore unquestionably remain.

But, Berlin added, since friction among the agents is undesirable, "Jahnke should therefore operate only against the United States and Canada, and you are notified that Jahnke is now the sole naval confidential agent in Mexico."

On July 30, 1918, Mexico City advises Madrid that Jahnke has returned to the United States, and Berlin replies he may assign a "sabotage task to the Irish Secret Lodge in New York City, but must not use the lodge rooms in Argentine and Chile because of provocations."

The inherent anti-Americanism and the Jahnke-inspired pro-Germanism of Carranza, as well as the usual German respect for neutral rights, are revealed in another cablegram of July, 1918, when Dr. Delmar wires to the Madrid military attaché, for delivery to Berlin:

> The fact that American troops in spite of submarine warfare are reaching France in ever-increasing numbers causes me to suggest, after discussion with the military attaché, that we should abandon our policy of inactivity in Mexico, sacrifice that country, and drive it into war with the United States. I believe that I can achieve this by inducing General Calles [Plutarco Elias Calles, later president of Mexico] in command of the state of Sonora to invade the United States.

The Madrid attaché appended a personal suggestion:

> If you should agree I should try to get through to Mexico in spite of all difficulties. Please reply by telegraph.

Berlin mulled over this plan involving an appalling breach of Mexican neutrality and the eventual destruction of that country, and on August 27 the General Staff Political wired Madrid to inform Delmar:

> As Mexico would be unable to put up a very long resistance in case of war with America and no relief worth mentioning would be afforded to our western front, the plan proposed cannot be proceeded with. The more so as a defeat of Mexico by America would be very prejudicial to our securities in Mexico and to our economic standing during the transition period. On the other hand, it would be desirable that America should be constantly threatened by the situation in Mexico. Please report whether and how you can work in this direction.

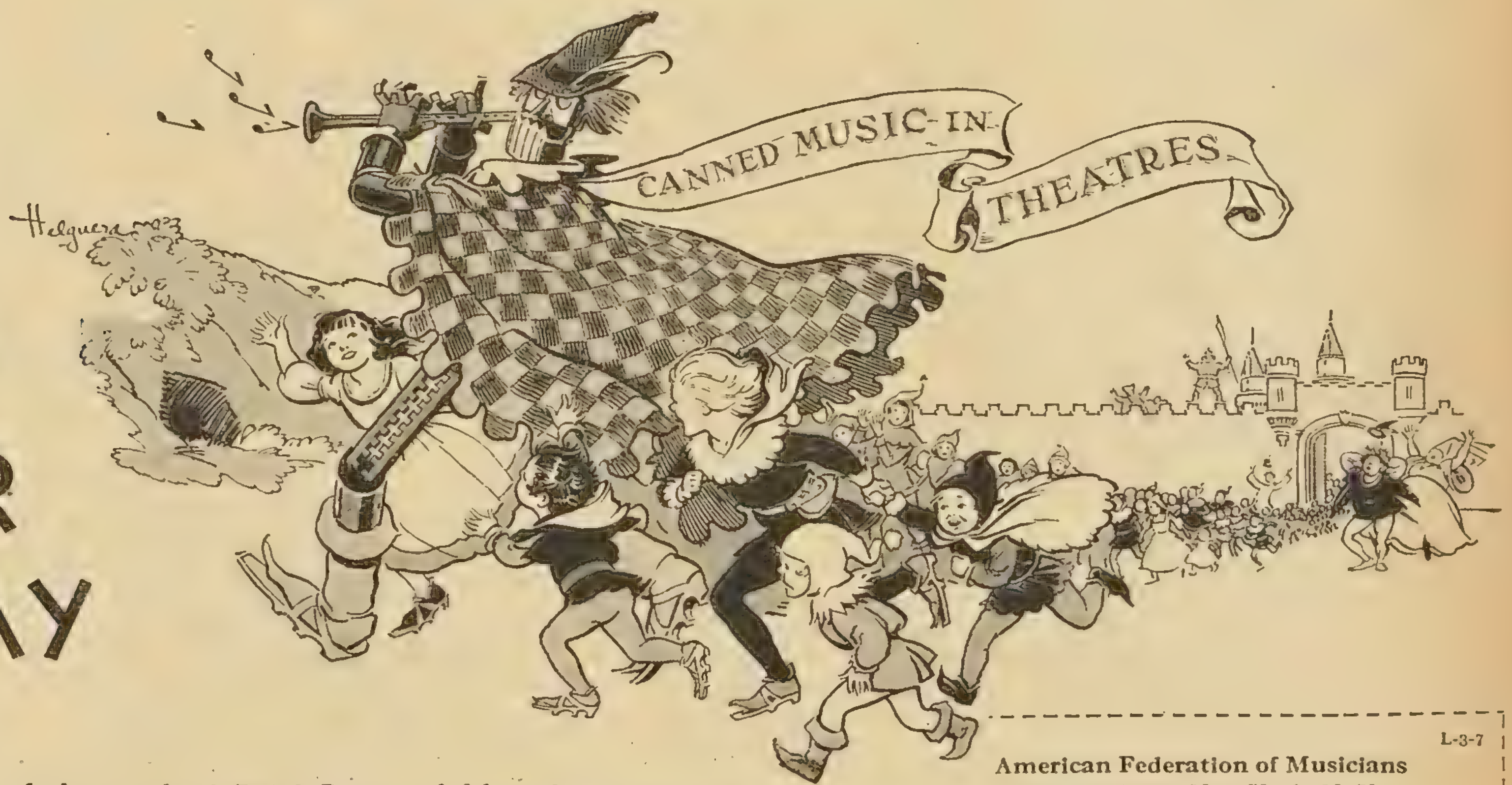
In this same month Jahnke reports from New York, via Mexico City and Madrid, that "feeling here has veered completely round and the entire public opinion is now in favor of prosecution of the war, even the pacifist press. Propaganda therefore very difficult."

On October 8, 1918, Jahnke is back in Mexico and reports by cable that the "two new cipher telegrams cannot be deciphered"; that a new wireless station has been erected in Mexico City and he is trying to get in touch with Nauen; and that "Rodiger, Kipper, Fricke, Robinson, O'Leary, Victorica von Kretschmann, and Miss Sullivan have been arrested in New York, but Ryan escaped."

Jahnke today is an honored member of the Prussian diet, where he sits beside his old friend von Papen.

The story of Mme. Victorica and other women spies will be told by Mr. Sutherland in next week's Liberty.

THE PIED PIPER TODAY



THE false music of the wicked Pied Piper of Hamelin lured the children who followed him to disaster.

Shall the children of today be lured away from true musical appreciation by the false Robot of Canned Music in the Theatre?

One cannot learn to love real music without occasionally hearing it. Friends of Living Music can aid its cause by signing and mailing the coupon.

L-3-7

American Federation of Musicians
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Gentlemen: Without further obligation on my part, please enroll my name in the Music Defense League as one who is opposed to the elimination of Living Music from the Theatre.

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THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS

(Comprising 140,000 professional musicians in the United States and Canada)

JOSEPH N. WEBER, *President*, 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

To the

By

ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

expert linguist, sophisticated cosmopolite, and descendant of the first Czar of Russia.

(Reading time: 8 minutes 17 seconds.)

SOME women were talking about sending their daughters to college, and the question of coeducation arose. One was all for selecting a college such as Bryn Mawr, where her girl would spend several years almost exclusively in the company of other girls.

Said another woman: "We have decided on the opposite course. Our girl is going to a coed college. She'll learn something about men along with her curriculum studies. After all, while the academic subjects she takes may help her earn her living, she'll probably live a happier life if she knows a thing or two about men before she starts her career."

Of course, this idea launched a heated debate. Opinions seemed fairly divided. Some of the women present contended that girls who went to coeducational schools were more interested in the boys they met than they were in their work. On the other hand, one of the older women observed that a girl attending a coed college *did* learn to realize more or less what men are like in all kinds of moods, tempers, and clothes. This woman believed that a girl who has seen men at work and at play—who has mixed with them on an equal footing when they are not using their "party manners"—is less likely to expect the man she marries to be a plaster saint.

My own contribution to the argument was the point that in Russia—backward as that country has always been in many ways—there were never any colleges for girls only. From the day Russian women acquired the right to attend universities it was accepted as perfectly natural that men and women should go to the same schools and sit side by side. Because they were to work and live on an equal basis later in life, it seemed only sensible that they should prepare for life together.

Of course every individual girl presents a special and separate problem to a certain extent. For that reason I'd like to know what you mothers think about it.

A FRIEND of mine has just been complaining to me about the predicament she was in during a week-end spent with some acquaintances who lived in the country. When she met them in town they had always seemed rather bohemian. So my friend packed some countrified sports clothes and one rather simple evening frock. She arrived to find that she would be taken to three smart evening functions and that there would also be an elaborate luncheon and an afternoon tea-dance. In addition to the fact that this large dose of gayety did not appeal to her, she being a hard-working girl, her wardrobe, on which she usually prides herself, turned out to be hopelessly inadequate.

I think hostesses should tell their week-end guests at least approximately what clothes they will need to bring for their visit. Or, if the hostess doesn't show this much foresight, why shouldn't the prospective guest write and ask? And to those who prefer restful week-ends, fair warning of five big parties might be excuse enough for developing a heavy cold.

I'VE just had a cup of after-dinner coffee served the New Orleans way. Some of you may know this manner of presenting a demi-tasse. To others it will no doubt be new, as it was to me.

Beside each place at table stood a little bowl of big fresh pecan nuts. When the coffee came round we all put two or three nuts in our cups. Then we let the coffee stand a few minutes. The flavor was marvelous, and absolutely novel. The pecans tasted good, too.

A change from the usual way of serving after-dinner coffee is worth trying, and the Turkish style is pretty good. Some people do not like the sirupy taste of coffee boiled with sugar, as the Turks love it, but there is certainly much to be said in favor of the amusing apparatus for brewing coffee *à la Turc*. I've just discovered an Armenian shop where delightful little Turkish coffee-cooking pots can be had with cups to go with them. They look lovely on a brass tray.

That shop is full of adventuresome food, too. Vine leaves in which you wrap a meat and rice mixture, and dried okra for making the delicious tomato-onion-okra stews of the East. But best of all is the catalogue issued by this emporium. Armenian language, translated into English by ear, turns pine nuts into "pie nuts." There is also a "garlic smasher," and I'm still wondering about "Boolghoor and beaten—eight cents the pound."

GRAND HOTEL, the German novel which has been dramatized so successfully in this country, and which has just appeared here also in book form, was

Ladies!

Picture
by
Henry A. Thiede

written by a woman. The great popularity of the play will probably insure the success of the book.

Some say the tragic, lonely figure of the heroine was partly inspired by Pavlova, foremost of Russian dancers, whose untimely death shocked so many ballet devotees.

Mme. Vicki Baum, authoress of Grand Hotel, believes that the character of womanhood has changed most radically in the last two generations. She thinks that women of our day are much less inclined to petty rivalries than their grandmothers were. And we have discovered the value of *comradeship* with men, as well as the importance of friendship with other women, says Mme. Baum.

Of course there are men who scoff at these ideas. They have been doing so in the press lately. Mme. Baum is perfectly right, nevertheless. Jobs and sports are undoubtedly two of the principal causes behind the changes we women have undergone in the last twenty years. Considering the difference between the way our young girls live today and the way *our* mothers lived in *their* youth, how, indeed, could the two generations be very much alike in character?

This business of the new comradeship between women and men has just been impressed upon me very vividly through the case of a young girl friend of mine. Some time ago she married a boy who is tremendously keen on every kind of outdoor sport. The girl herself is a talented painter. Before her marriage she was rather a curl-up-on-the-sofa young woman.

You should see her now. Energetic, rosy, fresh. Going out with her husband in all kinds of weather. Golfing, skating, fishing. Joining him in all his amusements. And she still finds time to paint. Two generations ago the same sort of girl would not have attempted to join her husband in his outdoor diversions.

The comradeship between these young people, which the girl is creating by being a good sport, is building up a sound basis for her future happiness. What strikes me in this case, as in many others, is that this particular girl always had a natural talent for friendship for other girls. I believe that women who know how to make friends among women are the ones who are best able to attain comradeship with men.

BRINGING up the subject of English grammar again, I want to mention the troublesome word *got*. That little pest causes frequent slip-ups in speech which can easily be avoided by remembering the very simple whys and wherefores of its correct use. *You've got a nerve* is ungrammatical. But *You've got a job* is perfectly good English. The difference is very simple. *Got* is for the go-getters. It refers to something you have actively acquired. It is superfluous when you merely want to indicate possession. Therefore *You have a nerve* is correct. But you went after your job and *got* it. So you can say correctly, *I've got a job.*

ONE of the most interesting persons I have ever met is the Italian poet, Marinetti—the originator of futurism. Now Marinetti has startled the Italian people by attacking their national dish—spaghetti. And he has worked out a most outstanding menu of new food concoctions for Italy to eat.

Years ago, before the World War, Marinetti propounded his futuristic ideals. Briefly, he believed that everyone should look forward rather than backward, and that the present day in which we live should be just as inspiring to us as the historical past. Italy in particular, Marinetti said, suffered from the backward-gazing mania. Italy had become a museum in the eyes of the world, rather than an active nation, progressive and prosperous as she should be. By the way, Marinetti and Mussolini have been close friends for many years.

Now Marinetti asserts that spaghetti makes Italians limp, lazy, and pessimistic. Futuristic food, he says, will make them peppy. By futuristic food he means new experimental dishes, exciting in color, odor, and taste. To heighten the effect and to tickle the appetite, food should be passed rapidly under the noses of those at table, then whisked away. That's one of Marinetti's ideas. After thus provoking sharp zest, he would have the repast begin. No politics to be talked during the meal. Music between courses only. Each mouthful, he says, to be as " replete with various flavors as the unfolding of a love story, or an entire journey in the East."

Sounds thrilling, doesn't it?

Here is one of the Marinetti delicacies which, we are told, will " satisfy the æsthetic sense of future generations ": A ring of sausages rests on three golden balls of chicken meat. On the sausage platform stands a cylinder of minced veal stuffed with eleven kinds of vegetables. The cylinder is crowned with a generous splash of honey, and the whole affair represents a synthetic picture of an Italian landscape!

There is something really futuristic—something to make any pessimist glad to belong to the present generation! Maybe our great-grandchildren will enjoy such mixtures, however—as a change from the little pills of concentrated albumin which, as Marinetti avers, will be man's eventual food.

They Shall Not Pass

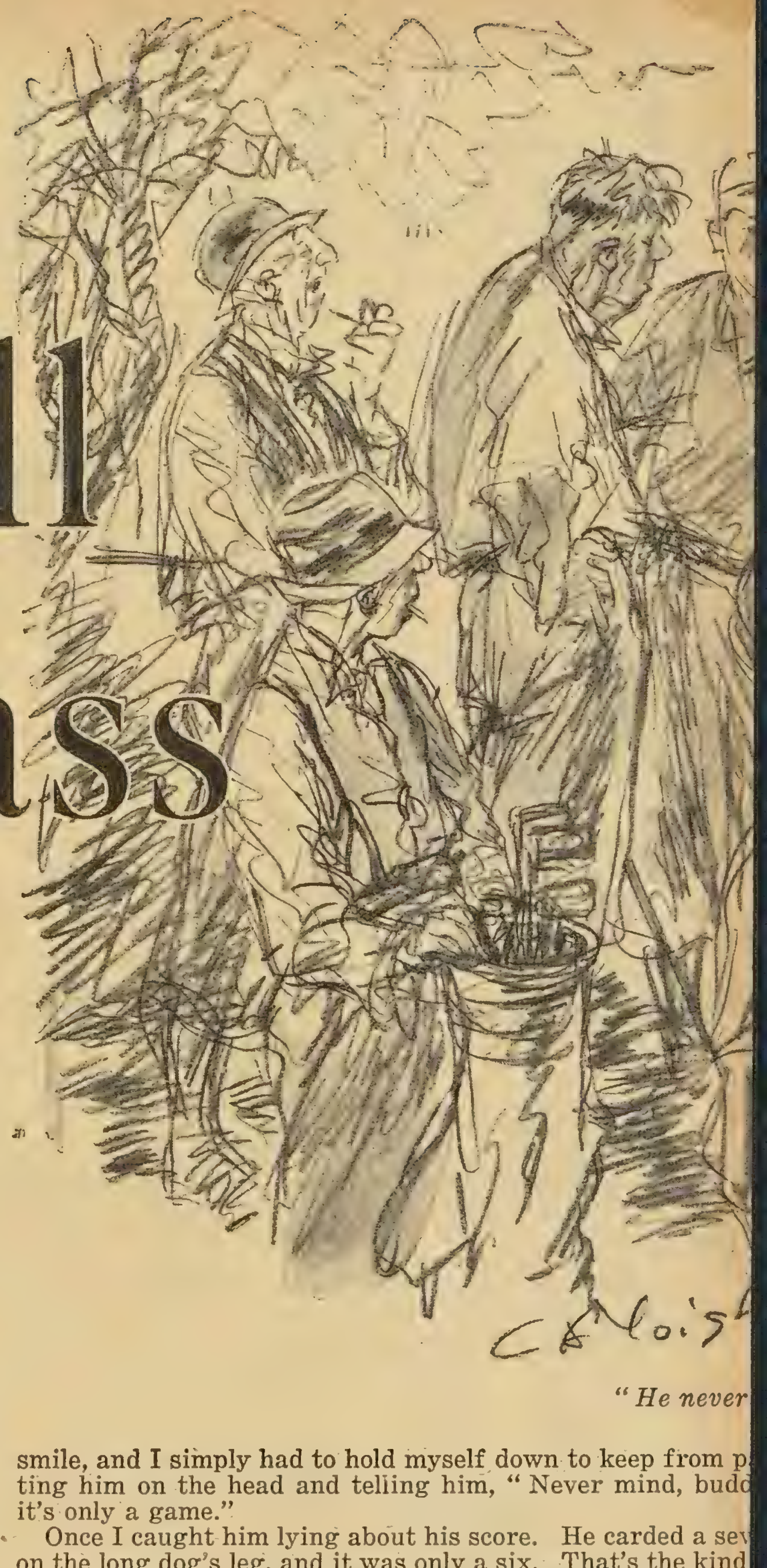
A Story of Love in the Rough

By

ALBERT M. TREYNOR

an Iowan who worked for a time on newspapers in Chicago and New York, and now, as he says, “ lives up and down the New Jersey sea coast,” mostly writing novels. At times, as this story might make you suspect, he plays golf.

Pictures by C. A. VOIGHT



“ He never

(Reading time: 26 minutes 5 seconds.)

YOU'VE got to give all these women credit: I don't think they hung around Johnny Rance because he was slim and clean-looking and a bachelor and black-haired and the only son of his father who owns three railroads.

I honestly think it was nothing but Johnny Rance's smile that wrecked the females at our club. It was so innocent and wistful and shy, I guess they just wanted to get him in their laps and tell him about the big bear and the middle-sized bear and the wee-wee bear.

Me—I never would have found out what a nice boy Johnny Rance was if he hadn't overcome his bashfulness one afternoon and asked me to go around with him and tell him what was wrong with his game.

A golf pro is a hired hand, and I got to do anything the members ask me; and so I gave my bag to one of the boys and went around with Johnny Rance to tell him what was wrong with his game.

And there was only just one thing wrong with it. His disposition was too mild. Now it takes a streak of viciousness to make a full-grown husky stand over a virgin-white little golf ball and sock it for the works. Johnny Rance's swing—pretty, *pretty!* But no sting in the club head. So there was nothing I could do for him. If a man ain't atavistic, he just ain't.

But I noticed that I was coming under the spell, like everybody. If Johnny Rance would overpitch a green or fall into a bad lie, he'd look up with that heartbreaking, brave little smile, and I simply had to hold myself down to keep from p
ting him on the head and telling him, “ Never mind, budd
it's only a game.”

Once I caught him lying about his score. He carded a se
on the long dog's leg, and it was only a six. That's the kind
a morning-glory he was—the only man, woman, or child I e
knew that you had to watch to keep him from cheating hi
self because he was afraid he might underestimate.

When we came in he whispered hello to the anxious wom
on the veranda, and then he went to the showers and afterwa
drove home in his eight-ton roadster, all by himself.

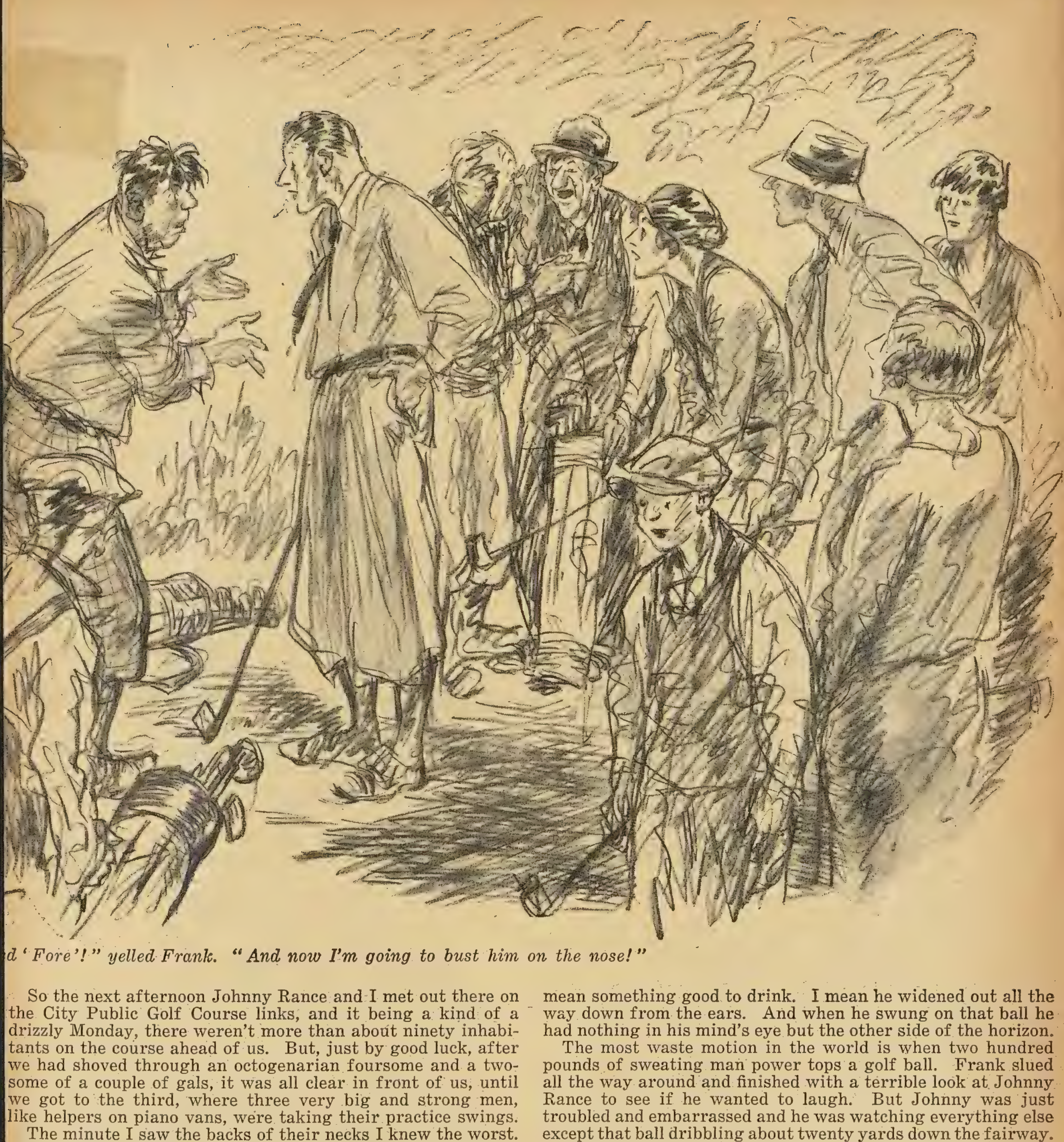
I don't know where Johnny Rance ever heard about the C
Public Golf Course, because that place lay off in a directi
that he and his crowd positively never went. But one day
came to me with big eyes.

“ I've heard,” he said, “ that the City Public Golf Course
a hole that is the second longest water carry in the worl

“ If that is the actual fact,” I said, “ you could never
across, even if you were a Channel swimmer.”

“ I like to see 'em splash,” he came back. “ Let's go
there tomorrow—no? ”

“ But yes,” said I, because I knew if I refused I'd get to
membering what a crab I was and probably wouldn't sleep
night.



d 'Fore'!" yelled Frank. "And now I'm going to bust him on the nose!"

So the next afternoon Johnny Rance and I met out there on the City Public Golf Course links, and it being a kind of a drizzly Monday, there weren't more than about ninety inhabitants on the course ahead of us. But, just by good luck, after we had shoved through an octogenarian foursome and a twosome of a couple of gals, it was all clear in front of us, until we got to the third, where three very big and strong men, like helpers on piano vans, were taking their practice swings.

The minute I saw the backs of their necks I knew the worst. "These, I suspect," said I, "are some brackish-water grampuses."

"What are grampuses?" said Johnny Rance.

"They feed on spoiled fish," I told him.

AND sure enough! Johnny Rance gave 'em his bashful, friendly little smile, taking it for granted they'd say, "All right, gentlemen; go on through."

But I've been farthest north before, and so I sat down on the bench and started to take the sand out of my shoes. Not one of those three even noticed that we had brought our clubs along.

The biggest of this threesome was named Frank. I found that out, because after quite a while one of the other two stevedores said, "All right, Frank; it's your honor."

Frank was built a good deal like a horse's neck, and I don't mean something good to drink. I mean he widened out all the way down from the ears. And when he swung on that ball he had nothing in his mind's eye but the other side of the horizon.

The most waste motion in the world is when two hundred pounds of sweating man power tops a golf ball. Frank slued all the way around and finished with a terrible look at Johnny Rance to see if he wanted to laugh. But Johnny was just troubled and embarrassed and he was watching everything else except that ball dribbling about twenty yards down the fairway.

Well, in time, all three of these bombardiers got off and went on with their brassies to do murder in the grass. We two sat still for quite a spell longer, because even Johnny Rance would of driven way beyond Frank's second. But finally we did get going, and after quite a few minor and major halts for heavy traffic ahead, we holed out and followed across to the fourth tee.

This was a little one-shotter, but Frank and his bunk mates could make any hole look as long as a dusty trek across the veldt in an oxcart with no nuts on the wheels.

Two of 'em sliced into the woods, and then all three strung out across the fairway peering at the mushrooms; and when they consented to toss up two more, which both immediately pitched into the trap, the twosome of gals had come up to where Johnny Rance and I were loafing.

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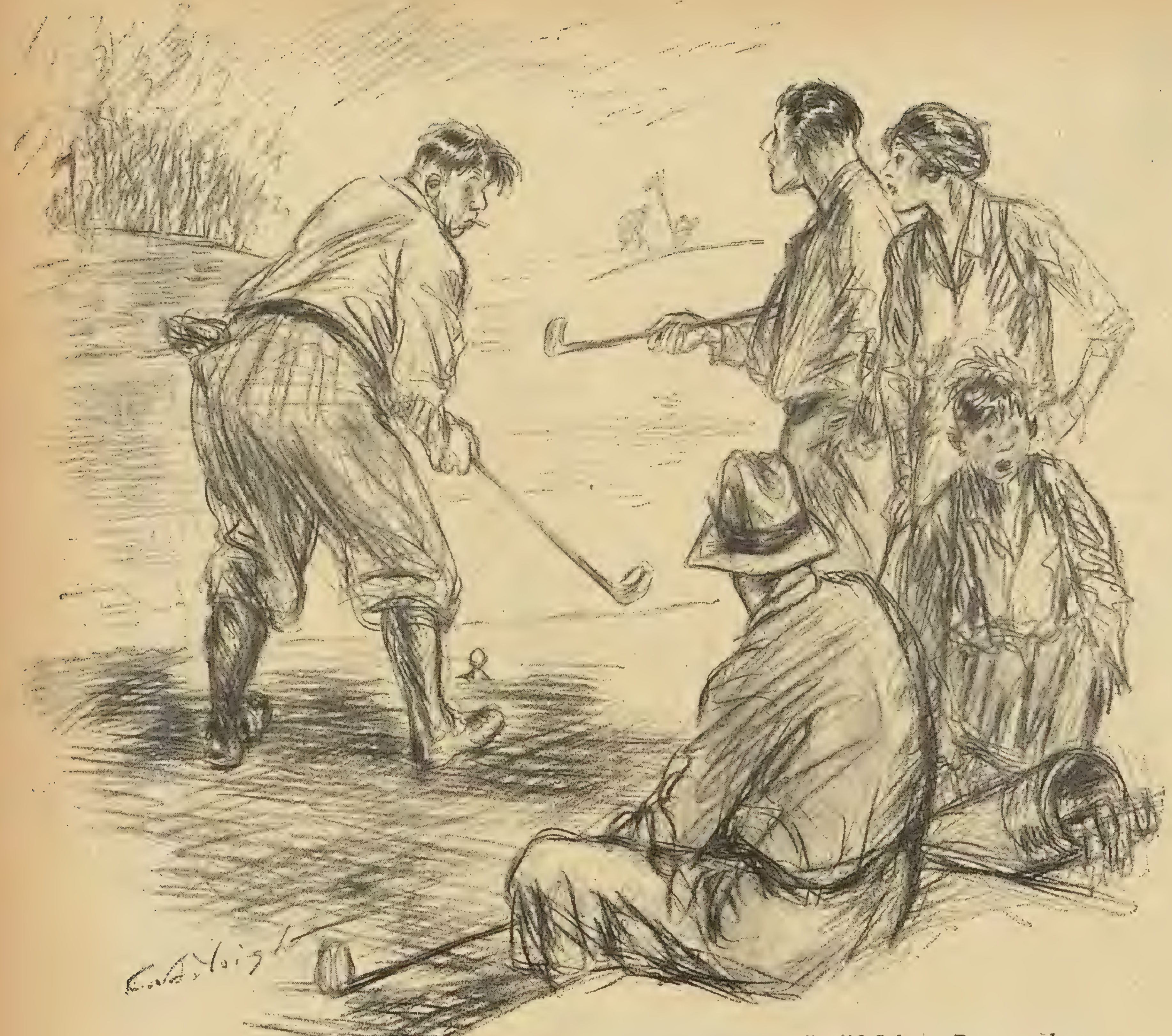


"And, furthermore," said Johnny Rance as he thrust Sally behind him, "I'll bet you the next time you don't even hit the ball."

[THEY SHALL NOT PASS
Continued from page forty-one]

One of these two was a fine, husky girl, with a deep, sun-tan voice, and a pair of legs that looked as if she was wearing riding boots, only she wasn't.

The other—well, there comes a time in any man's life when it ain't necessary to take your golf too seriously. She had on a little white skirt and a little green silk sleeveless sweater, and little openwork sandals with pink toes working through, and her little confiding smile was almost a dead ringer for Johnny Rance's smile, only it had more gender stuff on it. And her eyes were as blue and as much of every man's business as Wall Street in the fall and spring of 1929-30.

"My name is Mary Melhorn," said the big girl, "and my little friend is Sally Loane. We allus introduce ourselves when we're behind that t'reesome, because we're due to spend a part of our lives together."

I knew from her accent that she was of an old southern family, and so I didn't hesitate to introduce Johnny Rance. "T'reesome is right," I said. "T'ree sturdy oaks."

"They are the Gotch boys and Frank Glab," said the big girl, "and they play around here every day."

"Plumbers, I warrant you," said I.

"Yup," she said. "The Gotch Brothers & Glab, plumbers and steamfitters."

"Well," said I, "if you gals want to trail along we'll make it a mixed boresome. And maybe I'll get up my nerve to ask them to let us go through."

"Don't!" Mary gasped, and looked pale. "My God, don't dream of it!"

"They never let anybody go through," spoke up one of our bat boys.

"So?" drawled I. I was beginning to burn up a little, and when we overtook the two brothers and Frank at the fifth, and I saw that one of 'em had sat down to rewind his driver, I forced an inoffensive laugh and said, "Do you gentlemen mind if we shove along?"

WELL, sir, the three of them sort of turned and looked at me for three or four minutes, and then Frank said to one of the Gotch boys, "It's your honor, Sydney. Whenever you get ready you may as well go on and shoot."

Listen! Was I burning up? I could have easily made some crack at them right there. I could have said, "Don't you men know that a threesome has no moral rights on a golf course?" I would have said it, too, if I'd had anybody with me besides Johnny Rance—say, for instance, Jack Dempsey.

So, anyhow, we trailed 'em down that long and winding fifth, and while we saw plenty of coyotes, the piles of whited buffalo bones told their own sickening story, and we never sighted an army post or not even the stage coach lumbering up from Thirsty Man's Hollow.

This Loane girl turned out to be quite a decent golf player. I mean she had brought her own tees along. She was a quiet, mousy little thing and never so much as spoke, and as for Johnny Rance, he never had anything to say anyhow, and after the gals had joined us he said less than previously.

And so we came at last to the sixth hole, which Johnny Rance thinks is the second longest water shot in the world.

Frank was just teeing up when we got there, and Johnny Rance sidled over to the bench and sat and looked modestly down his nose, always smiling his quaint, not-guilty-your-honor smile.

I could see when Frank looked off across the water he thought it was a long way over there. He was using his driver and trying to forget that even the cheapest of golf balls cost seven-fifty the dozen. And he went up carefully and slowly on the back swing, and got to the top, and started down—

And then Johnny Rance spoke.

"You ain't going to hit it, you big hunka," he said.

I HOPE I never get another shock like that one. I couldn't have had more goose flesh if I was a married man sitting in church with my wife and she jumped up in the middle of the sermon and yelled, "Wow Philadelphia!"

Splasho! I heard the little ball go *plunk* in the lake, and I saw Frank turn around with a face like an infuriated beefsteak.

"Did you say hunka?" he bellowed.

"You didn't give me time to finish," said Johnny Rance. "I was going to say hunka cheese."

"Who?" shrieked Frank. "*Me?*"

"I was looking at you and thinking about you," said Johnny Rance. "Do I make myself ambiguous?"

Well, sir, I could feel Frank's hot and musty breath even where I stood. I was torn by the dilemma of whether to lighten weight by throwing away the women and children, or of turning at bay like a fur-bearing animal. So I took the middle course. "Wait!" I pacified. "Whoa! This boy is only a lad—"

But Sally Loane had stepped in ahead of me. If you can fancy a partly grown leopardess in a sleeveless green sweater in the act of springing, you have the picture. Maybe it was the mother instinct. I don't know. All I know is that if Frank Glab had started something with Johnny Rance at that time he would of got hit with every club in the little girl's bag.

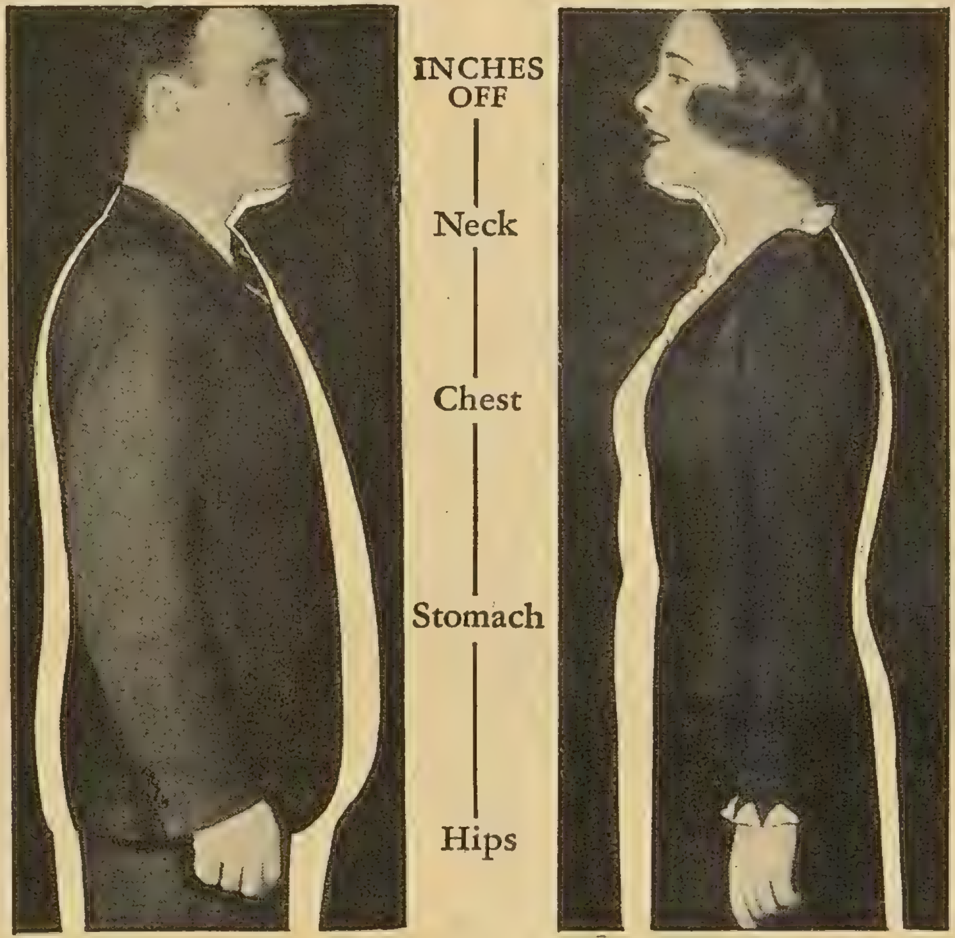
Right there I began to think to hell with Jack Dempsey.

"And, furthermore," said Johnny Rance as he thrust Sally behind him, "I'll bet you the next time you don't even hit the ball."

"Who won't?" shouted Frank.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Now Lose Fat a pound a day on a Full Stomach



Do Just These Two Simple Things—Fat Melts Away

Modern science has recently made important discoveries in fat reduction by which the normal overweight person can lose from four to seven pounds weekly *on a full stomach.* Hence, it is now foolish to stay fat. *Without a single hungry moment,* you can now see yourself grow thin day by day, see the coarse lines of overweight replaced by the refined lines of slenderness, safely and comfortably.

What You Do

You do just two simple things: Keep your system free from waste matter, toxins and depleting poisons by taking a teaspoonful of ordinary Jad Salts in a glass of water a half hour before breakfast every morning. Then, *eat your fill—as much as your appetite can stand—*of the following foods:

For breakfast—one or two whole oranges. Two slices of whole wheat or bran bread toasted, or rolled oats.

For lunch—a good size piece of any lean meat. Then see how much spinach, sauerkraut, cabbage, green peas, broccoli or fresh turnips you can eat. Eat *all you can comfortably hold* of these foods. Eat plentifully, too, of all green salads. Eat for dessert, any fresh fruit—except bananas.

At night—eat another fill-up meal as above. Cut down on butter and sweets by half. That's easy. For with your stomach filled with other foods, you will never miss them.

4 to 7 Pounds Gone in Week

If you are a normally overweight person, you may show a weight difference of as much as three pounds first day. For the Jad Salts in themselves will reduce the *moisture-weight* of your body that much. For *remember, something over 70% of your total weight is moisture.* That puffy, "too tight-in-the-clothes" feeling you have will also go at once.

Then *eat well* of the foods outlined above. Soon you'll be free from the embarrassment of being called "fat". And do it all *on a full stomach.* Your health, too, will be better. You'll feel peppier than you have for years.

Ask Your Doctor

If in doubt about the safety of this way, ask your doctor. Show him this article. He will tell you it is safe. For it performs two necessary and important functions:

The Jad Salts clear the intestinal tract and system of the excessive toxins most fat people have.

The change in diet—*the filling of the stomach to its limit*—with foods that turn to strength and energy instead of fat, decreases the weight day by day. The salts clear your system and cut moisture-weight. *The change in food takes off the fat.

Clip this out for the diet. You can get the Jad Salts at any drug store.

*Note particularly—the salts are urged purely as a poison-banishing agent—not as a reducing. The change in food does the work.

Singing Shave

©A. S. R. C., 1931

"Oh, there's no place like ho-o-ome"

. . . when you slip an Ever-Ready Blade into your razor and your tough whiskers waltz lightly away. Of course you sing while you enjoy these face-pleasing, disposition-brightening shaves.

Be a Singing Shaver. Get genuine Ever-Ready Blades. They're guaranteed to improve your shaves.

American Safety Razor Corp., Brooklyn, N.Y.
Also makers of Ever-Ready Shaving Brushes

Ever-Ready
BLADES

Ever-Ready Safety Razor BLADES
Guaranteed

[THEY SHALL NOT PASS
Continued from page forty-three]

"You won't," said Johnny.

"Who says I won't?"

"I say you won't."

"What'll you bet I won't?"

"I'll bet you a dollar you won't."

"A dollar!" sneered Frank. "What do you think I am? A piker? Make it two dollars."

"I'll bet you two dollars," said Johnny Rance, and turned around to me. "Say, Sandy, let me have a couple of bucks until Saturday."

"Hold on!" Frank hedged. "I ain't going to have a lot of bums around here talking and throwing me off my stroke."

"Nobody's going to talk," said Johnny. "I won't say a word—not until after you've missed the ball."

I WAS so hot and bothered by then that I couldn't even remember where I kept my purse. This boy, I kept pinching myself, can never be the weakly and silent man, Johnny Rance.

"You keep it safety-pinned in your fob pocket," Johnny reminded me.

And so, by the time I fished up a couple of crumpled "ones," Frank Glab had prestidigitated a two spot from out of his wallet.

They threw their money in the grass alongside the tee. Johnny hovered on one side and Frank stood up a ball on the highest peg he had.

Nobody breathed while Frank was taking aim. He eased his club to the top and started to bear down again, and just when it was too late for him to stop the arc of the club head, Johnny Rance bent a trifle forward and sort of opened his fingers as if he was about to reach for the four dollars.

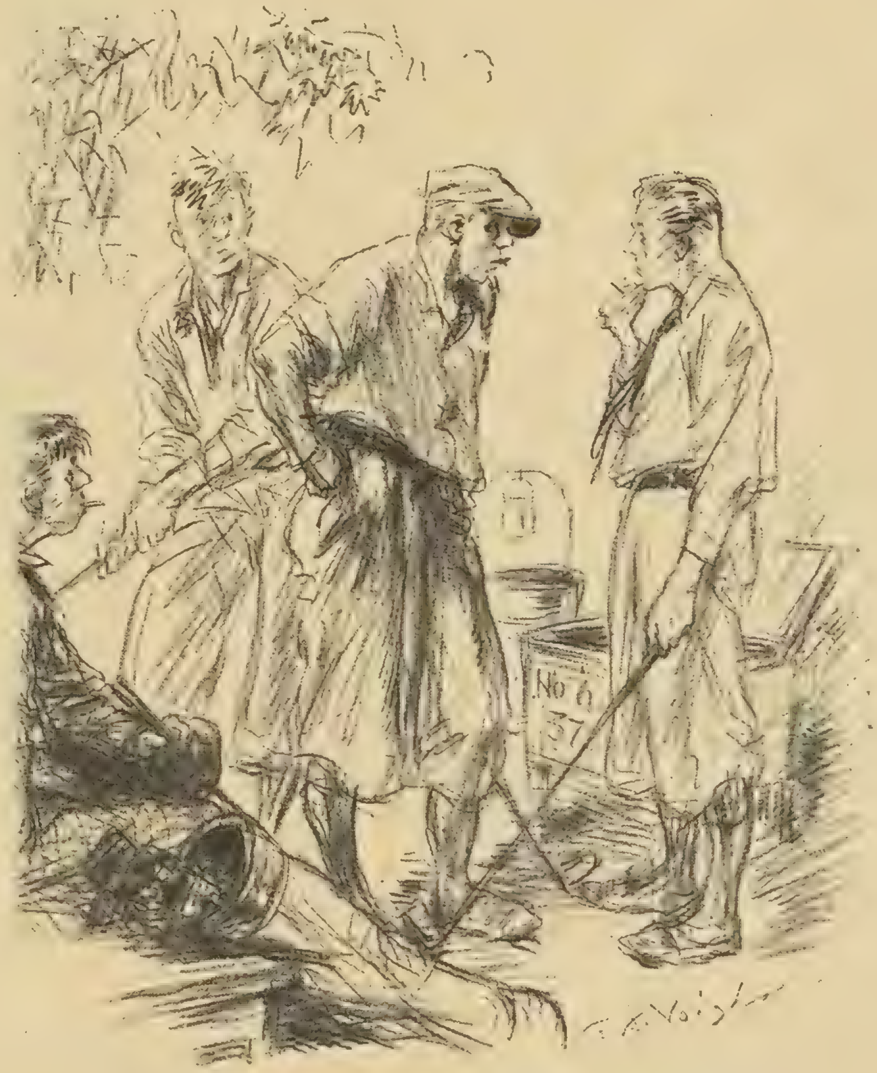
Well, what do you think would of happened? You can't keep one eye on a golf ball and the other on your money and expect to be at the top of your game. That's one reason why a lot of these pros have yet to win their first golfing tournament.

Frank missed that ball as clean as if he never even had brought it with him to the City Public Golf Club links.

I won't say he was mad, any more than I'd say that of a seething volcano. He was like an awe-inspiring manifestation of nature. And all this time Johnny Rance was stooping and picking up the money. I expected to see him continue from that posture on into the lake, and shut my eyes.

But when I opened them again little Sally Loane had gotten into the scene from somewhere. Either Frank didn't want to strike a lady or he didn't want to be struck by a lady. I couldn't tell which. And by the time Johnny had straightened up again and stuffed the four dollars in his pocket, Frank was dying down into ground tremors and rumblings.

"You grabbed for that bet before you knew I wasn't going to hit the ball!" he told Johnny bitterly.



The three of them sort of turned and looked at me for three or four minutes.

"Why, I knew you wouldn't hit it, even before we made the bet," said Johnny. And then one end of his mouth began to slip out of line, and once more that wispy, childlike smile.

THEN was when I suddenly began to understand how his old man got the railroads.

"If you want to take money that way—why, go ahead," said Frank. "And you can go to hell in the bargain."

"*Shh!*" I interfered. "There are ladies—"

"He can go to hell himself, the big palooka!" cut in Miss Sally.

"There are so," I recovered myself. "True, they can no longer subsist near our cities, but back beyond the settlements they still come out on moonlight nights."

I never before heard Johnny Rance laugh outright. It was kind of a warm and happy laugh. He patted the girl softly on her back. "Now you go sit down and behave yourself, little Sally," he told her.

And then he looked around at Frank. "You want to let us go through?" he asked, always in his Westchester manner.

"No," said Frank.

"Nobody gets through us," said one of the Gotch boys.

"Not now, or any other time," said the other Gotch.

"I remember you now," said Johnny. "The three old survivors from Verdun. *Ils ne passeront pas!* All right, men. It's your honor, Frank. Get going!"

Well, we don't have to go into this description play by play. Gotch, Gotch & Glab did get across this water hazard a while after I was beginning to wonder why not pontoons? We waited until they were off the green, just for the good of the game, and then Johnny Rance started to pick an iron out of his bag.

"Wait!" I yelled. "Hadn't you better use your spoon?"

"What for?" he asked.

"You might reach it with a spoon—"

"Spoon my eye," he said. "Here, boy—give me that number four."

I knew then that he had gone balmy. "Stop!" I yelled. "I'm using a number three here myself."

"You astonish me, Sandy," said Johnny Rance.

And then he dropped a ball on the turf and hit it.

Did that baby ride?

It went straight and high and far, and when it sat down on the green it was dragging bottom. If that ball didn't stop within a hair-singe of the cup, then Walter Hagen is a caddie boy at Van Cortlandt Park.

"OO, what a beautiful, beautiful shot!" cooed Miss Sally.

"His foot slipped, gal," I made light of it. But down in my heart I wasn't so sure. I've heard of miracles before. Shoot the serum into their spine and sometimes they come to life. Anyhow, I stuck one close enough to Johnny's ball to hold my professional standing, and then the two women walked forward to the ladies' tee, and presently we had all ferried over to Jordan.

The three hearties ahead of us hadn't gone anywhere. Their method of giving us the needles was to tramp around on the tee and talk loudly about where they were last night, and have a flock of golf balls washed up by their beaters and gun bearers, and laugh to each other about what kind of people they were letting on to the golf courses these days.

But I wasn't as mad as I had been, because, while Frank had called us a bum, what Johnny Rance had called Frank had left us at dormie in favor of our side.

Johnny and Sally went over and sat down on the bench. She was from Harlem and was a part-time stenographer in a commission merchant's office on South Water Street, and he was from Westchester and his dad owned those three railroads, and so they found much in common and suddenly discovered a million things to say to each other.

For the time being, Johnny had seemed to lapse back into just a sweet, natural boy. He let the three big steam-gadget men get away from the seventh without even nudging their elbows as they went up on their stances.

We were snowbound at the eighth and again at the ninth, and at the tenth the foursome of old men caught up with us. I've played this game all over the world and on a miniature putting course at Asbury Park, and this was the first time a foursome of old men had ever caught up with me. Counting the caddies, and just before Frank pulled his drive into the sprinkler box by the thirteenth green, twenty-two of us could of been photographed together on the tenth tee.

What I mean is, we had eight to go, and it gets dark at seven thirty.

I'D like to get the dope on it from this Professor Freud of Czechoslovakia. Now here was Johnny Rance, growing up with the nicest repressions, taking his cod-liver oil and eating his oatmeal, having nothing to get mad at, never cross or crossed, or double-crossed, care-free and fancy-free, and as neat and innocuous a golf swing as you'd ever want to see.

And for the first time in his life Johnny Rance got annoyed. And he got away with it. On top of that he meets a girl who likes him. All women like him, but he never before had noticed that any of them did. So he gets cocky as well. And then he begins smacking the ball. I don't know would it work out as a system, but if it would I'd make a million dollars.

I'm not saying he was on his game, because he never had any game. All I'll say is that he was above himself, like a giraffe.

Socko—siizzz! That golf ball was singing down the fairways like a good old home-loving bumblebee buzzing for the hive. He knocked off the long tenth with a driver and number two iron and tapped his eagle down.

And little Miss Muffett's blue, blue eyes were just swimming with trust and pride.

At the eleventh one of the elderly athletes spoke up. "It seems to be getting a little congested up ahead of us," he crackled.

I saw Johnny Rance's ears prick up. When a man is making a golf record and a gal all in one and the same afternoon he's in danger of forgetting his enemies. But now he was reminded.

Frank was over at the left looking for a lost ball in the underbrush and both of the Gotches were sitting down in the middle of the fairway shouting encouragement and instructions.

Johnny sort of sauntered over to where Frank was, and then he stooped down and stuck something in his pocket.

Offhand I can't think of anything

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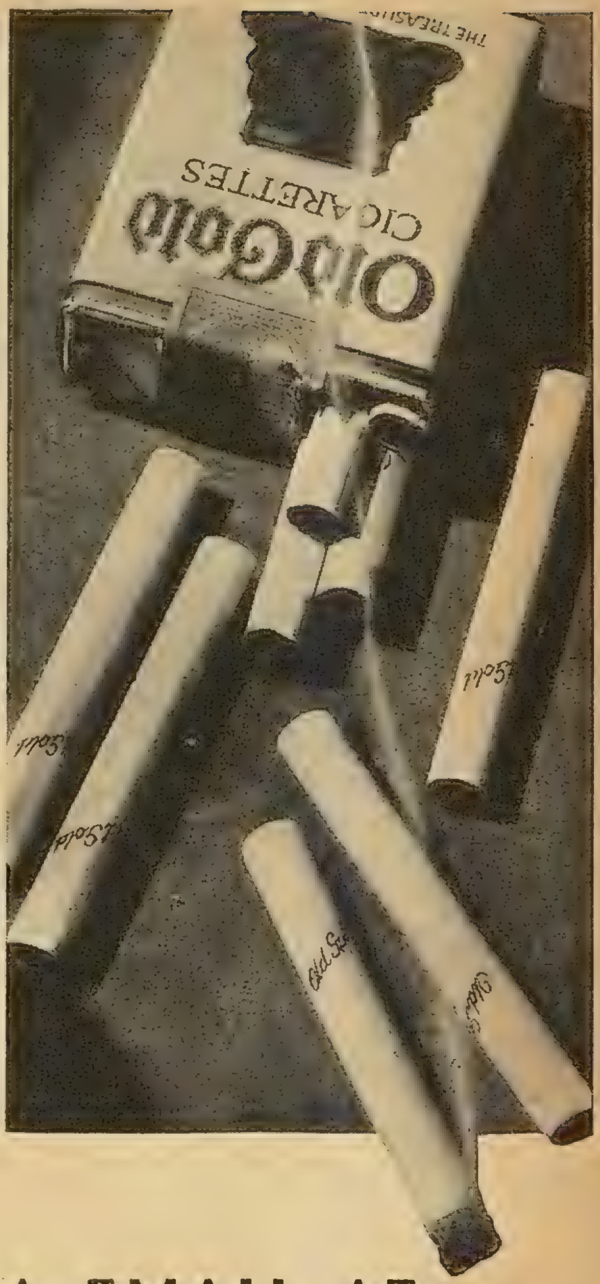

A SMALL AD
... BUT *OH MY!*

We might take full pages to tell you that OLD GOLD is the finest, throat-easiest cigarette.

But why waste space when all we want to say is:—"TRY THEM!" One pack is worth a thousand words!

O. G. has defeated every other leading cigarette in public *taste-tests*. Your throat . . . your taste will tell you why. And no double page ad could tell you more.

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OLD GOLD CIGARETTES

NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD

not Sick • "just tired"

SHE plans a full day but is weary by noon. Evening finds her longing for bed. It isn't laziness, but *malaise*. That's the doctor's name for the mental and physical fag that robs one of all ambition.

And it's usually due to a condition so easy to control.

Too much acid in the system lowers your vitality. The least exertion brings on a headache, or you are constantly catching cold. No appetite for food; what you do eat sours in the stomach. Bowels are sluggish, and the breath may be bad. Those are the signs that you require more alkali—and here is the way to get it:

Begin today to take two spoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, night and morning. It doesn't take long to restore a proper alkaline balance this way, for magnesia in this form neutralizes many times its volume in acid. It's the scientific way—the physician's way—of doing what might require weeks or months of dieting.

Important: The remarkable results of this alkalin treatment aren't promised for all forms of magnesia, or every preparation which may have been labeled "Milk of Magnesia." Get the prescriptional product known as *Phillips'* Milk of Magnesia, which is magnesia in perfect colloidal suspension.

PHILLIPS'
Milk of Magnesia

THEY SHALL NOT PASS
Continued from page forty-five

more ornery you can do to anybody than to walk out to where he's hunting a lost golf ball and pretend to pick something up and stick it in your pocket and walk away again. A practical joke—ha-ha—just like putting casters on your grandma's crutches.

"What did you put in your pocket?" Frank howled as he came tearing through the underbrush.

"Which pocket?" asked Johnny Rance.

"The pocket of your pants. I was watching you. You picked it up, didn't you? Listen—if anybody tried to swipe a golf ball on me I'd sock 'em on the nose!"

"Did you lose something?" asked Johnny.

"Yah, and I'm going to lose my temper too and sock somebody on the nose!"

"What color was it?" asked Johnny.

Little Miss Sally had wandered up by this time. "Animal, vegetable, or mineral?" she coaxed.

"I lost a gold brooch once," said Johnny, "but I got it back through the want ads."

"It was my golf ball!" And if the lunacy commission had heard the way Frank said it they would have had to call another board meeting.

"OH!" said Johnny. And he pulled what he had found out of his pocket and gave it to Sally. So, after all, Frank didn't have to sock anybody on the nose. Because, what do you suppose Johnny Rance had walked straight up to and picked from the grass at his very first try? It was a four-leaf clover.

"May it bring you more good luck than any girl ever had, little Sally," he told her.

"You've already got your wish," she communicated, not only by words, but with her eyes and everything else.

And that brings us up to the fatal twelfth.

This was where Sally gave a look at her wrist watch and sort of gasped.

"What is it, girl?" cried Johnny.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I've got to be home by six thirty. And I did want to finish, because I'm having such a good game."

"What time is it now?" asked Johnny.

"Oh, dear, it's five thirty."

"So?" said Johnny Rance, and he cast a foul-weather glance off across the rolling lands in front of us.

The two Gotch brothers were off at the right, maybe a hundred and fifty yards along the fairway. Frank, for once, had got off the tee in one and had followed it with a straight brassie, and these probably were the first two undubbed shots he ever strung together. The total, I'd say, was about two hundred and forty steppers right down the middle.

Frank was walking down to his ball when Johnny Rance teed up.

"Isn't there," asked Johnny, looking over his shoulder towards our camp followers, "some rule or convention that gives one the privilege of playing off the tee after the gentleman ahead has played his second?"

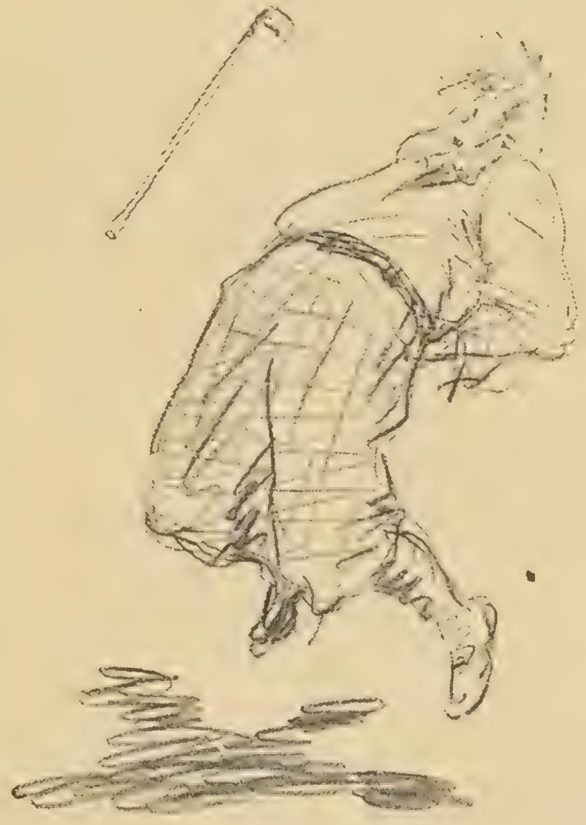
"I never heard of it," answered old man A.

"It seems to me I have heard of it," mused old man B.

"It was a rule passed in Scotland," cogitated Johnny—"on account of daylight savings."

"I have heard of it," spoke up old man C.

"It reads like this," recalled old man D: "'When a player off the tee has played his second stroke, the player retroactive immediately upon the tee is entitled to play—'" And then he swallowed and shook his head. "Oh, pshaw! I don't remember the exact wording."



Just close enough to be a bull's-eye between the back pockets.

"You don't have to," said Johnny Rance. "It's only the spirit of the thing anyhow."

And then he crashed into his ball.

IT may have been the four-leaf clover, or maybe it was because Johnny Rance has always lived a righteous and wholesome life, or maybe he had simply got so he could call his shots.

Anybody could tell that he wanted to place one as close to Frank as possible, and this one was just close enough to be a bull's-eye between the back pockets of Frank's crash linen knickerbockers.

For the next minute or two Frank acted like he was not only himself, but the two Gotch brothers as well, all of them wanting to go in opposite directions. But then the haze cleared away and I saw it was only one man in several frames of mind. He threw away his brassie and grabbed himself. Then he started back after Johnny Rance. Then he stopped and ran over and got his brassie. Then he started back again after Johnny Rance.

If you ever saw a rabid dog charging you'd say what a peaceable old fellow he is as compared to Frank Glab.

Johnny Rance handed his club back to the boy, and dusted his hands, and selected his number one iron from the bag.

"I think I caught that one in the middle, Sandy," he said. "How do I look at the top of my swing?"

"You've gone too far for me to teach you anything further, lad," said I. "So I guess I'll be going home."

Over on the putting green of the neighboring fourteenth stood a dejected and tired-looking golfer, just caught in the act of dropping a lazy thirty-foot putt. There are mysterious earmarks by which one pro can always tell another pro, and I knew at a glance that this chap was the City Public Golf Course expert.

He heard a sound on the wind like wolf howls, and he let go his club and started across to head Frank off. I guess he was used to settling points of etiquette on these links.

"NOW, now, gentlemen!" he interfered. "Gentlemen, now, now!"

"He hit me!" yelped Frank. "He hit me and never yelled 'Fore'!"

Johnny was walking out towards Frank. "If he hadn't stood in my way," complained Johnny, "I'd have got a fifty-yard roll."

"He never yelled 'Fore'!" yelled Frank. "And now I'm going to bust him on the nose!"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" warned the pro. "Look! If either of you so much as bust each other on the nose you'll be blacklisted from the City Public Golf Course."

I don't know what the magic in those words was, because if anybody blacklisted me from the City Public Golf Course I'd think he was my fairy godmother.

But Frank stopped dead and Johnny Rance stopped and they both of them looked aghast at this interloper as though they dreaded to believe their own ears.

"He hit me and didn't yell 'Fore'!" yelled Frank, who certainly had a one-track mind.

"Didn't you yell 'Fore'?" asked the pro.

"Look at my ball down there," grieved Johnny. "Stopped in her tracks. Just look how he ruined my roll!"

The pro happened to notice me standing there, and I could see by his eye that what I knew about him he also knew about me, which made us even Stephen. So he came over and gave me the secret grip.

"Did the lad yell 'Fore'?" he asked me.

I put my hand to my ear. "Hay? You'll have to come louder."

"Did he yell 'Fore'?" yelled the pro.

"Oh!" said I. "Yes, I'm his instructor. He's only twenty-two years old."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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"Suppose you tell the men about it"—

A WOMAN'S PROTEST.....

"I have a chip on my shoulder," writes a feminine Mum user.

"We women are constantly warned by experts on body care that the daily bath will not protect us from the odor of underarm perspiration.

"We are told that nothing so quickly disillusions a man about a woman as this form of personal neglect.

"Well . . . . men perspire—just the same as women. (A lot more than women, usually.)

"Where does this idea come from that women are the only ones who need to do anything about it?

"Suppose you tell men about Mum. They certainly need it."

It's true, men, isn't it? Perspiration odor is no respecter of sex. Fortunately, you can have instant protection.

Just a quick rub-in of Mum under each arm when you dress—that's all there is to it. It's quick. It's easy. It's instantly effective. And it *lasts* all day or evening.

Mum does not stop normal perspiration. It does not harm skin or clothing.

Carry Mum in your traveling bag—it doesn't spill or waste. Use it when you dress for the day or evening — then Nobody can criticise *you!*

Do your feet perspire and ache?
—use Mum

It's wonderful to cool and soothe burning, aching, perspiring feet—and it takes away all unpleasant odor! Protects your hose and keeps shoe linings fresher.

"MUM"

SHALL WE SEND YOU FREE TRIAL JAR?
Address Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. 9, 80 Varick St., New York, N. Y. Canadian address, Windsor, Ont.

THEY SHALL NOT PASS
Continued from page forty-seven

"He didn't yell 'Fore'—he didn't yell 'Fore'!" yelled Frank.

"Do I have to yell 'Fore'?" asked Johnny.

"Do you have to yell 'Fore'?" scoffed the pro. "Listen! Didn't you ever read the rules?"

"Where do I read 'em?" asked Johnny.

"Why—um—why—er, in the rule book."

"Oh!" apologized Johnny Rance. "I never read that far in the rule book. I only read as far as the page that says that a threesome on a golf course are like just so many toadstools."

"Now, now, now!" arbitrated the pro. "They pay their good money the same as human beings."

"Do they want to let us go through?" asked Johnny Rance.

"Do you boys want to let 'em go through?" asked the pro.

"No," said the Gotch brothers.

"Let 'em try and go through!" said Frank Glab.

"They say no, you can't go through," interpreted the pro.

"That's all right," said Johnny Rance. "We can only play 'em as they lie."

So there was nothing for the Gotch brothers and Frank to do but to get started again. And I was beginning to glory in them, because they were standing up for a principle, and if nobody ever fought and bled and died and carried flags for their cause, right or wrong, where would we be now?

BUT it's demoralizing to try to think about nothing but a golf ball when you're expecting a bullet in your back. They were on the ball like polo horses all the time, and the instant they lost one they'd drop another and hit at it and run. When they went down the last three fairways they looked like men beating carpets.

And Johnny Rance—wait a minute, mister! That boy was bearing down with his left and his good old right was coming through. His irons were clicking and his woods were going as full and loud as the woods in the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra and he was laying in his putts like squirrels with next winter's acorns.

When we pulled off the final green I footed up the score. "Counting in the first and the second and third, and the dumb mistakes you made on the fourth and fifth," I told Johnny Rance, "you've got an eighty-one."

"Oh, yeh?" said this boy who never before had broke a ninety in his life.

"Listen, Sally," he said, "how about for tomorrow?"

"Oh, I'd just love to," she breathed.

"Hi there, Frank!" called Johnny. "What time are you boys going around tomorrow?"

But Frank *et al* walked away without even looking back.

"They start off at three every afternoon," one of the caddies betrayed them.

"Want to make it a date for three fifteen?" asked Johnny.

"I'd just love to," Sally gleamed.

SO I went on home. And after a few days I began to notice that more women were coming out for batting practice and fewer women were hanging around the verandas of the Winnominnoca Golf and Country Club. Finally I began to wonder, where is Johnny Rance?

Then, one day, I happened to be looking through the American Golfer, and I saw an item which said:

> The open tournament at the City Public Golf Course was won last Friday afternoon by Johnny Rance, chairman of the greens committee and a member of the board of directors. . . .

About a week later I chanced to turn to the society page of a newspaper by mistake, and I saw this one:

> MARRIED—Yesterday at Trinity Chapel, John Rance, Jr., only son of John Rance of Westchester, and Miss Sally Loane, of New York City. The bridesmaid was Miss Mary Melhorn; the best man, Frank Glab.

Well, I wasn't as surprised as you'd think. Why not Frank Glab? He and Johnny play on the same golf course. And you remember the saying that there is no politics among bedfellows. I wouldn't of been surprised to have read that Johnny Rance used the two Gotch brothers for his flower boys.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 20

1—Eighteen.
2—Æolus.
3—The last book in the New Testament, The Revelation of St. John the Divine.
4—The obstruction of a blood vessel by a clot of blood.
5—A pillar or column consisting of a single stone.
6—Crœsus, King of Lydia.
7—Eardrum.
8—A man of learning.
9—Ten.
10—The Spree.
11—France and Spain.
12—Lorna Doone, by R. D. Blackmore.
13—The Merchant of Venice, Act ii. Scene 7.
14—Edward MacDowell.
15—Shah.
16—A species of quail.
17—A story-teller.
18—Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.
19—Pyorrhea.
20—Words that are spelled alike but have different meanings.

Problems of Conduct

What Would You Do?

$100 Each Week for the Best Question

$200 Each Week for the Best Answers

Here Is This Week's Question

for which $100 has been paid to
D. V. LUCAS
340 East Adams Street,
Jacksonville, Florida

Suppose you had twins, one perfect physically but with a mental defect, the other perfect mentally but with a physical defect.

Physicians assure you surgery will remove the trouble in both cases, but lack of finances makes two operations impossible.

Would you have the mental or physical handicap removed? Being able to do only one of these things, would you feel that you could, in fairness, do either of them?

Answers to this question must reach us before midnight, March 14. They should be as short as possible—brevity will count in their favor. In no case should they contain more than 1,000 words.

THE RULES

1. Liberty invites its readers to submit problems of conduct similar to the problem which appears on this page. One of these will be published each week, and for those published $100 each will be paid to the persons who send them in.

2. Liberty invites its readers also to submit answers to these problems as they are published. For the answers which, in the judgment of the editors, are the best submitted each week, $200 will be paid, the $200 to be divided among the senders, and these answers will be published.

3. Problems and answers should be written on one side of the paper only—typewritten if possible—and should be brief. Problems stated in 150 words or less are preferred. Answers should not in any case contain more than 1,000 words, and should usually be much shorter than that. Brevity, always, will count in their favor.

4. It is understood that the decision of Liberty's editors will be final, both as to prizes awarded for problems and those paid for answers.

5. Entries—both problems and answers—should bear the sender's full name and address, and should be sent to PROBLEMS, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.

HOW would you answer the question on this page? Can you suggest a better one, or one as good? Try your hand at either—or both. As indicated in the rules below, Liberty is paying $100 each week for a suggested problem of conduct, and offering $200 for answers to each of these problems.

* * *

This week we are publishing three answers to the problem which appeared in Liberty for January 31, and dividing $200 among the senders, whose names appear below. The problem was:

If you were a young man of marrying age, which kind of life would appeal to you most—

1. Marriage for love, a happy home, and just making a living by practicing rigid economy and hard work,

2. Marriage for money, with leisure and travel, but living with your wife entirely for convenience and financial reasons, or

3. Remaining a bachelor, independent of others, with a good job and enough money to buy all the comforts of life, but never knowing the beauty and joy of having a loving companion of the opposite sex?

The Winning Answers

By JEAN McGEORGE
14435 Superior Road, Cleveland Heights, Ohio

I WOULD marry for love. Realizing that my decision would decide the course of my entire life, I searched my acquaintances for help. First, I found the man who married for money. After twelve years, he is fat and bored with life. His eyes show dissipation. He has just returned from Europe. His lack of interest in his trip tells one that his wife outlined their itinerary as surely as her

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Why do thousands crowd to hear McCormack...to see Babe Ruth? Because they are *successful!* ★ Success invariably gives *full value.* You get your money's worth at a successful show... at a successful store. And at a successful *hotel!* ★ The New Yorker Hotel is the greatest first-year success in hotel history. Over 800,000 people have stopped here in twelve months. ★ Why is The New Yorker successful? Stay here one night and you will know. All outside rooms, each with radio, tub, shower bath and Servidor...wonderful food at four restaurants whose low prices are the talk of the town... thoughtful *personal* service . . . a location in the *heart* of Manhattan, "next door to everything that's going on." In other words, *value* . . . more for your money.

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Chicago Office: 77 West Washington Street

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

money bought the tickets. He is not master in his own home and he fairly radiates the humiliation he feels because his wife holds the purse strings. I would not choose his life.

Then I found the bachelor, and I thought, " Here is the life for me." Then as he talked I learned how dissatisfied he was with his apartment, how incompetent were his servants, how poor the food at the hotel. I also discovered how much he enjoyed visiting a married friend in a nearby suburb. He looked forward to dinner invitations out there. He loved the cheery fireplace and the cozy little rooms. His very lack of responsibilities seemed to make him " a ship without a rudder." As he went back to his apartment, all alone, I decided I would not choose his life.

Now, the man who married for love. I found him, too. He married when he was quite young, and moved to a small farm just beyond the city limits where living expenses were lower. I never knew anyone who worked harder than he and his wife. He ran the farm while she cared for that great big old farmhouse, which had no modern conveniences. They have two babies now, and if they worked hard before, they work harder now. And here's the rub. They love it! They are the most utterly content and completely happy pair that I know. And, after all, what more can we ask of life? I would choose his life. I would marry for love.

By WALTER BAIRD
1741 East Street, N. S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

HAVING lived sixteen years with one wife and eight with another, I am all for the marriage thing and not for single blessedness in any form. It is all right for a young bachelor, but it is not so blessed for an old one. This includes widowers.

Twenty-five years ago I would unhesitatingly have chosen the first of the three propositions in the problem, that of marriage for love, a happy home, economy and hard work. But times have changed a lot in twenty-five years and more within the last ten or fifteen.

And so today I would unhesitatingly select number two: marriage for money, with the wife of convenience, leisure and travel. After all, any normal man can be happy with any normal woman—especially with ample mazuma to oil the wheels of the marital chariot.

As I grow older I am coming more and more to believe that marriage is, in its final analysis, but little more than an intimate, extremely complicated civil contract, but always a contractual relation that is well worth while. A bit of money never interferes if the parties most immediately concerned have any sound sense at all.

And it must be remembered that even the love matches and the moneyless matches many times go on the rocks, while the so-called " marriages of convenience " endure. They are ideal " companionate " marriages, ennobled and dignified by legal ceremony.

By WILBUR O. HOGUE
Box 161, Shoshone, Idaho

I WOULD remain a bachelor.

Oh, I know that there are many who insist that it is a man's duty to marry and raise a family and who hold that a bachelor is a shirker. What of it? A man also has the right to happiness and I could never be happy " just making a living " for my mate and offspring. My pride would not permit me to create dependents who must exist through very rigid economy. There is already too much of that in the world.

Neither could I marry for money. To be married to a woman for whom I did not particularly care would be very tiring and burdensome. I would soon lose my amiability and ambition. Tiring of travel and never becoming accustomed to leisure, life would be very drab.

Bachelorhood is my choice. Marriage is not necessary to happiness and is often the cause of unhappiness. A man may love many times and still remain unmarried. These memories, combined with friends, money, a good job, and independence, make bachelorhood enjoyable.

Answers to the question in Liberty for February 7 will be published next week.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

The Freckled Sky

Gazing at the stars one evening, little Johnny, whose face was covered with freckles, said to his mother:

" I've got a lot of freckles on my face, haven't I? "

" Yes, dear," his mother said, " you have."

" I don't care," said he. " Look up there—it's a freckle-faced old world."—Wayne Thornton White, 204 Graham St., Paris, Tex.

Tommy's " Imprint "

Tommy flitted about the house, leaving smudgy prints on the creamy woodwork. A neighbor called and found his sister Ellen busily engaged in trying to remove these fingerprints.

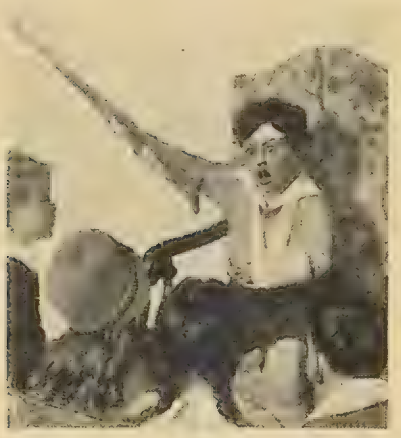
" What are you doing, Ellen? " she asked.

" Hmph," said Ellen with disgust, " I'm trying to scrub Tommy off these doors."—Gladys Tellier, 245 Windemere Ave., Lansdowne, Pa.

"Shoulder'd His Crutch—"

A New For the Love o' Lil

RED HANCOCK was home from the hospital. He wore his broken left arm in a splint and sling, and went hobbling around the house with a crutch on account of his sprained ankle. The gash in his forehead was healing and he was the proud possessor of a tall bottle of spring tonic which smelled like cherries, camphor, whisky, licorice, and menthol —and tasted like heck.


This week's cover picture.

"What time is it?" he called from his mother's little sun porch where he was reading a happy adventure story of the days when a tomahawk was an Indian's best crony.

"Four o'clock," Mrs. Hancock told him, taking a spoon from the pantry drawer. "Time for your tonic. And one hour from now you'll have an eggnog, and one hour from then I must take your temperature."

Poor Mrs. H.'s feet ached from following the sound of her son's tapping crutch. He hobbled from the sun porch to the sitting room, and she had just poured out the tonic before he escaped her altogether by diving into the hall closet in search of a sling shot.

"Tonic first. Sling shot after," his mother laughed. "Don't make such a face. I'll give you some rock candy. Now, sit down again and rest. We're going to have oysters and chocolate ice cream for supper and then we're all going to the movies. The feature picture's called The Snake and we ought to have a lovely evening."

Red didn't say anything. He was afraid of breaking the spell of having people wait on him.

"I feel feverish," he fibbed. "I want orangeade."

"Orangeade on top of your tonic," said his mother, "will surely give you—" She didn't finish. The doorbell was being rung, wildly, persistently, and she rushed to the front door instead.

"How's Red?" Gwendolyn Smithers wanted to know. "We've come to see him. Can we come in?" She squeezed right past Mrs. H., denting her patent-leather pumps, and paraded into the sitting room. The other children were more polite and waited to be invited.

"Don't stay too long," Mrs. H. warned them, looking at the mud they had tracked along her hall runner.

"Let 'em stay!" Red shouted from an armchair. "Sick people in pain need their friends around 'em all the time to cheer 'em up—or they'll sure go—"

"Batty!" Gwen finished for him. She sat down at his feet and looked up at him like a tourist from Dayton admiring something famous in the Louvre. The other children sat down, too. "Now," she added, "tell us about the hospital an' the operating room an' how people get wheeled around dressed in nothing but sheets an'—"

"Didja have an operation on your broken arm?" little Ulysses wanted to know. He hopped up and dared to rest his hand on the veteran's crutch.

"Operation?" Red yelled dramatically. "You never had one or you wouldn't dare say the word! You'd be too scared. You'd think of ether and knives and big saws."

"Oh-oh-oh!" all the children gasped.

"Did I suffer?" he asked them. "Gee, it's a wonder I got out alive. Nothing but bravery—"

And then, wild-eyed, he "shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won."

(Next week's cover adventure: Snow Fight)

there's SUNSHINE in your laundry bundle

The Javel water bath used by today's laundries has the purifying, freshening qualities of real sunlight . . .

NOTICE your clothes as they come from a present-day laundry. How fresh and sweet they are! That's due to a special handling that has the same effect as real sunlight—purifying each garment and at the same time sterilizing it. For this special bath contains Javel water, the same formula as the Dakin-Carrel solution that saved thousands of lives during the war!

And this is only one of the many scientific ways the laundry protects you. The *multiple-suds method*, that gets clothes spotlessly clean without risk to dainty fabrics . . . use of *rainsoft* water for every suds and rinse . . . these are typical of today's laundry service.

This new, far better way is as *thrifty* as it is *gentle*. There's a special service for every purse, for every need. Call a present-day laundry in your community this week! Save time and money!

Sponsored by the Laundryowners National Association of the United States and Canada.

Claire Royce and Maxine Moore enjoy a sunbath at Miami Beach. Present-day laundries give your clothes a "sunbath" to freshen and sweeten them.

Let the **LAUNDRY** *do it!*

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Is Another WAR

IV—The Threat of the Bear

By

E. ALEXANDER POWELL

(Reading time: 19 min. 34 sec.)

THREE areas where rivalry and resentment have prepared the tinder for possible conflict in Europe have been described in three previous articles in Liberty by Colonel Powell. The first embraced the Polish Corridor and Upper Silesia; the second, the region of the Adriatic; and the third, the valley of the Danube, in all of which France and the postwar treaties play a part. In this concluding article the author turns to the enigma of the east and attempts to resolve into readable order the problem of Russia and its importance to the rest of the world.

NOTHING is more unwise, generally speaking, than to write about countries or governments or peoples when they are in a state of political flux, for what is true at the moment of writing may be misleading the next. But the events which are occurring in Soviet Russia are so extraordinary, so wholly without parallel, so pregnant with peril to the peace of the world, that the American people, it seems to me, should be given a clearer understanding of what they portend, should be awakened to the sinister nature of the forces behind them.

Trainloads of literature have been written about Russia and Sovietism. The truth is that our people have been deluged with propaganda, bombarded with truths, half truths, and untruths, pelted with contradictory opinions, and bewildered by conflicting statements of fact until they have finally become so mentally confused that they are ready to give up in despair trying to find out what it is all about.

I am very far from underrating my readers' intelligence when I assert that the only way to grasp the extremely complicated and highly involved Russian situation—which sooner or later may affect the well-being of every man, woman, and child in the world—is to treat it as a picture puzzle. With your permission, then, I shall spread the pieces out upon a board, explain as briefly as I may their significance and their relation to one another, and show you how, when fitted together, they form a picture which is as fascinating as it is terrifying.

Have I your attention? Very well. Let's go!

The Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, to give the country we know as Russia its official name, is a federation of seven independent Soviet republics—Russia proper, White Russia, Ukraine, Transcaucasia, Uzbekistan, Turkmenistan, Tajikistan—and a number of autonomous regions in Siberia and Russian Central Asia. Within the borders of the Union dwell one-twelfth of the earth's inhabitants. It covers one-sixth of the land surface of the globe.

The government of the U. S. S. R.—the ostensible government, I mean—consists of a Central Executive Committee and a Council of People's Commissars. The former is elected by the Congress of Soviets, and, when that body is not in session, it is the supreme legislative, administrative, and judicial authority in the Soviet Union.

But lurking in the shadows of the great hall in which the Executive Committee sits, hovering like some evil jinnee above its deliberations, is an unseen Force, ubiquitous, all-powerful, sinister, whose spectral fingers manipulate the strings. Its name is Communism. Its embodiment is the Third Communist International, or, as it is known in Russia, Komintern, a political octopus whose tentacles reach out from Moscow across the world.

The Third Communist International (the First ended with the collapse of the Paris Commune in 1871; the Second with the outbreak of the Great War in 1914) is, as its name implies, the organization of the Communist party of all nations. It is the directing intelligence, the great general staff, of Communism. Its functions are double-barreled: to foment discord, discontent, and rebellion in all capitalist countries; to consolidate and encourage Communist activities everywhere. Its aim is the overthrow of capitalist nations and the raising on their ruins of proletarian-ruled states which will eventually join with Russia to form a vast Communist Confederation. In other words, to bring about a world revolution.

The point that I wish to make perfectly clear is that, for all practical purposes, *the Communist party and the Soviet Government are one and the same.* They are joined by the cartilage of Komintern as inseparably as Siamese twins. This the spokesmen for the Moscow government have emphatically denied. They have claimed that the two bodies were independent; that Komintern did not control the government and that the latter has a mind of its own. Nothing could be further from the truth. What the Communists decide today the government decrees tomorrow. The Communist party is, in short, the government of Russia in everything save name.

FROM this it will be seen that were the United States to recognize Russia, it would, in effect, be recognizing the Communist party—a party which makes no secret of its intention to overthrow every capitalist government in the world, including our own. Whether masquerading

ARCTIC
BARENTS SEA
NOVAZEMBLA
ATLANTIC OCEAN
NORWAY
SWEDEN
FINLAND
BALTIC SEA
BRITISH ISLES
NORTH SEA
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MEDITERRANEAN SEA
AFRICA
BLACK SEA
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EUROPE
UNION OF SOCIALIST
AS
CHI

Coming Soon?

Acme photo

The man behind the double-barreled Communist-Soviet gun, Joseph Stalin.

as the Russian government or not, the Communist party is an avowed enemy of the United States and its institutions, and any American who advocates that we enter into relations with it is shortsighted, to put it mildly.

Stripped to its chassis, the mechanism of the party is something like this. A Communist Congress elects a Central Committee. The Central Committee, in turn, elects a Political Bureau and a Secretary General, the latter a sort of chief of staff. This Central Committee is in a very strong position in the party; the Political Bureau is in a very strong position in the Committee; while the Secretary General has an overwhelmingly strong position in both.

Is that quite clear?

THE chief purpose of Komintern, as I have already explained, is to plan and provoke events—unemployment, strikes, lockouts, labor demonstrations, riots, bank failures, rebellions, foreign wars—which will bring on world revolution. It has its spies and its *agents provocateurs* everywhere. It has the most efficient and far-flung intelligence system the world has ever known. Its emissaries masquerade as labor leaders, as school-teachers and college professors, as professional and business men; they even occupy seats in the great parliamentary bodies of the world.

Komintern engineered the short-lived Soviet republics in Bavaria and Hungary (Bela Kun was sent to Budapest for the purpose by Lenin), the bloody outbreaks in China, the labor troubles in Britain, Italy, Germany, and recently in Spain, and the numerous Red demonstrations which have occurred throughout the United States. Did you know that when, in 1925, American troops were forced to occupy the Republic of Panama, our intelligence service found indisputable proof that the leaders of the insurrection were in the pay and under the direction of Moscow?

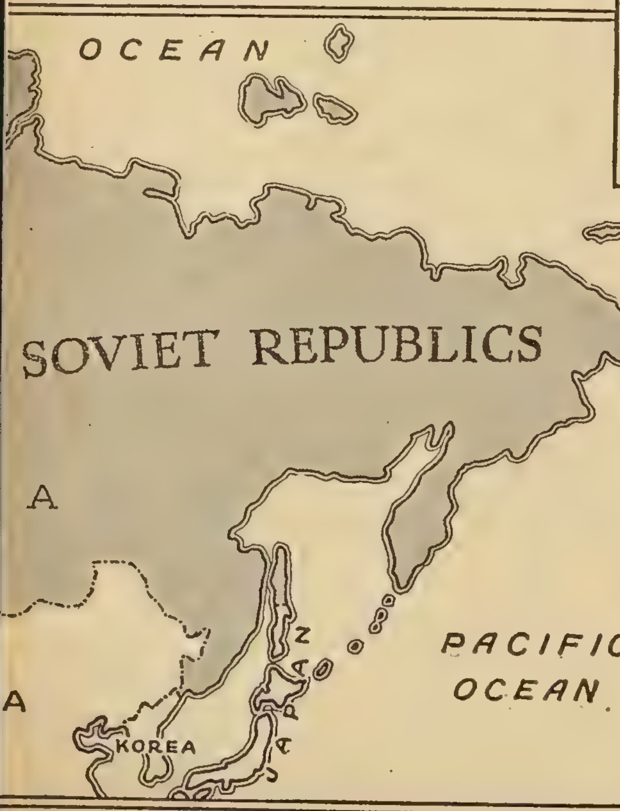
To put it concisely, the Communist party is at war with all capitalist nations. Its general staff, as I have explained, is Komintern, with its headquarters in Moscow. The chief of the general staff is the Secretary General of the Central Committee. Its spies and its intelligence officers, operating everywhere, have covered the world with a network of espionage. The professional agitators who are constantly inciting unrest, staging demonstrations, and provoking riots form Communism's skirmish line. And back of this Red skirmish line, ready to be employed whenever a favorable opportunity offers, are the shock battalions, drilled, disciplined, and in many cases armed. I have it on the assurance of a personage whose authority cannot be questioned that *there are 120,000 armed Communist shock troops in Germany alone.*

These secret battalions are the nuclei around which, should the revolution come, the less well organized Communists would rally. To them is assigned the duty of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Underwood & Underwood

Warned that they will be targets of a capitalistic onslaught, Russian civilians (above) learn the handling of gas masks.



The map shows how Russia, containing one-sixth the land area of the world, dwarfs the nations of western Europe.

[IS ANOTHER WAR COMING SOON?
Continued from page fifty-three]

seizing the vital points of a country's defenses: its arsenals, power plants, railways, radio, and telegraph systems. They are designed to form the spearheads of the Communist thrust.

Save in the case of a certain few countries, the Communists of western Europe, and their first cousins, the Socialists, are so well organized as to form what amounts to the front line of a world revolution. In fact, a country which contains a strong and active Communist party would find it next to impossible to participate in a general counterrevolutionary movement. In terms of practical politics, this means that the governments of Europe could not undertake a war against Russia in the face of their own Communists and Socialists.

All of which brings us back to Russia again.

THE Soviet Union is unique among the countries of the world in that it has no official head. But it has an unofficial head in the person of the Secretary General of the Central Committee of the Communist party—Joseph Stalin. That he is the country's undisputed dictator was proved conclusively in December last, when he dismissed Alexei Rykoff—who, as chairman of the Council of People's Commissars, was virtually Prime Minister of Russia—as unceremoniously as he would have fired his cook. What an astounding anomaly that the government of Russia should be under the complete domination of a man who holds no ranking government position!

This man, the world's most sinister and mysterious figure, is a Georgian, born in the Caucasus fifty years ago. His father was a village cobbler. His parents intended him for the priesthood, but he was expelled from the theological school when still in his teens—an episode which has immensely enhanced his prestige with the Communist party. For nineteen years he was alternately a convict and a fugitive. In that period he was arrested and exiled six times; he escaped five times. Today his picture is displayed, beside that of Lenin, in every office, shop, factory, barracks, railway station, and government building in the Soviet Union. The absolute master of 150 millions of people, the acknowledged commander in chief of Communism, with the power to dismiss the highest officials and, if he sees fit, to send them before a firing party, he is the most potent political leader in the world—and the most ruthless. He was christened Joseph Djugashvilli, but, because of his hardness, Lenin gave him the Russian name for steel—Stalin.

Stalin, as I have shown, is the unseen ruler of Russia, the uncrowned king of Communism. He is the driving force behind the industrial revolution and the directing intelligence of the world revolution. He is the engineer in chief of the Five-Year Plan. He is the inexorable master who, by ordering the wholesale confiscation of foodstuffs, has brought the Russian people to the brink of starvation; who has decreed the allocation of labor, as forced labor is euphemistically called; who, in pursuance of his ruthless policy, has enslaved 150 millions of human beings. Whether Russia can become an actual menace to the peace of the world, whether she can achieve the economic strength and freedom which will enable her to give armed support to world Communism in its projected attack on the capitalist nations, depends, in the final analysis, upon the success or failure of the Five-Year Plan.

Just what is this plan which has stirred the imagination of the world as it has perhaps never been stirred before by any economic measure, which has aroused such unparalleled interest and provoked such bitter discussion? Compressed into a score of words, it is a scheme for the reconstruction within a space of five years of the demoralized economic system of the Soviet Union.

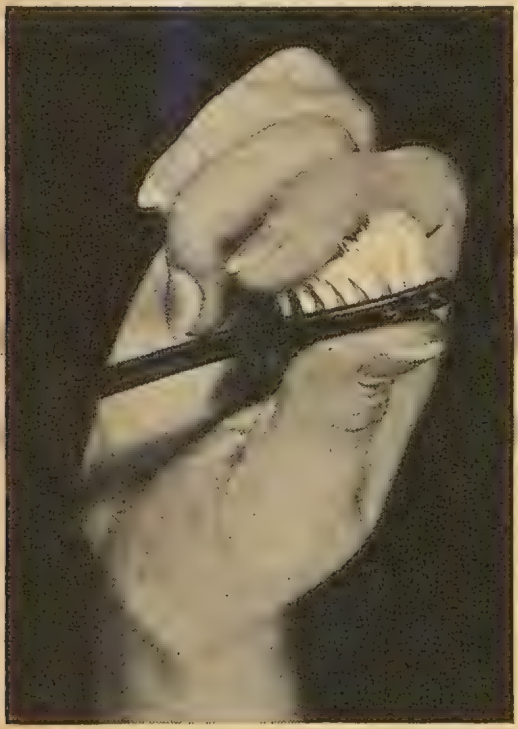
PIATILETKA, as it is known in Russia, which completed its second year on October 1, 1930, is the result of a conviction among the Soviet leaders that the capitalist governments will eventually join in a boycott of Russia; that in the not far distant future Russia will be economically isolated, unable to buy from or sell to the outside world. In order to nullify the effects of the anticipated blockade, the Soviet Union has adopted Piatiletka. If it succeeds its sponsors believe that by 1933 Russia will be so completely independent of outside sources for its necessities that the Soviet system can not only continue to exist in defiance of a world-wide embargo, but that it can carry on its program of industrialization and socialization and will eventually be strong enough to employ its armed forces in support of a world revolution.

Let me see if I can explain Piatiletka in even simpler terms.

A vessel is wrecked off a remote island in the wastes of the Pacific. The members of the crew get ashore to find that the island is incapable of supporting them for any length of time. They suddenly awake to the realization that they may be cut off from the rest of the world for years, perhaps forever. If they are to exist they must have the means of providing themselves with the necessities of life—food and shelter. In the ship's cargo is all that they require—seeds, hoes, shovels, plows, lumber, saws, hammers, nails, cloth, thread, needles—to make themselves self-sustaining. But the engineers report that the vessel cannot be kept afloat much longer; that at any moment it may disappear beneath the waves. The existence of the crew depends, then, on getting ashore as much of the cargo as possible before the vessel sinks. There is not a moment to be lost. They must labor day and night. They must hurry, hurry, hurry.

Translate the shipwrecked crew into the people of Soviet Russia, the cargo of the sinking vessel into the markets of the outside world, which, so the Russians believe, may be closed to them in the near future, and you will understand why Russia has undertaken the Five-Year Plan and the frenzied, fear-whipped energy behind it. The analogy is not a perfect one, but it is the best I can give you.

In order to provide against the day when, so she is convinced, the markets of the world will be closed to her, Russia is frantically accumulating a stock of the articles—principally tools and industrial machinery—which she



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TOOTH BRUSH

This thing called Spring—
is the active cleansing power of Tek bristles! The life of Tek is longer because its bristles are better. And Tek's shape is *just what the dentist ordered.* Short and curved—Tek sweeps freely even the narrowest parts of your dental arch. Tek's double value is in its approved Better Shape—Better Bristles—at no extra cost. Tek, sterilized and Cellophane-sealed, at your dealer's. Tek 50¢; Tek Jr., 35¢. Guaranteed product of the world's largest makers of dental accessories.

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must have if she is to carry on. To purchase these she must have credits abroad. To establish these credits she is selling everything which she can possibly spare—grain, lumber, meats, furs, petroleum, eggs, dairy products—and in such great quantities that she is inflicting enormous hardships on her own people. These articles cost Russia very little, for they are either confiscated or produced by forced labor. Consequently they can be sold at any price they will bring. This is known as dumping.

There is some danger of the Soviet dumping policy proving a boomerang, however, for, by disturbing foreign markets and exasperating foreign governments, it may eventually bring about that very boycott which the Russians so fear.

It is expected that upon the completion of the huge plants now in process of construction—many of them under the supervision of highly paid American experts—they will leap into mass production of important commodities. These commodities, it is estimated, will be sufficient not only to supply the needs of the Russian people, but will eventually be produced in such quantities that they will enable Russia to undersell other nations in their own markets, thereby producing unemployment, industrial unrest, financial depression, and, finally, the world revolution.

Perhaps my standard of ethics is all wrong, but it seems to one of my modest intelligence that every American who enters Soviet employ is working against his own country.

Now, it is utterly impossible to grasp the tremendous significance of what is happening in Russia, to understand why the Russians submit ungrudgingly to being underfed, poorly clad, and generally miserable, unless you are willing to accept my statement that they sincerely believe themselves to be the victims of a vast conspiracy engineered by the capitalist nations. This conspiracy, so the Russians have been led to believe, may take the form of starving them into submission by means of an economic blockade, or it may result in an armed invasion.

YOU laugh at the idea as chimerical, preposterous, fantastic. But that is because you fail to realize the power over an ignorant and isolated people of a system wherein every publicly spoken and printed word, every book, magazine, and newspaper, every school, club, and lecture platform, every radio, theater, and motion picture, every avenue of instruction, information, and entertainment, is utilized for purposes of propaganda by a pitiless political machine. The Russian people, nine-tenths of them illiterate and simple-minded, never dream of questioning the ridiculous and fantastic misinformation which their government so assiduously feeds them because, so effective is the censorship, they obtain no inkling of the truth. Among the more intelligent classes there are some, of course, who recognize the palpable falsity of the statements issued by the government and venture to criticize its policy. But they rarely criticize a second time. They seldom have a chance. In Russia your criticism is your death sentence.

To the Russian people the specter of foreign intervention is terrifyingly real. They are as firmly convinced that the capitalist nations are secretly preparing for a mass attack on them as the capitalist nations are convinced that sooner or later they will be attacked by Russia. The Russian people—even those who are by no means sympathetic with Communism—believe this as firmly as they believe that the sun rises in the east. It is dinned into their consciousness by means of motion pictures, plays, posters, pamphlets, and the press. All day long and through half the night the mammoth loud-speakers erected in the Red Square and along the Nevsky Prospekt blare raucous warnings of the impending invasion. The great department stores in Moscow and Leningrad devote whole windows to ingeniously arranged tableaux depicting Russian villages bombed by capitalist aircraft, Russian peasants dying by the thousand from poison gas. Stirring public appeals are made and subscription lists opened to raise funds for the purchase of heavy artillery, tanks, and airplanes. The fears of the populace are worked upon by the exhibition of demolition bombs and instruction in the use of gas masks.

MANY people seem to be under the impression that the Red army is a negligible factor; that it has become demoralized and inefficient under Soviet administration and can safely be discounted.

Yet exactly the opposite is the truth. Those who are in a position to know whereof they speak agree that it is better trained, better disciplined, more loyal, and probably better equipped than it was under the czars.

Certainly neither pains nor expense have been spared to increase its effectiveness. The Russian people may be cold and hungry, but the army is well clad, well fed. The enlisted men whom I saw were superior in physique to any other troops on the Continent save only the German. They were vigorous, confident, in the pink of condition, with stout, well made boots and greatcoats of excellent quality reaching to their ankles. It is the policy of the government to keep the army not only at topnotch efficiency, but satisfied, for Stalin and his lieutenants know that on its unwavering loyalty depends the very existence of the Soviet system.

The actual strength of the Red army is a matter of conjecture, for it is obviously difficult to obtain accurate statistics at the present time. The Statesman's Year Book places the

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

How To Banish Beauty-Robbing FAT

Obtain charming, sylph-like figure all while you're building up glorious health and energy.

Louise: *Just think of it—I've lost 20 lbs. and feel perfect.*
Sally: *For goodness sakes HOW—tell me quick.*
Louise: *Kruschen Salts—I can't tell enough people about it.*

The modern intelligent woman is careful to obtain and preserve a slim, supple figure—she well knows the loss of beauty as well as health-danger in excess fat.

Thousands of women the world over have relied upon and been joyfully repaid by taking a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast.

Not only do women succeed in banishing ugly fat but they build up superb daily health, greater physical attractiveness and fitness, keener mental force, stronger nerves and beautiful complexions as well. (Reducing results can be speeded by cutting out pastries, going light on potatoes and butter.)

Kruschen, a splendid blend of 6 precious health-giving minerals, is carried by your blood bringing new life and strength to every nerve, gland and body organ. Your system must be supplied with these minerals if waste accumulations are to be properly eliminated—Kruschen strikes at the CAUSE of fat!

An 85c bottle lasts 4 weeks. In 2 weeks Mrs. M. C. Taylor of Lewisburg, W. Va. lost 15½ lbs., a North Carolina woman lost 47 lbs. in 3 months—both are eternally grateful to Kruschen. And if YOU don't get the results *you're* after—money refunded. Kruschen is sold with this understanding by all good druggists the world over.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

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WASH DIRT
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Why? Because this face net is a network of *pores*—pores which trap the dirt and imbed it where ordinary washing can't remove it.

Prove this to yourself. Wash your face—wash it again. Maybe you think it's clean—*but*—

Now rub some Pompeian Massage Cream into the pores . . . around the nostrils, the chin, the forehead. Keep rubbing . . . until it begins to *roll out*. It's no longer the rosy pink cream which went in—it's dingy grey . . . grey with the dirt which was buried in the pores of your skin.

And remember—dirt-clogged pores are unhealthy pores . . . liable to cause blackheads and skin eruptions!

Every first-class barber knows this pink magic—genuine Pompeian Massage Cream. Order a refreshing Pompeian massage after your shave. Keep a jar in your own bathroom—use it regularly. It tones you up with its fresh, tingling sensation. The large size is only 60c. Get it today at any drug-store!

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Torture
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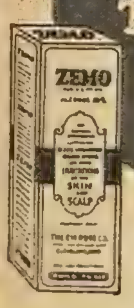

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

[IS ANOTHER WAR COMING SOON?
Continued from page fifty-five]

men available for military service each year at approximately 1,000,000, but in 1928 only 800,000 were called up for training. The same authority estimates the strength of the permanent establishment (as of 1928) at 562,000 men, but it is generally agreed that this is an underestimate. The real figure is probably nearer 700,000.

To this must be added two bodies of an entirely exceptional character; the special troops of the Political Department and the Communist shock battalions. The former, which are under the control of the Ogpu and come under the Military Department only for operations, are intrusted with the maintenance of internal security, the quelling of civil disturbances, frontier and coast guard service, intelligence and police work. They are, in fact, the pillar on which Soviet rule rests, and they are recruited from the stanchest elements of the Communist party, being comparable to Italy's Fascist militia. The shock battalions, 100,000 strong, are composed of youthful fanatics, death-or-glory boys, who have sworn to sacrifice themselves for Communism.

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THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, and any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

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And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 220 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

IMPRESSIVE as these figures sound, it should be kept in mind that the military value of an army depends upon two vital factors—supply and transport. In both the Red army is admittedly deficient. At present neither the munition factories nor the railways are in any condition to withstand the strain of a prolonged campaign. But American engineers and experts are hard at work building new factories and repairing the railways, and, so the Soviet leaders claim, both will be in full working order upon the completion of the Five-Year Plan. My own opinion—and you can take it for what it is worth—is that it will take considerably more than the three years remaining to the plan to place Russia economically on a war footing.

Communism has become Russia's religion. It is a creed of the wretched and the desperate. Its seeds are fertilized by the conditions which produce war. It begins to sprout in time of war. In soil which has been soured by war and human misery it spreads like a noxious weed.

Can anything be plainer, then, than that the most effective way to banish the Red specter which is haunting the world is to eliminate the *causes* for war? In the preceding articles of this series I have sought to point out these causes and I shall not review them here. It is enough to say that armaments are not in themselves a cause for war, though they may contribute to bring on war.

THE real causes are injustice, oppression, jealousy, greed, hatred, suspicion, fear. Until they are eradicated Europe will be threatened with war, and as long as the threat of war is permitted to persist she will be in danger from Communism. That is why I have no patience with the disarmament conferences and the naval parleys, the bickerings of the professional diplomats and politicians, the futile fiddling of the League of Nations. They are not striving to cut out the canker itself. They are merely and half-heartedly putting salve upon the sore.

The fact must never be lost sight of, however, that, whatever the nations of western Europe may do toward composing their differences, Russia (by which I mean, of course, the Communist party that governs it) will never for a moment relax its efforts to sow the seeds of political and industrial discord in the capitalist world. That is why it would be folly for the world to put any faith in the pledges of the Soviet government or to give heed to the pleadings and arguments of its foreign champions. For in cunning and stealth, rather than in frontal attack, lies the threat of the Bear. The warning voiced by Rudyard Kipling a third of a century ago holds as good today as it did then:

> Make ye no truce with Adam-zad—
> the Bear that walks like a Man!

THE END

Three of a Kind

A Short Short Story

By

ALICE Q. HOLBY

who is married, lives in Larchmont, a suburb of New York City, and reports that her life has been a series of committees, in parent-teachers' associations, political organizations, and the like. All this she has now abandoned in favor of "trying to crash the magazines."

(Reading time: 5 min. 17 sec.)

"GOOD NIGHT, sir," the footman was saying as he helped Don Abbott into his car. "It's a bad night to have to drive back to New York, sir."

"Wicked" would be a better name for it, Don thought, when a gust of driving rain hit the windshield as he drove from under the *porte-cochère*.

Only people as rich and powerful as the Ardens could stay out on Long Island till the end of November and expect one to go to their dinners, he mused bitterly as he pulled his muffler tighter about his neck and dug in the pocket on the door for his fur-lined driving gloves.

And what a cheerful dinner it had been! Nothing but talk of the holdups by bootleggers, hijackers, and whatnots on these suburban roads, and he the only one of the Ardens' guests who had to get back that night.

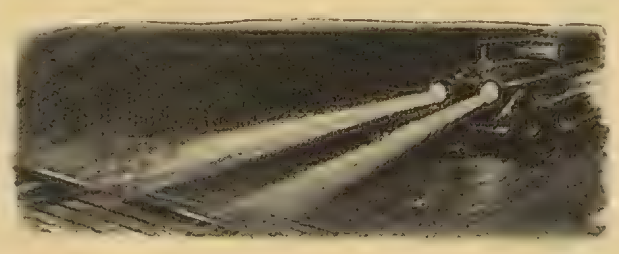
He was not nervous, but neither was he sorry when he finally reached the end of the long dark private road and turned into the main highway. A good concrete road into New York and no speed limit as far as he was concerned. But what a night to be out! That rain was colder than snow, the wind raw and stabbing. He shivered and turned up his coat collar, and wished to heaven that he were in his warm apartment.

It was then at a bus stop that he saw two forlorn women, bent low, bracing their umbrellas against the driving rain, their long skirts swishing sodden about their ankles.

Poor devils, he thought, to have to be out in this deluge. Probably servants waiting for the bus that's stalled back there. He wavered a moment, thinking of those wet clothes in his good car, then:

"A lift to town?" he asked, drawing up beside them and opening the door. They were in in a second, but as he reached back to close the door he saw the hand and foot of the second one getting in. His heart leaped to his throat. Those never belonged to a woman! And the deep "Thanks" of the other was never a woman's voice either.

Good God! He had two men aboard after all the warnings at dinner about tricky holdup games. His hair bristled and an icy shiver shot down his spine. Well, they were in now; he did not know what their game was, but he'd see that they got a run for his money.



HE slammed the door and stepped on the accelerator simultaneously. The car jerked to the other side of the road and the two in back were thrown with a thud on the seat. And then began one of the maddest rides Long Island has ever seen. In no time the speedometer touched forty, fifty, sixty—seventy—seventy-five. Just let them start anything with the car doing seventy-five on this wet road and we will all crack up together, he determined grimly. He crouched low over the wheel, his fingers gripping it, his eyes strained on the glistening road ahead. Fences, trees, telegraph poles slipped by in a gruesome race. The rain streamed down the windshield and intermittent gusts rocked the car, driving water in around the windows, and howled through the trees, snapping twigs and branches.

A wild tumultous night—outside. But inside the car—a menacing quiet, a tenseness almost tangible.

What were they doing back there? [illegible]ked to the mirror, but it gave back nothing—too dark. Since that first thud and gasp, when they had been thrown as he started, he had not heard a sound from the back seat.

His mind went back over some of the stories told at dinner. None of them covered a case like this, he was sure. There was the one about the nice-looking couple who pretended to be out of gas and turned out to be holdup artists free with their revolvers. And the one about the truck across the road, and that one about the man Charlie Marshal had picked up, who had promptly laid him out cold.

Now he had it! That was their game: to wait till they got where the road ran through the woods, beat him up, take the car and his money, and make a sure getaway. All right, that was their game; his would be to keep the car at eighty, if necessary, till they got to a town.

BUT suddenly above the clamor of the wind and the motor, he heard a sound that fairly congealed him—the warning clang of a grade crossing and the shrill whistle of a train. If he stopped, they had him. To beat the train meant suicide. They knew it, too, for they were moving on the back seat now. One of them said something—he didn't get it. Getting ready, were they? That settled it. He pushed the accelerator to the floor. The blurred headlights were nearer, the whistle shrieking at him. Now they were on the tracks, the train looming above, almost on them. And then they were over.

Perspiration stood out on his forehead and upper lip—he could feel and taste it. His tongue was as dry as parchment. What would Doctor Woodson say to this? he wondered, and grunted ironically. Only this morning the doctor had said: "You have got to relax, take things easy, or you are in for a bad nervous breakdown."

Simple enough to sit back in a comfortable chair in a safe office and talk about not getting "tense." But, at that, the doctor was right. He felt strange and his heart and head were pounding, but it would never do to let down a second. That had been a queer noise from the back seat as the car slid in front of the train.

The lights of a town at last. But the streets usually so crowded were utterly deserted. He felt faint, sick. He could never keep on to New York like this. And then, on the next corner, a policeman loomed up. His relief was almost nauseating. He turned the car toward the corner and slammed on the brakes.

"Officer!" he shouted and crumpled in a faint on the seat. . . .

A minute later the bell in police headquarters rang sharply and a worried voice came over the wire:

"Sarge, this is Cassidy. There's something big broke, but I can't dope it out. Just as I gets to the corner a big car comes through town like a bat out of hell, skids to a stop beside me, and someone yells out 'Officer!' I looks inside, and sarge, I don't get it. On the front seat is a fine-looking dude kind of a man in a dead faint and in the back— Well, sarge, I tell you it's queer. I would 'a' bet money them two wasn't the fainting kind, but there they was, both of them in a pass-out swoon."

"Them two who?" snapped the sergeant.

"Why them two big scullery mai[illegible]

THE END

Vox

What to Do About the Philippines

Akron, Ohio—Referring to your interesting editorial, "'Fanatics' in the Philippines," I wish to ask you whether the attempt was ever made to offer the Philippines to England against a proper compensation on our own continent.

England, with her possession of North Borneo and the important naval base of Singapore near by, seems to be in a much better position to colonize and defend the Philippines than we are.

She may be willing to acquire these islands and cede us a strip of land along the west coast connecting the state of Washington with Alaska.

We would get rid of a troublesome outpost populated by a foreign race without any loss of wealth or national prestige. We would be relieved from the danger of being involved in a war some day to hold this outpost, which certainly would cost us more than these 115,000 square miles will ever be worth.

This solution would also materially reduce our naval expenses, shorten our line of defense, and improve our relations to Japan.—*Wm. Fischer.*

Greensburg, Pa.—I had written you (but not mailed the letter) urging you to follow up your editorial of some months ago advising that we give up the Philippines, when, by the oddest coincidence, I read your editorial in the current issue of February 7. I am sending a copy of this editorial to an editor friend, asking that he republish it.

Our retention of these islands constitutes the greatest danger to which our country is now subject. Japan's seizure of those islands awaits only the moment when some weakness of ours offers her the desired opportunity. Then would follow a long and bloody war, fought six thousand miles away, in which we should lose myriads of young men and untold treasure.

Kipling correctly described the Philippines as,

> Your new-caught, sullen peoples
> Half devil and half child.

Keep up your good work till we are rid of them and you will thereby atone for such stories as "Corsair" and other crime-inciting matter.—*Reader.*

New York, N. Y.—Having spent some years in the Philippines, you have expressed my opinion exactly. By all means let them go—we do not need them, and would "save face," money, and lives if we got out right now, or sooner.—*Old Soldier.*

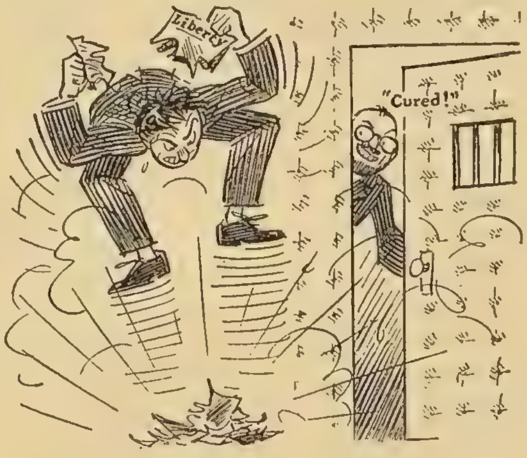
It Seems Simple

Providence, R. I.—If Liberty's editor were on his job it would be a daily for men only. Then every lady in the U. S. [illegible]*k.*

These Cracks Get Subtler and Subtler, and Sardonicer and Sardonicer

Naples, Fla.—While visiting an insane hospital recently I was surprised to see a unique method used to determine the hopeless.

A copy of Liberty was left in the rooms of those undergoing the test.



Fifteen minutes later the nerve specialist passed around. If the patient still had his copy intact he was immediately put in the incurable ward.—*From one who was looking his copy over and escaped.*

Mr. Powell and Some Thoughts on War

Grand Rapids, Mich.—It is a pity that such an insane article like E. A. Powell's "Is Another War Coming Soon?" was allowed to appear in Liberty for January 31, 1931.

Writers attempting to tell honestly European conditions, in articles of 14 minutes and 5 seconds, are insane journalists, or petty alarmists.

There are some important things that appeared in the article which seemed like deliberate attempts to misrepresent, which I protest to be more or less untrue. For example, such a statement as that the Pole is stiff-necked, stubborn, and heady. The contrary is true, if we know the Slav.—*Edward Alan Symans.*

Davenport, Ia.—Instead of having a circulation of 2,500,000 you will soon have 5,000,000 if you keep on bringing out contributions such as "Is Another War Coming Soon?" by E. Alexander Powell.

As a constant reader of Liberty, ever since its first issue, I have not seen a better article than the one referred to above. Without doubt it gives the clearest conception of the real condition of Europe at the present time.—*Robert Rehfuss.*

Sawtelle, Calif.—It is true—or is it not true?—that every generation of men has to have its war.

It is argued that, first, the country ready to make war is the best country on earth—its people the only ones worthy to survive the struggle—and, second, that the rising generation has oversupplied the labor market: there are too many men out of jobs, therefore have a war because it makes work for us all.

But, dammit, why the Henry do we have to be such fools as to go to war and kill people in order to make work for all? Why not have a mock war? Why not, on a large, large scale, have the youth of the west of America meet the picked youth of the east of America in the Rocky Mountains somewhere?

Have them entrench — especially along a line where an irrigation ditch would be subsequently useful. Feed them. Supply them with ammunition—chiefly the cubical kind with precise white dots on them, but also golf, tennis, lacrosse, football, and parchesi paraphernalia, and let them play it out on that line if it takes all summer.

Every so often have a good ten-ton truckload of soupy mud dumped into the trenches, as if a shell had exploded behind the lines, and make it a point of honor for the men to lie in this muck from dawn to dusk without complaining. The side winning the day's battle would be that one whose tally showed the fewest complaints.

We need a campaign to bust the complacent idleness out of peace.—*C. B. Loomis.*

Here's the Paragraph, Anyway

Joliet, Ill.—I was first mate on Noah's ark; I was with Columbus on his trip to the western world; I helped George Washington cross the Delaware; I helped Lincoln make up some of his best stories; I gave the Empress of China the idea for the Boxer Rebellion and helped box it; I helped Gridley fire the first shot at Manila, and was the fellow that chased the ex-Kaiser all the way to Doorn, Holland.

What's the reason for all this? Well, I—that is—well, I'm sending in a short short story and am positive you'll buy it, since you can use the above for your little biographical paragraph about me. —"*Angelic.*"

Two Martins; Two Bombers

Cleveland, Ohio—In your issue of January 3, in an article entitled "Where Are the Early Birds?" credit was given to Mr. James V. Martin for the design of the Martin Bomber.

The Martin Bomber used by the army and designed in 1918 was the work of Mr. Glenn L. Martin, whose company, the Glenn L. Martin Company, was then located at Cleveland, Ohio.

It is true that Mr. James V. Martin constructed, once, an experimental bomber which was never flown.—*B. F. Castle.*

Pop

Heh, heh

NELSON, B. C., CAN.—NEWS REPORT: Man-eating sharks invade bathing resort in Australia. Bathers make for beach and safety, save one lone man who continues to swim around in spite of the presence of sharks. Sharks depart.

Swimmer comes to shore, dons bathrobe, and proceeds up the beach. News reporters rush up to him, eager for story. Swimmer doffs robe, displays bathing suit made from the Stars and Stripes, also card on his back reading: "We Won the War." Comments: "Even the sharks won't swallow that." —*L. F. A. J.*

All Right; All Right—But How Do You Click with a Bang?

SPOKANE, WASH.—At last you click with a bang. I've read Paul Annixter's "Deer-Slayer," twice and am hurrying to finish this letter so I can read it again. I am going to read it every week, until you print another one just like it, so if I land in the nut house it will be your fault.

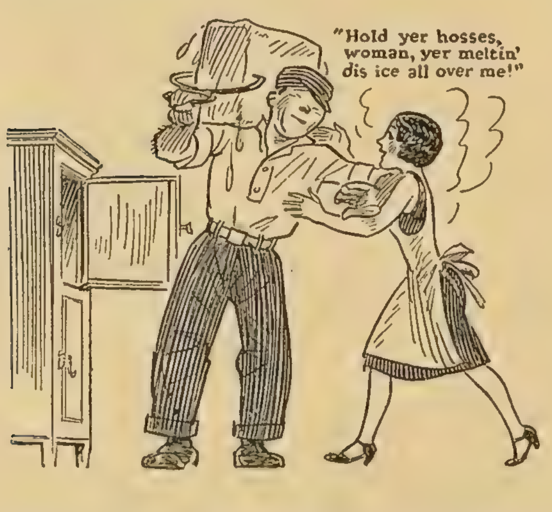
With less comedy allow me to say that Paul Annixter writes real; as though you did not know it.

He makes you feel nature. He makes you feel like an animal exalted. He thrills you.

And, by the way, Paul Bransom, who illustrated the tale, is no slouch. Applause . . . More . . . More!—*R. S. Rumsey.*

But It's Nice for the Iceman

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I read Mary Hastings Bradley's short short story, "Dilemma." Why do women writers treat so casually the infidelities of wives? Is it the expression of a universal secret attitude of women?


"Hold yer hosses, woman, yer meltin' dis ice all over me!"

No wonder icemen and plumbers are so cynical about women! Poor, doltish husbands—they learn so slowly. Perhaps the Russian Soviets have found the right system, after all.—*J. E. N.*

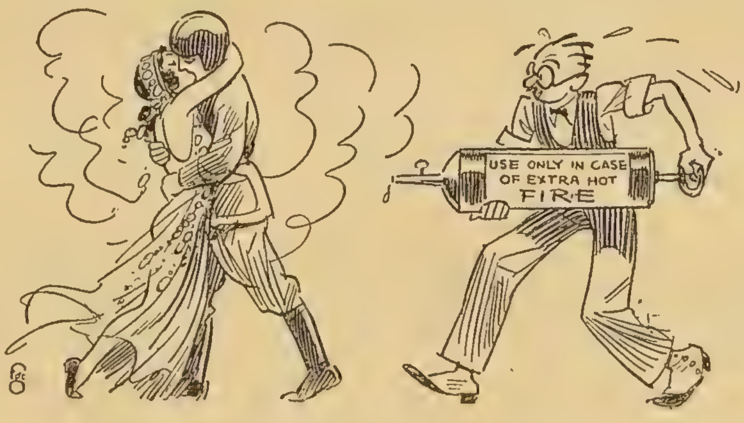
This Isn't So Good

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Liberty is like a cold. You don't want it, but you get it just the same.—*Howard Carberry.*

Maybe You'd Better Just Sit

LEXINGTON, N. Y.—Sometimes I sit and think, and sometimes I just sit. This morning I did both, and this is the thought that emerged:

Better be careful with your manuscripts! If Elliott White Springs' heroes and Robert W. Chambers' heroines ever get together you will have a fire in your office.—*B. C.*


USE ONLY IN CASE OF EXTRA HOT FIRE

That Schneider Cup Matter

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Three cheers for Liberty, the only magazine with up-to-date articles such as that by Al Williams' "Uncle Sam, Aërial Slowpoke." There is no man in the U. S. that could better write such an article.

It seems queer that here in America we should crack jokes about Scotchmen, while at the same time we are too tight to give up the price of three or four dozen cars to build a plane capable of bringing home the Schneider Cup.—*Alden R. Grimes.*

PEORIA, ILL.—Just how much profit do you expect to get out of the "next war"?

Recently you advocated a bigger and better navy, then you boasted of our "offensive wars," and now you say you will donate $5,000 to Aviator Al Williams—provided he can raise the rest of the money he needs for his project—because the government will not encourage the development of high-speed combat planes.

Did you ever hear of Brotherly Love? —*R. E. Green.*

NORFOLK, VA.—I just finished reading "Uncle Sam, Aërial Slowpoke," by Al Williams. That was a great story and if the millionaires don't peel off the bank notes after reading it they never will.

That story has gotten me so het up with ambition I could win the trophy in a glider.—*E. H. Pritchard.*

And Don't You Like Jitters?

DETROIT, MICH. — This guy Leslie Thrasher — for the land's sake, how much longer?

His stuff gives me the jitters.— *Maurice W. Murphy.*

By and For Mr. Chambers

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I find that the names of T. W. Sherman and William T. Sherman were confused in Part Five of "Silver Knees." I had meant to write about an officer named T. W. Sherman, who served with Taylor in Mexico and who, in an old letter, uses the "war is hell" expression which later was used by William Tecumseh Sherman.

The latter, as you know, served elsewhere.

The mistake was not Liberty's, but I hope you will be good enough to find room for a note of explanation.—*Robert W. Chambers.*

BERKELEY, CALIF. — After the high-pressure, machine-made gangster and sex stories, Robert W. Chambers' "Silver Knees" comes like a breath of spring. The charm and rhythm of this story is enhanced by the fact that Mr. Chambers is one of the few living writers who really understands war and soldiers.

To me the worst feature of the last war was the hopeless incompetence of war correspondents and novelists. As a suggestion, why not persuade Colonel Powell to postpone the next war for a while, then get Mr. Chambers to catch a few good young writers before they are ruined by the copy desk?

Let him train them to distinguish between civilians and soldiers and to write plainly and sensibly about war.—*R. D. Davies.*

Political Note

EAST ORANGE, N. J.—Ralph Barton's cartoon of Al Smith in your January 31 issue was despicable.

When President Hoover says "deef," Barton is "deef," but when Smith says "raddio," Barton hears very well.

However, when Al Smith says it, you know where he stands, and, next day, no "close friend" will say he really meant phonograph.—*D. Waldron.*

A Few Words in Behalf of Miss Cameron

KANSAS CITY, MO.—A Vox Popping gentleman from Green Bay, Wis., for some reason or other, seems to prefer Mae Tinee to Kate Cameron as a movie critic. May I say a few words in behalf of Kate Cameron?

I have had the pleasure of reading every review she has written for Liberty, and in no single instance have I found her criticisms to be unfair or out of line in any way. In fact, if the readers of Liberty would be guided by her "stars" in the selection of a good moving picture, they would never go wrong. —*M. M. Maloney.*

USED TO HAVE PIMPLES.. IT'S DIFFERENT NOW

thanks to **DR. EDWARDS**

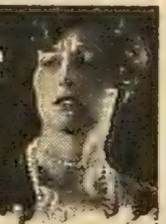
If you want that perfect, sea-shell complexion, so irresistibly lovely, you should try Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. An efficient substitute for calomel, mild in action, yet effective, these tablets have quickly and safely helped thousands to banish unsightly blemishes and pimples. The flush of health is restored to cheeks.

So mild yet so effective

Only a physician knows how the entire system depends upon the proper action and elimination of the intestinal tract. By the elimination of the poisonous bacteria from the intestines we keep them from going into the liver, kidneys, skin and other organs. By keeping the secretions going and eliminating the poisons from the system, we keep a clear mind, a clear skin and a bright eye.

If you are bothered with dread constipation, pimples, colorless skin; if you feel old and terribly low, take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets for a few nights. All druggists, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. Buy the large size to have them handy, always. Know them by their olive color.

RAISE CHINCHILLA
AND NEW ZEALAND WHITE
FUR RABBITS
Make Big Money—We Supply Stock AND CONTRACT FOR ALL YOU RAISE
Paying up to $6.50 each. Large illustrated book, catalog and contract, also copy of Fur Farming Magazine, all for 10 cents. STAHL'S OUTDOOR ENTERPRISE CO., Box 129A Holmes Park, Mo.



Sinus Trouble *is* CATARRH

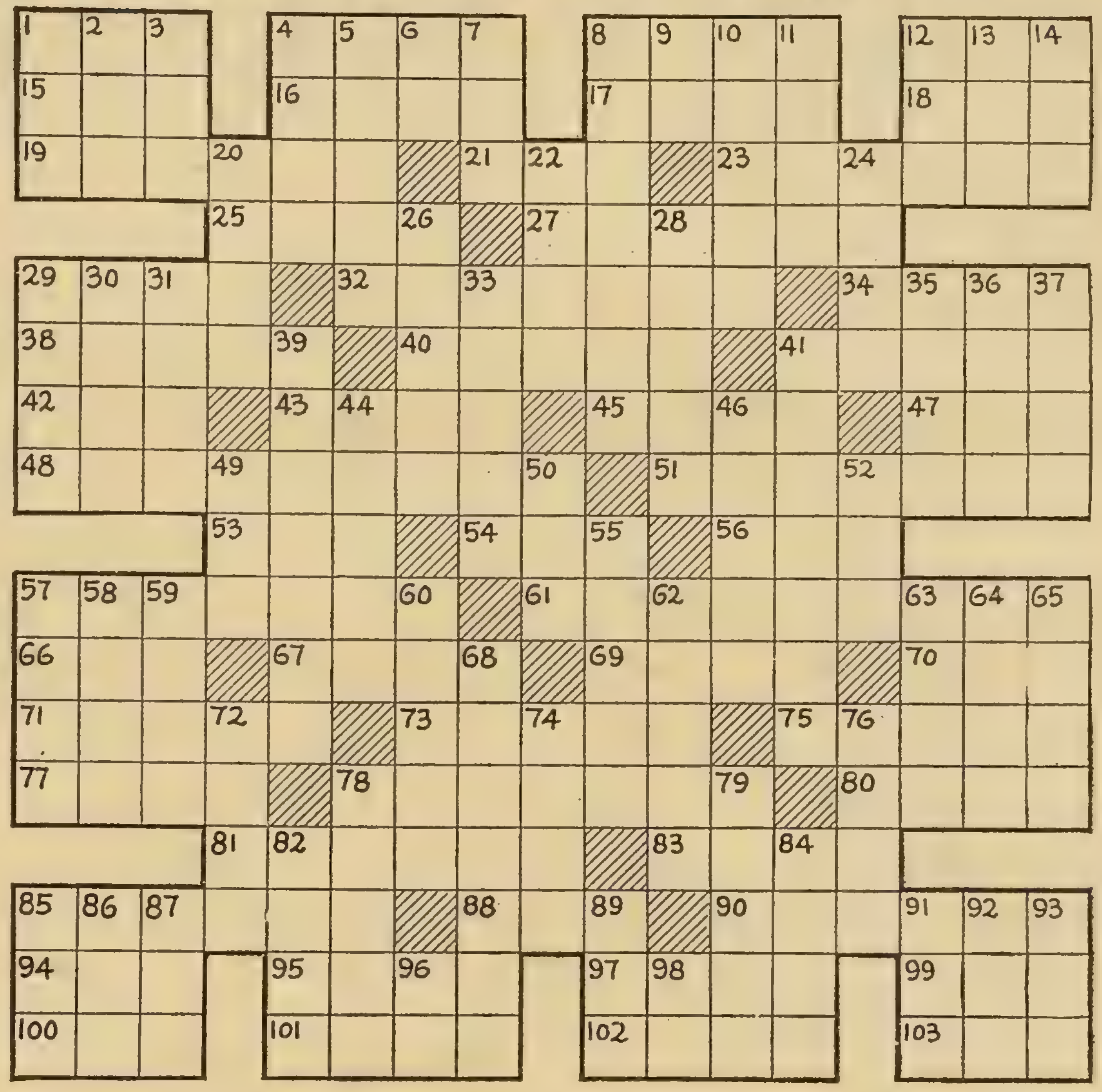
When infection gets into the little pockets (sinuses) that connect with the nose, they cannot drain properly. A "stuffed up" head, distressing fullness, often with splitting headaches, are the result. Hall's Catarrh Medicine, because it acts through the blood, reaches the sinuses as no wash, spray or ointment can. Drives out poisons and swelling, and restores the tissues to healthy tone. Get Hall's today!

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE

Combined Treatment at your Druggist's. If he hasn't it, enclose 85c to F. J. Cheney & Co., Dept. 223, Toledo, Ohio

Write for "7 Things You Should Know"—Free

Liberty's Twin



HORIZONTAL

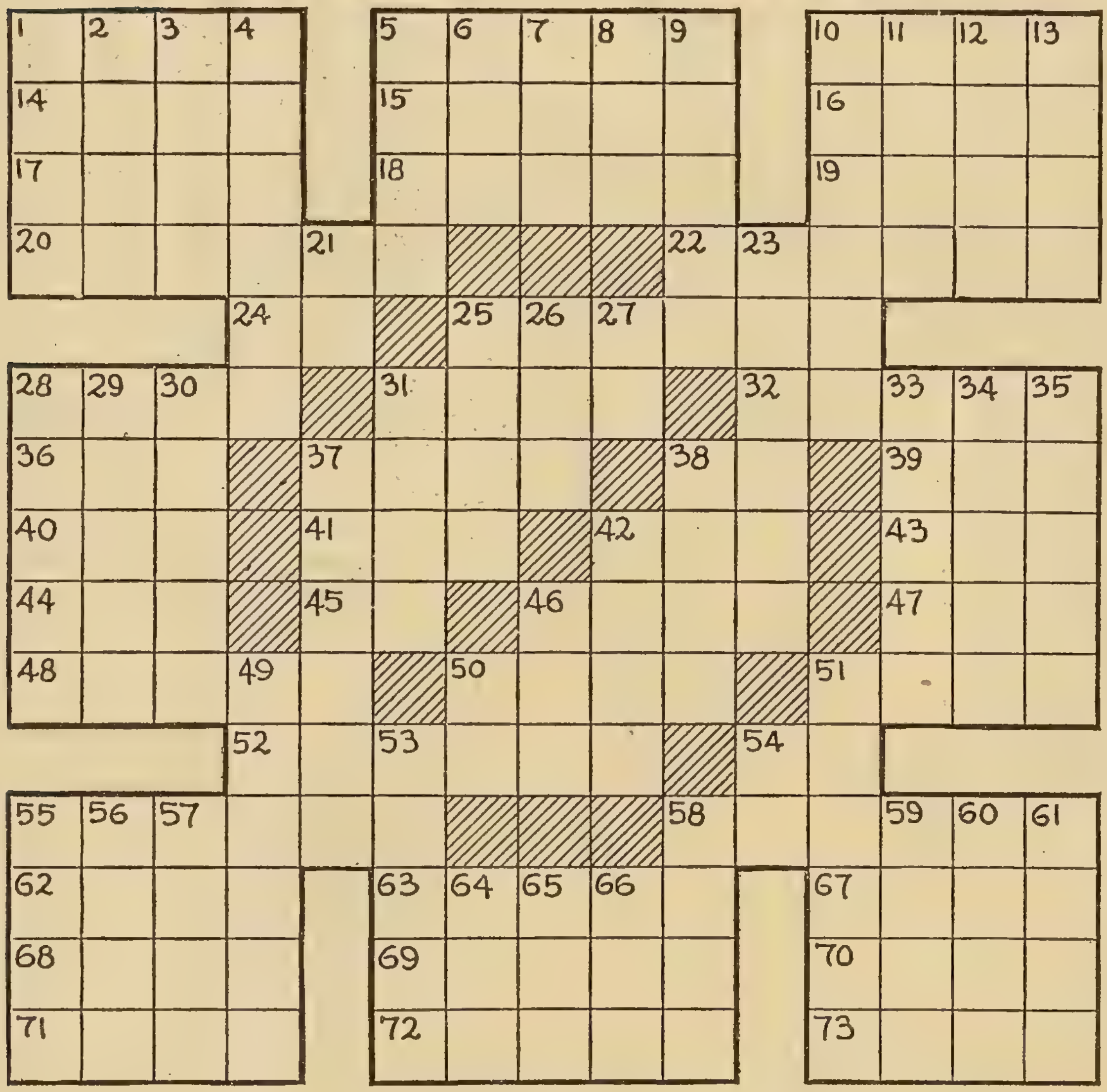
1 Dude
4 Slightly opened
8 Attire
12 Corroded
15 Character in Spenser's Faërie Queene
16 A fruit
17 Song
18 River in Switzerland
19 To sell in small quantities
21 Constant associate
23 Malicious intention
25 Egyptian god
27 Makes use of vulgar abuse
29 Exclamation
32 A stately or showy parade
34 Yearn; crave
38 Recess in the shore (plural)
40 Slope
41 Danger
42 Self
43 Part of the head
45 Rend
47 A wing
48 Feeling; sensibility
51 Stopped undesiredly
53 Period
54 A pouch
56 A bond
57 Reiterates
61 Lines of bold cliffs
66 Form of to be
67 Linen scrapings
69 A division of mankind
70 Eggs
71 External covering, as skin or bark (pl.)
73 A wind instrument
75 Prevent from action
77 Combining form meaning within
78 Made
80 Sell
81 Door or gate
83 Prevent waste
85 Genus (plural)
88 Moisture condensed on a cool body
90 Most unusual
94 Woman's name
95 Bad
97 A son of Adam
99 An exclamation
100 A stomach; the craw of a bird
101 Withered; dried up
102 Went horseback
103 A cereal grass

VERTICAL

1 Peltry
2 A pronoun
3 Stroke lightly
4 Entrance or passage
5 A purgative medicine
6 By
7 Corded fabric
8 Noble in bearing or spirit
9 Measure of area
10 Smiling; gay
11 To shut noisily or violently
12 An old Dutch liquid measure
13 Greek letter
14 The bitter vetch
20 Part of a church
22 At sea
24 Island
26 Speed; dispatch
28 Poker stakes
29 Playing cards
30 Theater box
31 River in England
33 Narrow valleys
35 Verbal
36 River in Africa
37 Merry; joyous
39 Coils
41 Lauded; extolled
44 A family of famous violin makers
46 Garret
49 Mound
50 Strike lightly
52 A meadow
55 Measure of weight
57 Unusual
58 Ireland
59 Hang as if balanced
60 Force air violently through the nose
62 Country roads
63 Love to excess
64 Level
65 Kind of carnelian
68 Foot lever
72 Narcotic drugs
74 Strong wind
76 Always
78 Desire strongly
79 Defied
82 Crude metal (plural)
84 Valley
85 Something prized for great beauty
86 Feminine personal name
87 Fresh
89 Conflict
91 Attention
92 A pronoun
93 Street urchin
96 An assimilated form of in-
98 Exclamation

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-eight

Puzzle Pages



HORIZONTAL

1 An island of the Philippine group
5 Of or pertaining to the blood
10 Scrapes or beats with the forefoot
14 Overcomes with reverential fear
15 To range in a row or line
16 Wings or winglike processes
17 Bristlelike organ
18 Convenient for reference or use
19 Pigeon
20 An ornamented toga (Roman antiquity)
22 Large deep vessel to hold soup
24 A note of the diatonic scale
25 Strict in judgment or discipline
28 A kind of cheese
31 Thrust or prod with something pointed
32 A tree (plural)
36 Gaelic god of the sea
37 Disabled in the leg or foot
38 One indefinitely of a number
39 Poem
40 A letter of the Greek alphabet
41 Malt liquor
42 A bird of the cuckoo family
43 Cardinal number
44 Perform
45 Pronoun
46 Political group
47 Being, in the most abstract sense
48 Demonstrative word
50 Suffix denoting the addition of ten
51 Otherwise
52 Inborn
54 Spanish definite article
55 Virtuous; continent
58 Make
62 A suggestion
63 Of greater latitude
67 Crop of a bird
68 Language of the Scotch Highlanders
69 Irregular
70 Prong
71 Bear on the person
72 Regenerate
73 Droops

VERTICAL

1 Hurl
2 A pitcher
3 A letter of the Greek alphabet
4 Fit to be used
5 A fence, wall, or ditch not visible at a distance
6 A note of the original music scale
7 A god of procreation (Egyptian mythology)
8 In addition
9 An island of the Philippine group
10 Christian priests or monks
11 African liliaceous plant
12 Swing, sway, or brandish
13 Comprehended
21 Deity in Assyro-Babylonian mythology
23 Pertaining to the heavens
25 Indefinite quantity or number
26 Piece out to a bare sufficiency
27 One of Odin's brothers (Norse mythology)
28 Cry of a goat or calf
29 To strain, as in vomiting
30 Angry
31 Lacking color
33 Hostelry
34 State of bliss (plural)
35 Perception through the intellect
37 To mourn greatly
38 Soon; in a little while
42 On the sheltered side
46 Wager
49 Female relative
50 An element (symbol)
51 Chooses
53 Fresher
54 Adjective suffix
55 Masticate
56 To rent
57 A loop (anatomy)
58 Ship's company
59 A song
60 Specific flavor
61 Sheep
64 Ill temper
65 Put on
66 Compass point

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-eight

Low Price Rugs
—Made from Your Old Materials

NEVER before have such luxurious, modern rugs been made from the valuable wools in old rugs, carpets, clothing. Now, by the Olson Patented Process, we produce popular plain and two-toned color effects, rich Oriental designs, Hooked patterns and dainty Ovals—all woven *reversible*, with the same deep, soft nap on both sides to give double wear. Any size, any color—in a week. Your old materials—

SAVE
½
Our 57th Year

Write for FREE BOOK
—shows Model Rooms, 52 rugs in colors; tells how we pay transportation from all States; quotes lowest prices in years; gives TRIAL OFFER; and Guarantee of Satisfaction or money back; lists display rooms in many cities. Use the coupon or a post card *today*.

Mail to
OLSON RUG CO.
32 Laflin St., Chicago, Ill., Dept. W-46
Send FREE *Money Saving* Rug Book in colors to—
Name
Address

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

GIVE THAT GAS
JUST TWO MINUTES!

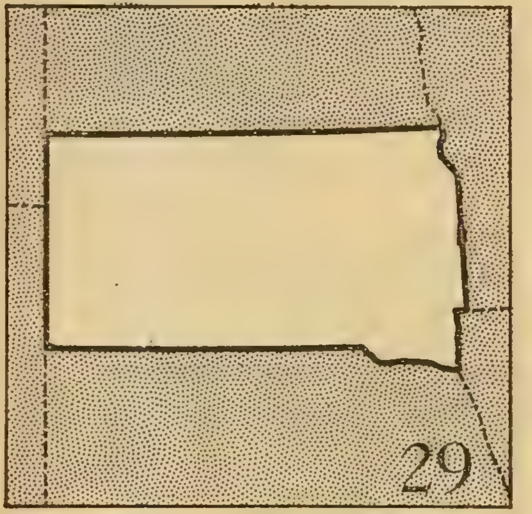
How old is your stomach? Do grumblings and rumblings and belches after hearty meals tell its age? Then take one or two Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, a modern anti-acid, after meals and end such distress—every pang of indigestion in just two minutes.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets—just the right compound of Calcium Carbonate (2½ times as effective as soda) and other soothing substances, provide swift and certain relief from sour stomach and attendant ills. Nothing equals them, and they are safe and harmless to use.

STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS
AT ALL DRUG STORES: 25c and 60c
The Quickest Relief for Gastric disorder

FULL BOX FREE
A regular 25c box, pocket size—ample to try thoroughly the benefits of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets—will be sent you free, if you will mail this coupon to Stuart Co., Dept. 10-E, Marshall, Mich.
Name
Address
Town

Liberty's Patriotic


29

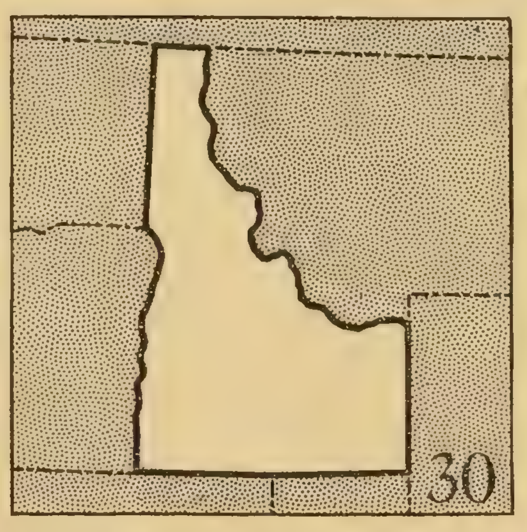
This state is part of an area which was a territory until 1889. Its northern boundary is a state which takes its name from an Indian word meaning "alliance of friends."

Name of State..............................

Bounded by..............................

....

.... SET NO. 8


30

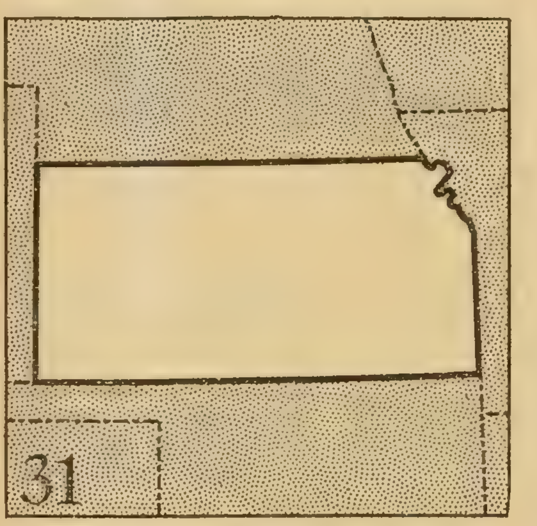
Part of a great national reservation lies within this state, one of whose eastern neighbors is a state which is important for its production of copper.

Name of State..............................

Bounded by..............................

....

.... SET NO. 8


31

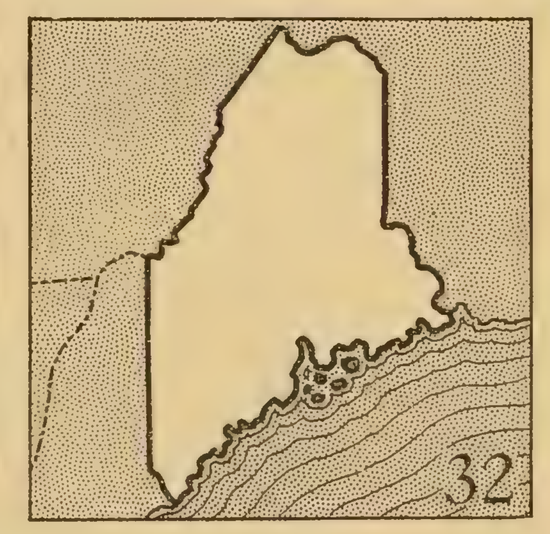
This is a great wheat-growing state. It is bounded on the north by a state whose largest city is one of the country's most important railroad centers.

Name of State..............................

Bounded by..............................

....

.... SET NO. 8


32

Nearly 2,500 lakes and twice as many rivers and streams are within this, one of the northernmost states in the Union. One of its boundaries is an ocean.

Name of State..............................

Bounded by..............................

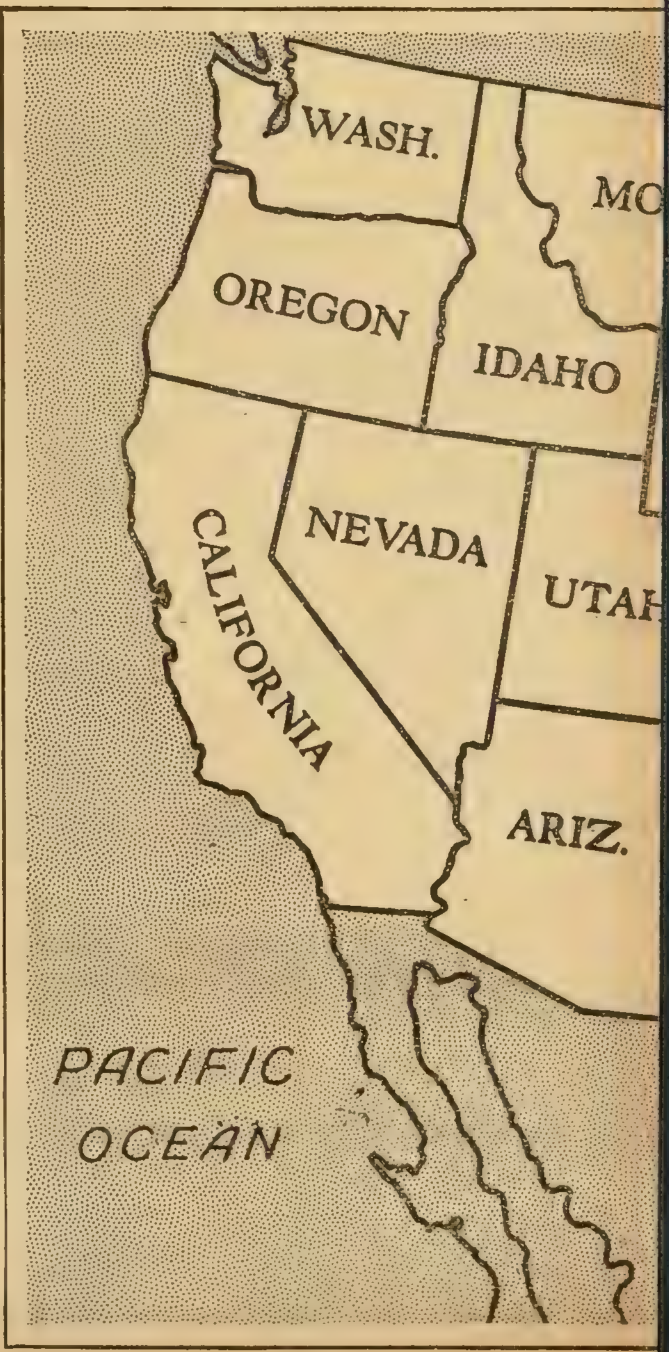
....

.... SET NO. 8

$25,000 IN CASH PRIZES

divided as follows:

First prize	$5,000
Second prize	1,000
Third prize	500
Fourth prize	250
Fifth prize	200
Next 180 prizes, $25 each	4,500
Next 1,355 prizes, $10 each	13,550
TOTAL (1,540 prizes)	$25,000



HERE is the eighth set of maps you need to play Liberty's Patriotic Game of States. Others will appear in the next four issues of Liberty. When you have twelve sets you'll be ready to try for your share of $25,000! This is a game that teaches you things about the United States—and, best of all, it's a lot of fun. Everybody can play it.

Read the rules carefully, and follow them. A map of the United States is printed herewith, to help you. Remember that you are not to send anything in until you have twelve sets of maps—forty-eight maps in all. And please note that we cannot supply back numbers to contestants in the Game of States. Save the maps, or copy or trace them, NOW!

GAME of STATES

The Rules

1—Every week for twelve consecutive weeks Liberty will print four outline maps of four different states of the United States: a total of 48 maps—one for each of the 48 states.

2—You are invited to cut out these maps (or, if you prefer, make copies or tracings of them) and write in the state's name and the states, waters, or countries that bound it. You may use the blanks or write on the maps themselves and around them, as you like.

3—When you have done this with all the maps, write an essay of not more than fifty words telling which is your favorite state, and why.

4—Liberty will pay $25,000 in cash prizes to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and neatest sets of state maps, together with the best essays, in accordance with these rules.

5—This contest is open to everybody except employees of Liberty and their families.

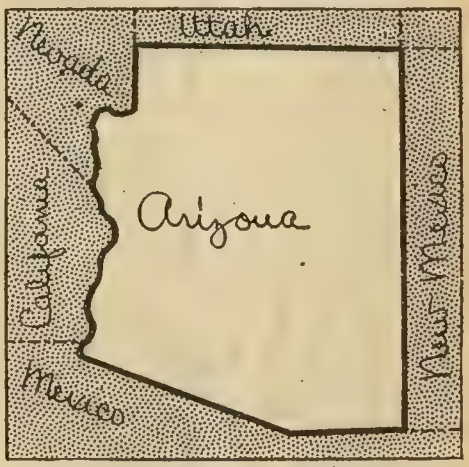
6—Maps are to be submitted only in complete sets. Hold all maps until you have 48 of them. Then send them, with your essay, to STATES, Post Office Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All entries must be in by midnight, 21 days after the final set is published.

7—Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid, to the post office box address as specified. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Registered mail will not be received. Contestants may send in as many sets of maps and as many essays as they wish, but no contestant will be entitled to more than one prize.

8—You need not purchase Liberty to compete. You may copy or trace the maps from the originals and use the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

9—The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty. Their decision will be final. Both accuracy and neatness will count in the award of the prizes. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. *We cannot undertake to return any entries, or enter into correspondence concerning them.*

EXAMPLE

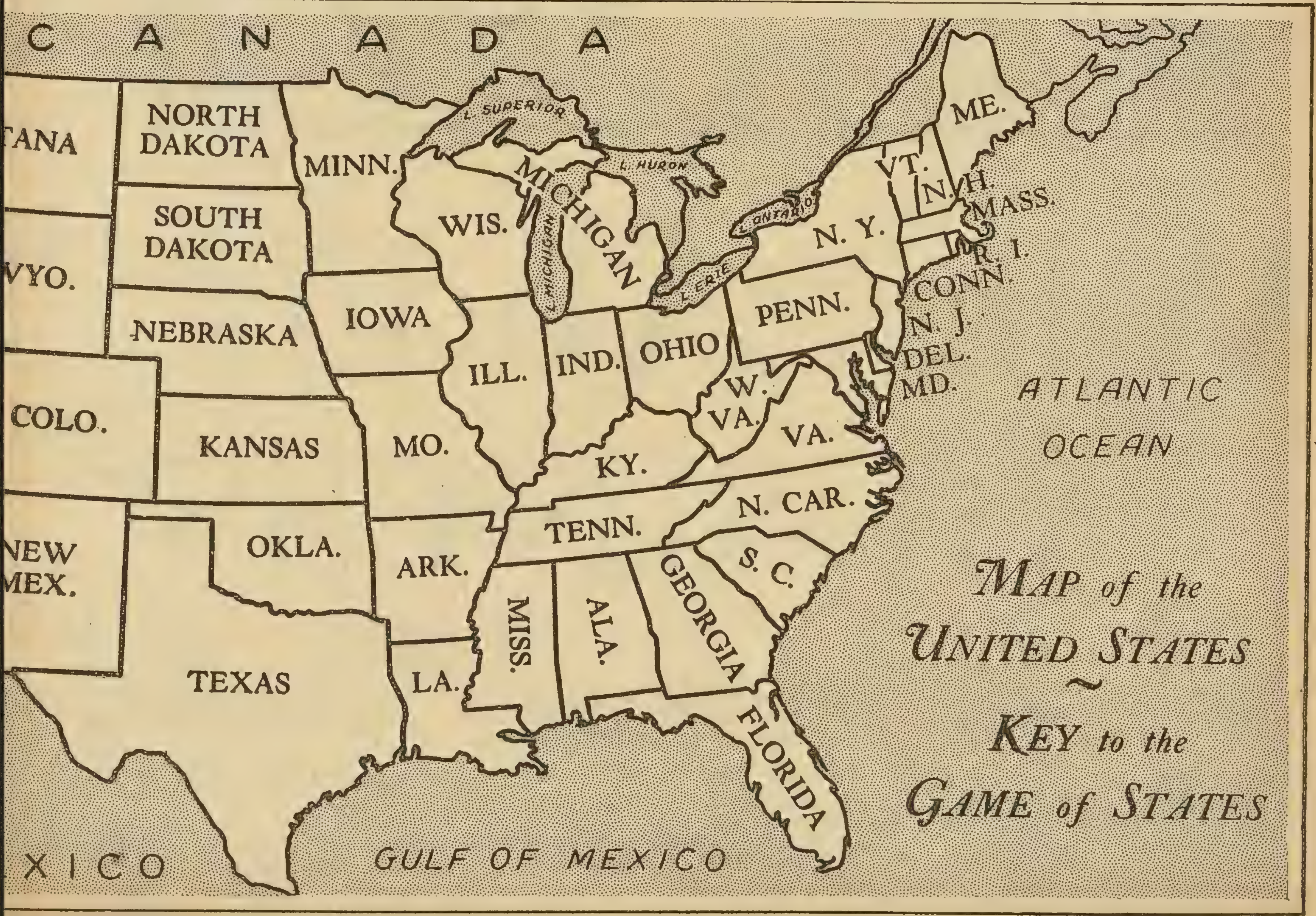

Utah
Nevada
Arizona
California
New Mexico
Mexico

You may write on the maps, as above, or fill in the blanks below, like this:

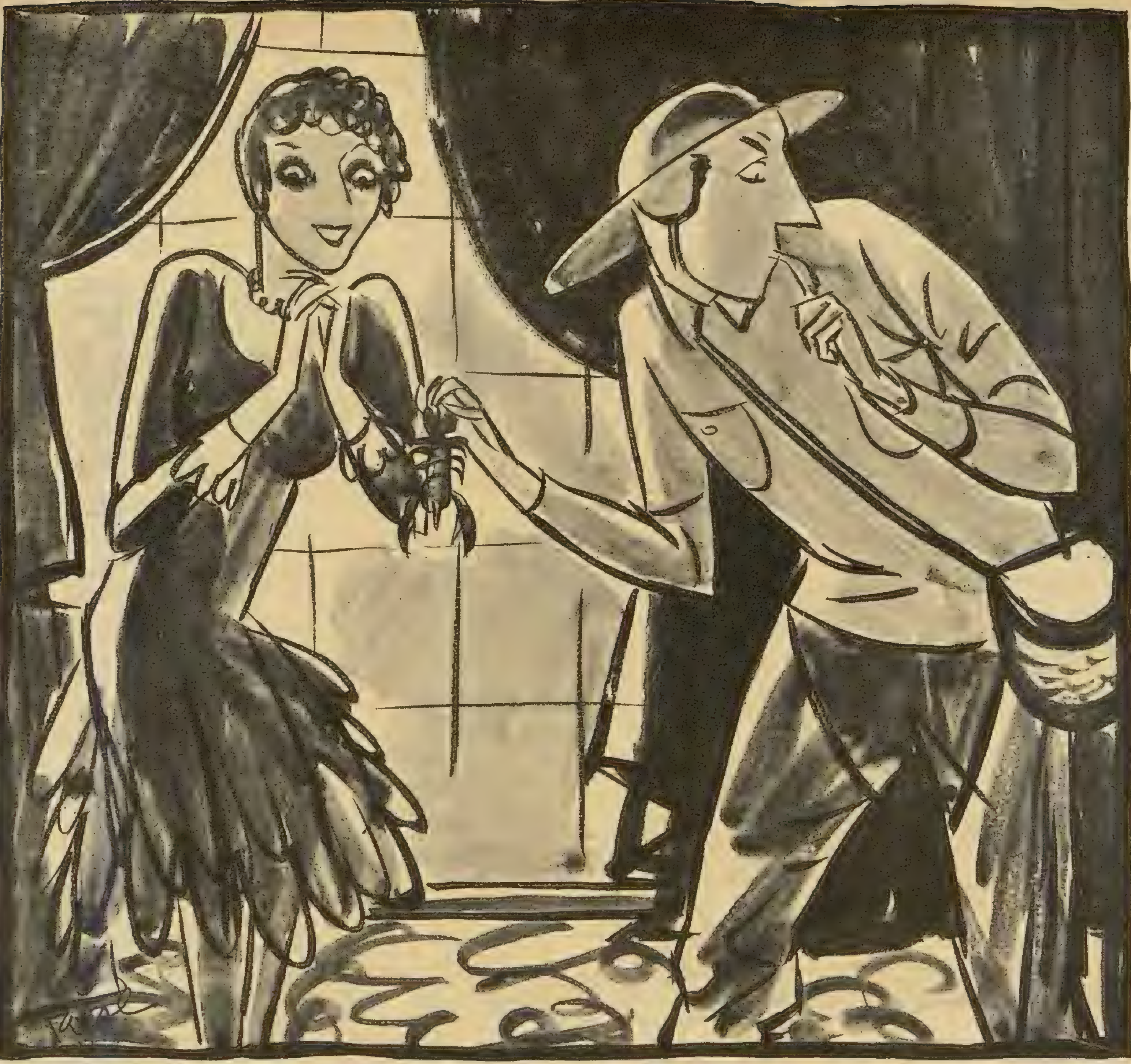
Name of State *Arizona.*

Bounded by *Utah, New Mexico, Mexico, California, and Nevada.*

NOTE—To avoid confusion, *don't give rivers as boundaries.* Give states, countries, or such waters as the Great Lakes, the oceans, and the Gulf of Mexico. Thus, in the example above, include California and Nevada among your boundaries rather than the Colorado River.


CANADA
TANA
NORTH DAKOTA
MINN.
SOUTH DAKOTA
WYO.
NEBRASKA
IOWA
WIS.
L. SUPERIOR
MICHIGAN
L. MICHIGAN
L. HURON
L. ONTARIO
L. ERIE
ME.
VT.
N. H.
MASS.
N. Y.
R. I.
CONN.
PENN.
N. J.
DEL.
MD.
ILL.
IND.
OHIO
W. VA.
VA.
COLO.
KANSAS
MO.
KY.
N. CAR.
TENN.
S. C.
NEW MEX.
OKLA.
ARK.
MISS.
ALA.
GEORGIA
TEXAS
LA.
FLORIDA
ATLANTIC OCEAN
XICO
GULF OF MEXICO

MAP of the UNITED STATES
~
KEY to the GAME of STATES



It is often a great temptation to cheat just a teeny-weeny bit and take them home.

What About Business?

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by HERBERT F. ROESE

(Reading time: 7 min. 5 sec.)

I HAVE been asked (by a couple of small boys and a wire-haired fox terrier) to summarize briefly my views on the Business and Financial Outlook for 1931. I would have done this long ago, together with the other financial and business experts, but I wanted first to wait and see if there really was going to *be* a 1931 or not.

Just because a year has started off with a January and February is no sign that it is going to continue on indefinitely through the rest of the months.

But, as it looks now, we are in for a year which will be known as 1931. Just what else it will be known as remains to be seen, but I have got a good name all worked up for it if it turns out to be like 1930. However, I am not here to talk dirty. I am here to outline the economic forces and currents which have contributed to the present business and financial situation and to predict their course during the year which is now well on its way. In doing this I will stick

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE SIXTY-SEVEN]

1931
MARCH
1931

MARCH HAS NO MERCY ON YOUR THROAT!

GLYCO THYMOLINE
GLYCO THYMOLINE

March is the death-gasp of winter. Its fierce, furious winds...its chilling onslaught of snow, sleet and rain...its sudden, treacherous changes of temperature spare no throat, especially those weakened by a winter's siege of coughs and colds. This is the peak of sore throat weather...guard your throat ...gargle with GLYCO-Thymoline daily.

GLYCO-Thymoline is *different* because it is *alkaline*. Used and prescribed by physicians for over thirty years, GLYCO-Thymoline soothes and calms raw, sore throats...gently, yet effectively. Unlike harsh solutions that sting and shrink, a "GLYCO-gargle" does not punish the tender tissues of your throat. Being *alkaline*, it neutralizes harmful acids, loosens clinging mucus. It relieves hoarseness...helps restore a normal speaking voice.

Keep a family size bottle of "GLYCO-Thymoline" handy in the bathroom. Used, too, as a mouthwash it counteracts acid mouth, cleanses and deodorizes. Just ask your nearest druggist for "GLYCO."

Kress & Owen Company, New York

GLYCO-
THYMOLINE

(Trade Mark)

FOR THE THROAT · MOUTH · NOSE

This Coupon Brings a Sample Bottle

L-3-7-31

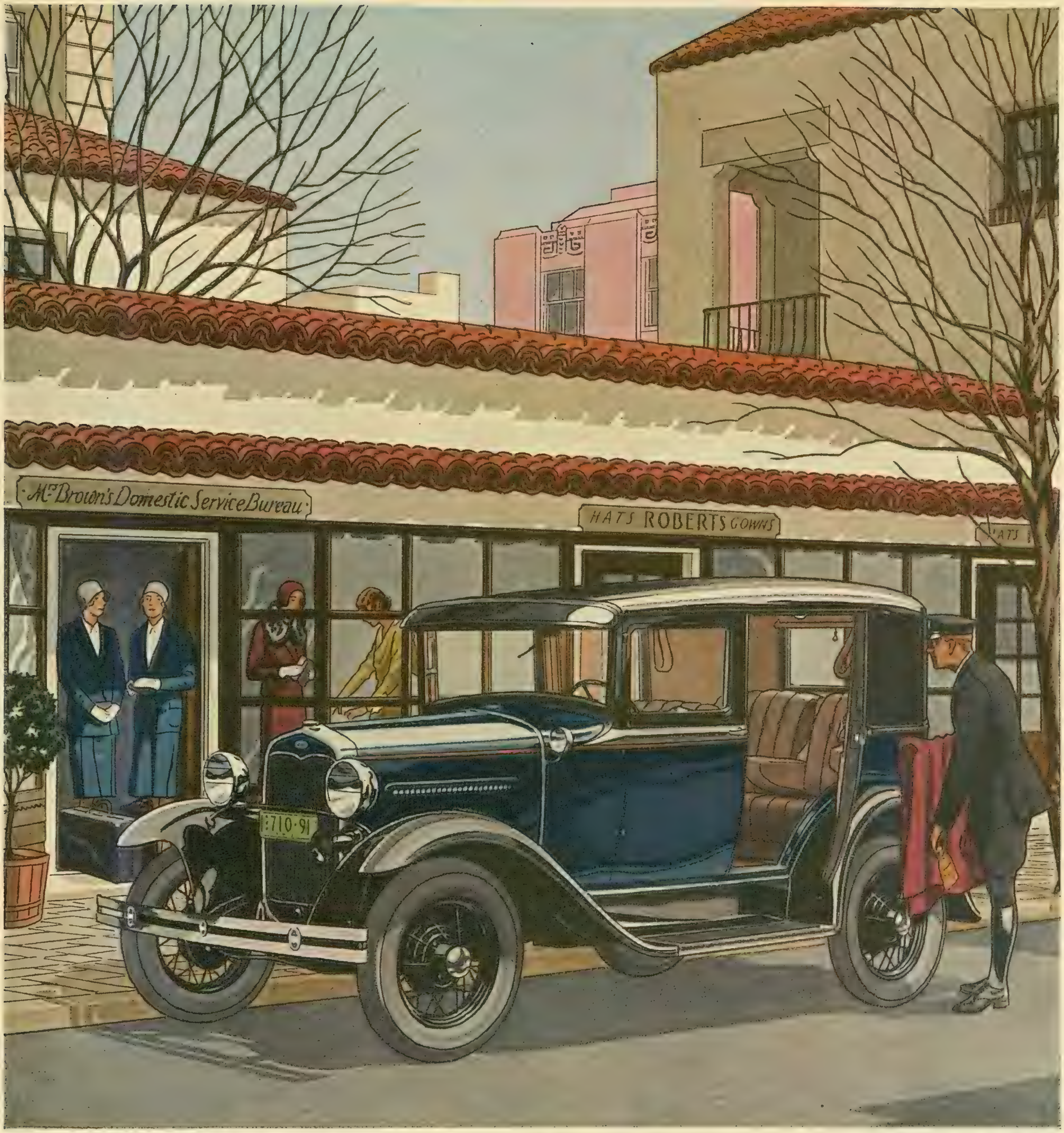
KRESS & OWEN CO., 361 Pearl Street, New York City

Gentlemen: Send me a generous sample of GLYCO-Thymoline. Enclosed find 4¢ to cover postage.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

CITY .... STATE ....


Mr Brown's Domestic Service Bureau
HATS ROBERTS GOWNS
HATS
710-91

New Ford De Luxe Sedan

The Beauty of Fine Upholstery

The beauty of fine upholstery gives charm and distinction to the interior of the new Ford De Luxe Sedan.

In this car, as in the Town Sedan and De Luxe Coupe, you may choose either a rich tan Bedford cord, or brown mohair. The Bedford cord has an all-worsted face and heavy woolen yarns under each cord. The soft, luxurious mohair will not crush easily and is long-wearing because it is faced with genuine Angora mohair and fine wool worsted. In both types of upholstery, utility and beauty have been combined in unusual degree.

Great care is taken to maintain the quality of the fabrics used for the Ford cars. Laboratory tests for weight, the character of the cloth and the grade of the yarns are constantly being made. There are also daily tests of the dyes, the count in the warp and woof, the percentage of wool, the thickness of the mohair pile, and rubbing tests equivalent to years of actual wear.

In every detail of trim and finish, as in mechanical performance, you will note the substantial worth that has been built into the Ford car. It has been made to endure.

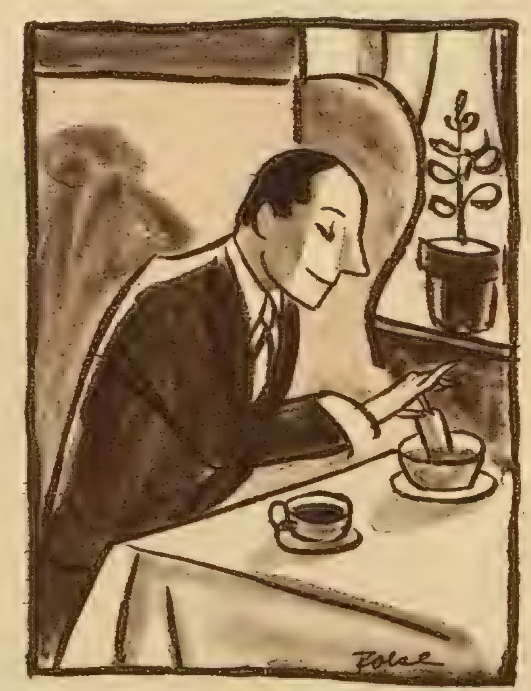
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-FOUR]

pretty closely to the formula followed by the 2,300,000 experts who have already preceded me in this prognostication. I haven't read them all, but I got a fairly close idea of what they were driving at.

As I understand it (which is just about *that* much—or perhaps even *that* much), there are several causes which are responsible for the depression of 1930 and which I will list in the order of their legibility on my note pad:

Overproduction, a breakdown in artificial control over commodity prices, maladjustments in gold distribution, overproduction, faulty ignition, overproduction, deflation, subnormal thyroid secretion (or "Platt's Disease"), too much vermuth, deflation, excess of charts with black lines, excess of charts with red lines, and overproduction. Let us take these up, one by one, and then drop dead.

First, overproduction. In 1925 (which brings us down to 1927) we exported this commodity to the extent of twenty-four billion bushels, obviously too much. In 1929 this had been increased by sixty-eight bushels, or one bushel for each of the sixty-eight states in the Union. This increase, together with a simultaneous *decrease* in deflation, or consumer resistance, brought about a situation in which the world's markets found themselves faced with what amounted to, in round numbers, a pretty pickle.



Did you ever try dunking hot rolls in maple sirup?

Thus we see that this shortsighted policy of increasing production and, at the same time, *de*creasing inflation (or "Platt's Disease") brought on a crisis in distribution (or deflation) which naturally led to speculation in "shorts" (lobsters under six inches in length which are supposed, according to the Law, to be thrown back when caught. "Shorts," however, have much sweeter meat than the larger lobsters and it is often a great temptation to cheat just a teeny-weeny bit and take them home. They are delicious when served with melted butter).

The fall in silver which accompanied this ridiculous state of affairs naturally cut the purchasing power of the Far East, except in those countries where lozenges are used as legal tender. And with the purchasing power of the Far East diminished, and the importation of old rugs and punk from the Far East increasing, it is little wonder that people got so that they didn't know whether they were coming or going. Often they were doing both.

I am afraid that I can't be of much help to this discussion in the matter of gold and silver supply. I never quite caught on to what the hell it was all about.

We hear that there is a shortage of gold or an oversupply of gold; that France has all the gold or that the United States has all the gold. What gold? I don't mean to insinuate anything, but how did France *get* all this gold if she shouldn't have it? Where did she get it from? And what does she do with it when she gets it? And who cares, so long as there are plenty of good, crisp bank notes in circulation?

GIVE me a bank note every time. Then you aren't so likely to give it away under the impression that it is a lucky penny. I once gave a neighbor's little boy a lucky penny which was so lucky that he got five dollars for it at the bank. The whole system is rotten to the core.

But to return to our business forecast. (If you don't want to return, there are books and magazines on the table in the anteroom, and we will be right out in a few minutes.) I look for the following changes in our economic system which should radically alter conditions for the better:

(1) There will be, if I have anything to say about it, a remedy for overproduction in the marked decrease in the manufacture of greeting cards, shirts that go on over the head, auto busses, gin-and-orange-juice cocktails, war books, washroom boys, seed rolls, tops to tooth-paste tubes, art furniture, automatic elevators, paper matches. (I am rather sorry now that I began this list. There are so many things, and they are so difficult to remember.)

(2) In 1931 I look for a decided betterment in the relation of bond to stock yields. That is, of stock to bond yields. The ratio, as near as I can make it out without my glasses, is 4.70% as compared to 5.76%. (These figures are as of July, 1930, and what a hot month *that* was! I was at the seashore, and never got out of my bathing suit once, except to go in bathing.) Now this ratio, together with the increase in deflation and the *de*crease in *in*flation which must inevitably come about with the unfortunate and unpleasant distribution of gold which exists at the present moment (mentioning no names, but it begins with "F" and is a country noted for its dancing and light wines), will tend to break down the artificial control of commodity prices and possibly restore public confidence to a point where people will dare to go out into the street and perhaps walk one block under police escort.

(3) Money will be less scarce. By this I do not mean that you and I will have *more* money, or that it will be any less scarce when you look inside your wallet when the dinner check comes. There seems to be another kind of money that the banks handle. It is "plentiful," or it is "scarce," or it is "cheap," or it is "high."

Personally, I have never been able to get hold of any cheap money. If I want five dollars, it always costs me five dollars to get it, or, at any rate, a check for five dollars made out to "Cash" (which may, or may not, be the same thing). I never could figure out whether "cheap" money meant that a five-dollar bill cost only four dollars and sixty cents to buy, or that it was in bad condition, with torn edges and little strings hanging from it so that it *looked* cheap. At any rate, whatever "cheap" money means to bankers, five dollars is always five dollars to me. And a hundred dollars is a godsend.

HOWEVER, in a forecast of this sort, one must always say that money will be less scarce—so here goes: Money will be less scarce.

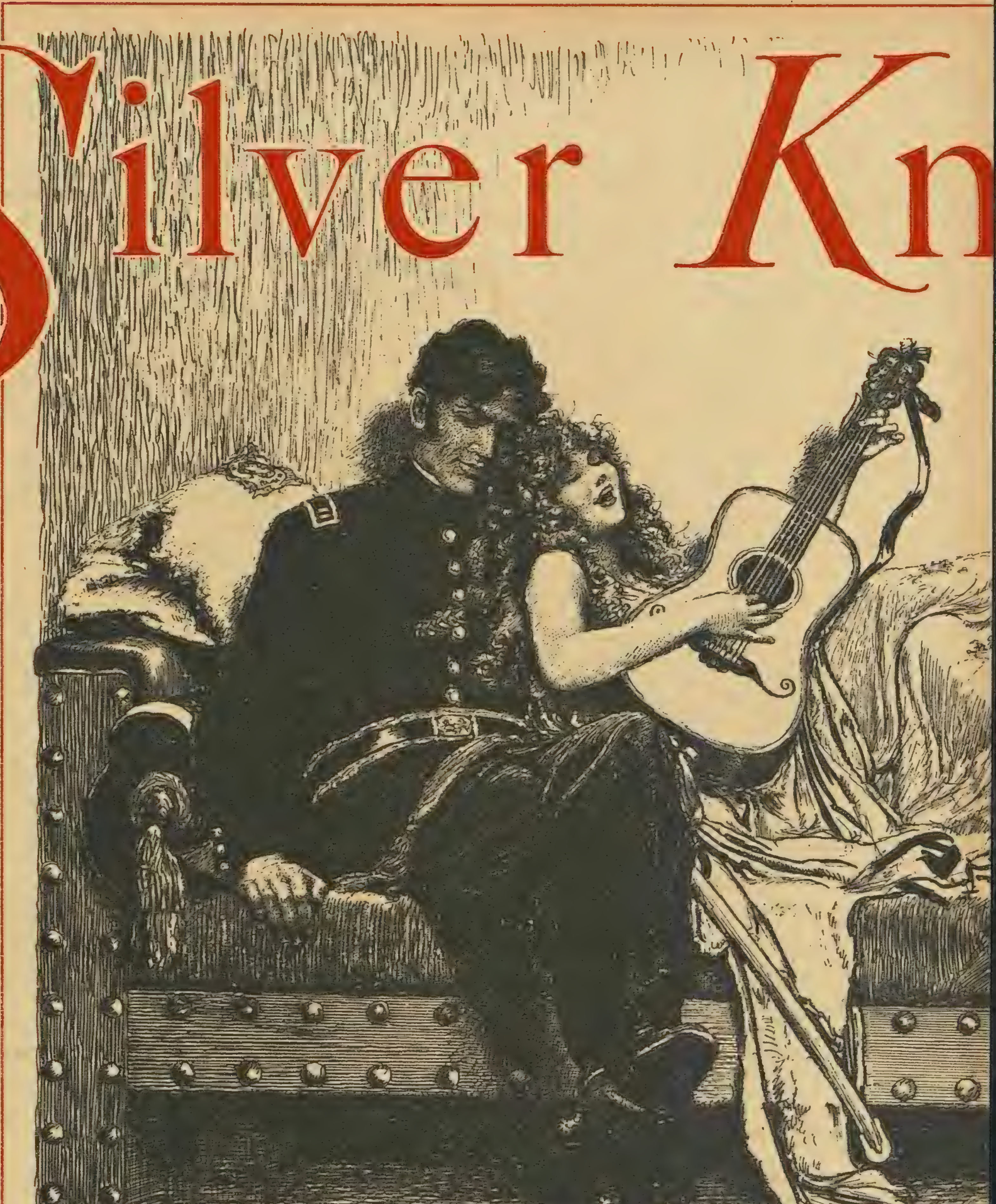
(4) Now about wheat. Wheat seems to have a lot to do with world conditions, although with so many people trying to reduce weight, I should think that it would be less important now than it was in 1900. Here again, like the money the banks use, the wheat referred to in the quotations must be another kind of wheat than that which goes into those delicious hot rolls we have at home. (Did you ever try dunking hot rolls in maple sirup? When you get down to the crisp brown part it just doesn't seem as if you could bear it.) The wheat we hear about in the financial quotations never comes in bundles of less than a million bushels, which, frankly, sounds a little unappetizing. When you get up into figures like that with just plain wheat, you run the risk of just sounding silly.

In fact, I am not sure that the whole financial and business structure on which our system is founded is not silly, with its billions of bushels and billions of gold bars and nothing to show for it.

I am working on a plan now whereby we scrap the whole thing and begin all over again, with a checking account for ten thousand dollars in my name in some good bank. With a head start like that I ought to be able to get my own affairs cleaned up, and with my own affairs cleaned up I am sure that world affairs would look a lot rosier.

Mr. Benchley's observations on other matters of moment will appear in an early issue.

Silver Kn



A Romance of the Rio Grande

Pictures by NORMAN PRICE

One knee cocked up over the other, her head with its disordered tawny hair resting on m

By ROBERT

(Reading time: 31 minutes.)

THIS is the story of Captain Maddox, chief of American spies in the Mexican War. He came near losing his life when he was recognized by enemies, but Silver Knees, a dancing girl living with wandering Gypsies, saved him by hiding him away.

Later, Maddox found the girl suffering from an assault by a drummer boy and Torribio López, established her in American quarters, and told her he planned, eventually, to take her to New York and have her educated.

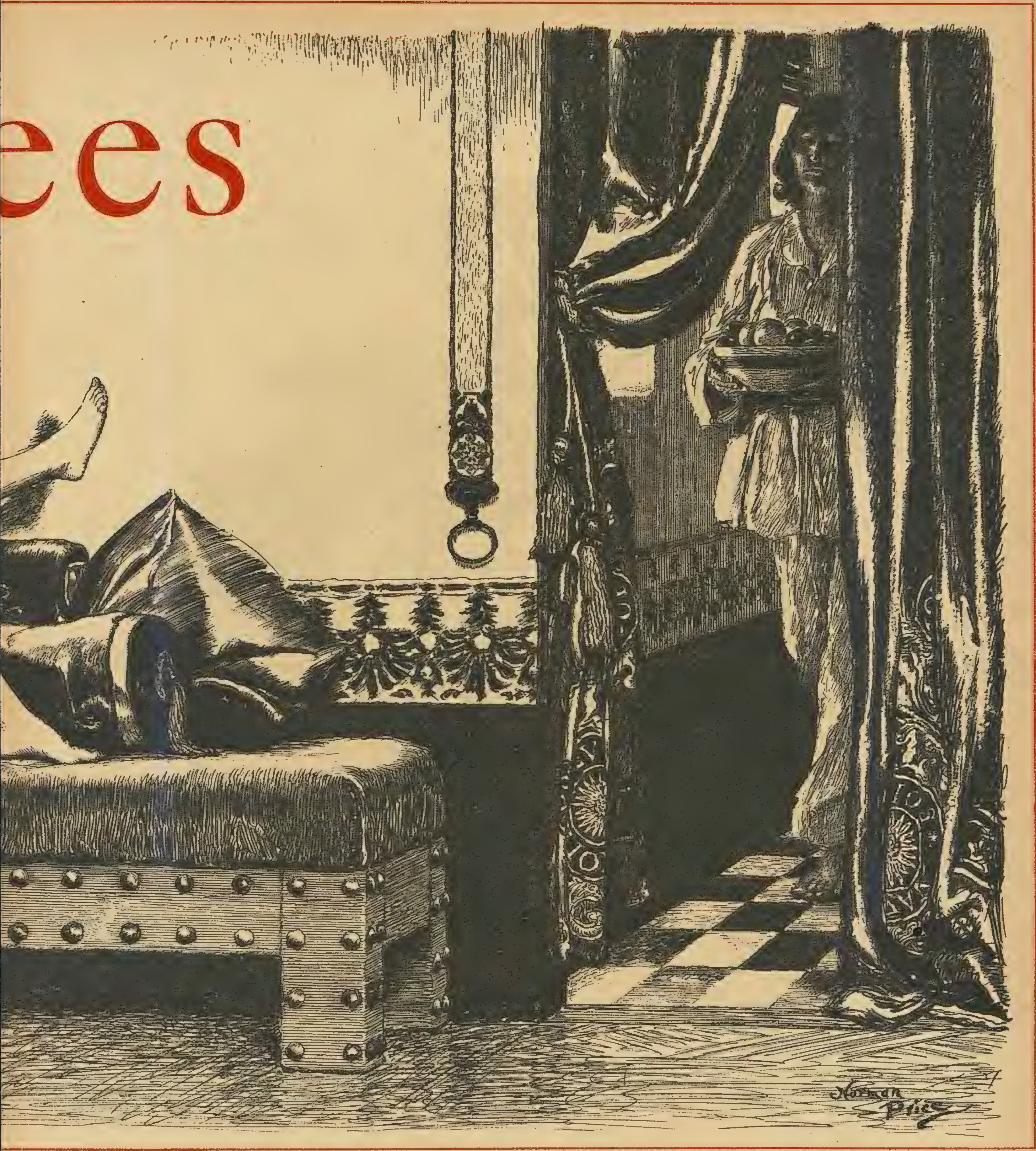
You can begin here and still understand what follows.

PART NINE—DOÑA MARIA

"OH, I believe you mean to do all this for me because you desire to be rid of me," Silver Knees said tremulously; "and all I desire is to love you humbly like a little maidservant—"

"Damnation!" said I. "You always find your way around to that! Obstinate as the Ursari—"

ees



oulder, she sang away, twanging her guitar with the gay insouciance of a bird a-swing on a bramble.

W. CHAMBERS

"I am!"

"You are *not!*"

"Prala," she whimpered, "how can I be American, and become a busni and the wife of a Gaja, when I am an Ursari Gypsy and love only you—"

"Stop that!"

"I do! I do! Oh, daia, daia, I do, I do, I do!"

"If you can't behave yourself I'm going back to talk to General Taylor."

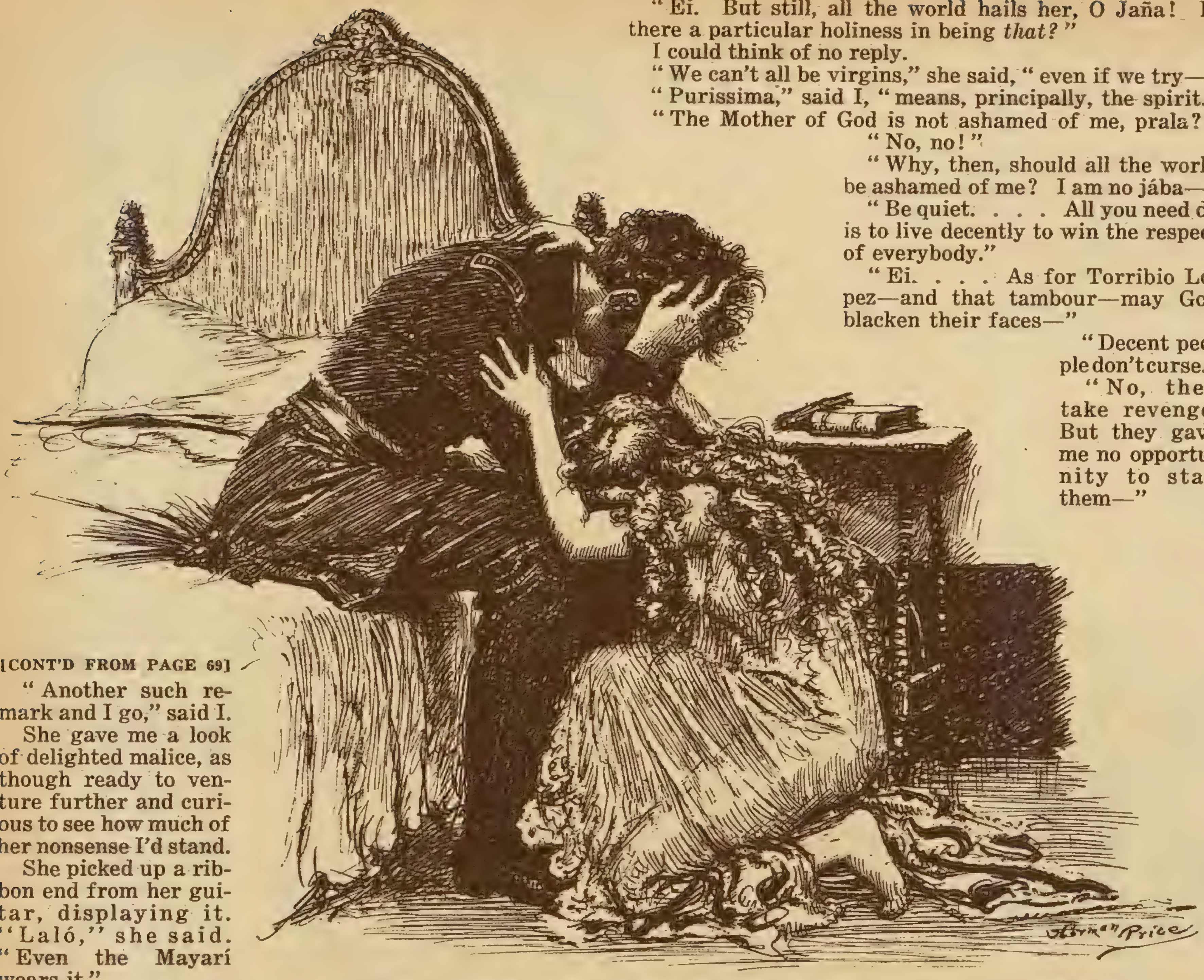
"Go, then!"

After a defiant silence she lifted mutinous eyes to me. "I wish I had a lolo to give you. Maybe you'd like me then."

I ignored her Gypsy frankness.

"A girl does it in Laloró—the Lalore do it to inspire affection," she added, perfectly aware of my displeasure.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



"Daia, daia, what have I done who am so desperately in love with him!"

[CONT'D FROM PAGE 69]

"Another such remark and I go," said I.

She gave me a look of delighted malice, as though ready to venture further and curious to see how much of her nonsense I'd stand.

She picked up a ribbon end from her guitar, displaying it. "Laló," she said. "Even the Mayarí wears it."

I had to laugh; and instantly she snuggled closer to me and, picking up her guitar, began to play and sing to the air of Los Enanos—her head flung back on my shoulder:

"I would make love;
He will not make it.
I drop my glove;
He will not take it!
When stars are bright
He does not care
To come at night
To play the bear.
Dilo!
Dilo!
Love is swift,
Love is swift,
Aphrodite gives the gift!
Let him go,
Let him go;
I'm aflame, but he's too slow!"

One knee cocked up over the other, her little toes pointed at the ceiling, her head with its disordered tawny hair resting on my shoulder, she sang away, twanging her guitar with the gay insouciance of a bird a-swing on a bramble.

Calixto came in with a bowl of fruit, and she reached for it, burrowing about with her slim fingers. Plum and peach juice spurted under her white teeth.

"You'll get my uniform all sticky," I protested, shifting her head; but she only let it fall across my knees and continued to investigate the dripping pulp.

"Prala," said she, "all the world loves the Mother of God. Why? Is it because she is a virgin?"

"It is because she bore our Saviour."

"Ei. But still, all the world hails her, O Jaña! Is there a particular holiness in being *that?*"

I could think of no reply.

"We can't all be virgins," she said, "even if we try—"

"Purissima," said I, "means, principally, the spirit."

"The Mother of God is not ashamed of me, prala?"

"No, no!"

"Why, then, should all the world be ashamed of me? I am no jába—"

"Be quiet. . . . All you need do is to live decently to win the respect of everybody."

"Ei. . . . As for Torribio López—and that tambour—may God blacken their faces—"

"Decent people don't curse."

"No, they take revenge. But they gave me no opportunity to stab them—"

"Decent people don't stab each other, Encarnación."

"Mother of God, why not?"

"Because it is murder."

"No! Murder is a cardinal sin, prala. But vengeance is a virtue—"

"Vengeance is God's alone."

"Prala—isn't your army here to avenge the insult to your flag of stars?"

"That is different."

"Why? You kill to avenge an affront, don't you?"

"I'M not going to argue the point. What a nation does collectively is one thing— And, by the way, have you a knife in your garter?"

"Ei."

"That is an uncivilized custom—"

"It is Mexican and it is Gypsy. Dios! Am I not to protect myself?"

"What is the law for, then?"

"The law?" She laughed. "Cáspita! You know very well, prala, that a Gypsy is outside the law. No law ever yet protected us. The law! Ei! It chases us, it beats us, it puts us into jail—or into the cabaña or the caltralbó! Bul!"

But her language was getting too crude for me, and I picked her up and sat her down hard on a chair, to her astonishment and rage.

"Wash your mouth out," said I dryly, and walked off toward the garden.

She sprang up, looked at me, eyes ablaze. "*Where* are you going? Do you desert me, then?"

"I do."

"Caramba! What have I done?" she demanded

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-TWO]

FALSE TEETH ARE A GREAT INVENTION *BUT* KEEP YOUR OWN AS LONG AS YOU CAN

False teeth often follow pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of every five past the age of 40

Ten years too late . . . Most People Seek Protection

FALSE teeth are better than none, but if you prefer to keep your own don't wait for pyorrhea to make your gums spongy and swollen before giving your mouth the care it deserves.

A great British doctor is authority for the statement that many people actually have a pyorrhea condition in their mouths as long as ten years before the real havoc of this disease begins to tell.

As it progresses the gums soften, the teeth may loosen in their very sockets until extraction and false teeth are the last resort. Don't wait another day before taking protective action.

Go to your dentist twice a year

Everyone should pay a visit to his dentist at least once in every six months for teeth inspection. Between such visits start the habit now of brushing your teeth regularly twice a day with Forhan's Toothpaste. This marvelous dentifrice was originated by R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., who for years specialized in the treatment of pyorrhea.

This toothpaste is unique in that it contains Forhan's Astringent, an ethical preparation developed by Dr. Forhan, which thousands of dentists use today in the treatment of pyorrhea.

A fine dentifrice for children

Even when gums are in the best of condition, Forhan's is a fine precaution. It is so pure, so mild, so free from harsh abrasives that it cannot do the slightest harm, even to the delicate tooth enamel of children.

Forhan's comes in two sizes, 35¢ and 60¢ the tube. A little more than ordinary toothpaste. But after all, what could you buy with the small difference that is a fitting substitute for your teeth? Forhan Company, Inc., New York; Forhan's Limited, Montreal.

WEALTH! ROMANCE! HEALTH! *How well do you know your own strength and weakness as revealed by the stars? Tune in Miss EVANGELINE ADAMS, world-famous astrologer, on your radio, or send for your horoscope. Just sign your name, address and date of birth on the box in which you buy your Forhan's toothpaste, and mail to Evangeline Adams, c/o Forhan Company, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City. Monday and Wednesday at 7:30 p. m., Eastern Standard Time, Columbia network.*

Forhan's
FOR MASSAGING GUMS
and
CLEANING TEETH

Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY]

furiously. "What did I say? A silly word. What of it? Dilo! For a word he leaves me!"

She stamped her bare foot. "I wish I were dead! I wish I were—were cambri—to disgrace you—"

I slammed the door and went out into the garden.

"Prala! Prala!" she sobbed. "Jaña I am! I lied to you. Why do you leave me?"

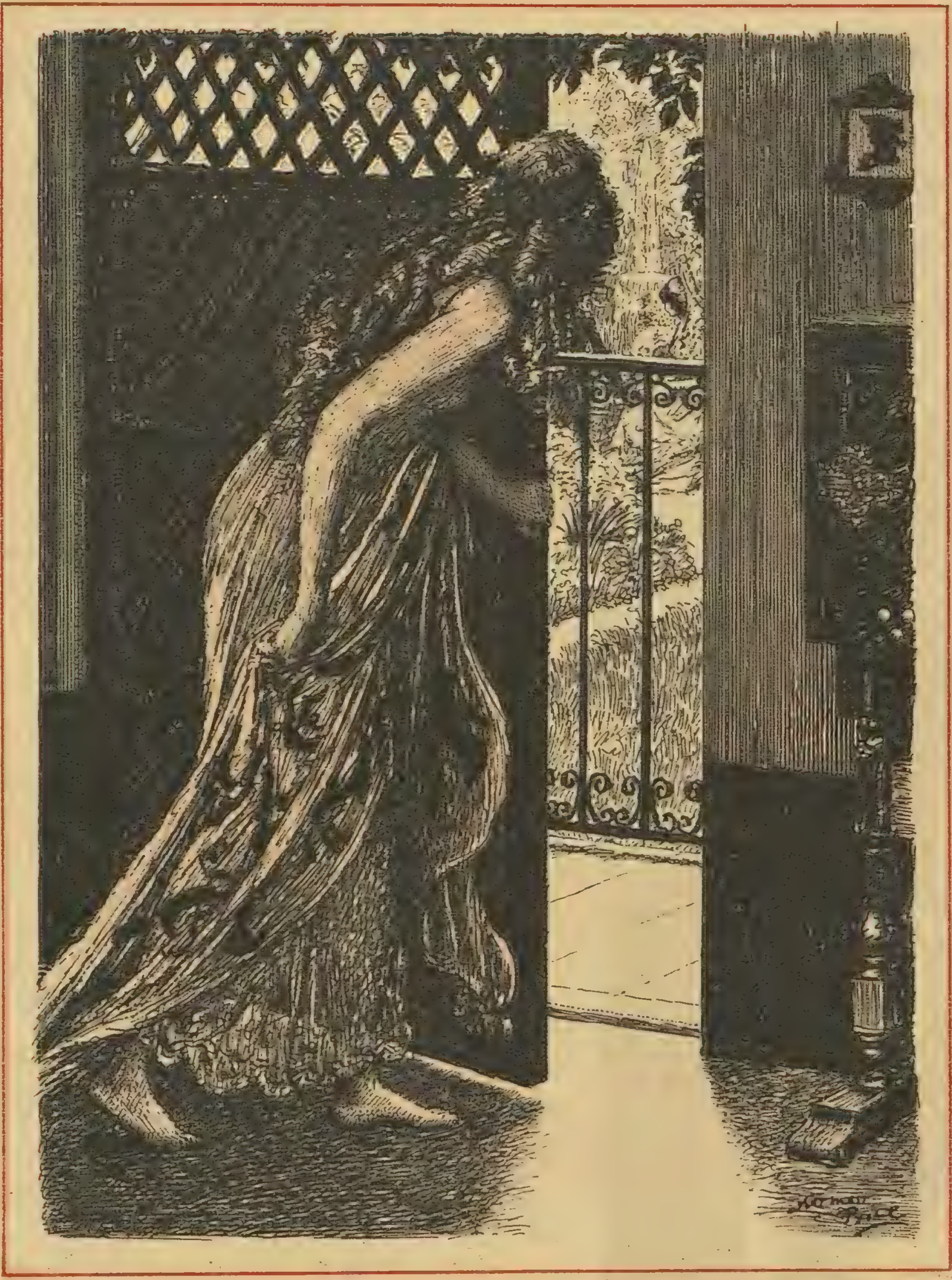
But I had had enough of her tantrums.

II

WITH this impulsive, sensitive, fiery, and sometimes foul-mouthed little savage I seemed to be able to do nothing. I was intensely annoyed that, after weeks of decent conditions and civilizing influence, she should use such language to me.

The wild freedom of thought, of language and behavior, the terrifying honesty, guileful coquetry, and guileless simplicity of this young Gitanella were not to be coped with by any mere man. I ought to have known that it was hopeless. Nothing controlled her except a passionate attachment to me—an affection which partly included the inborn loyalty of the Zincali to their own kind.

What attached me to her was something more complex, more subtle, more indefinable—something born of her tragic history—the instinctive response of white blood to white. And partly it was her frightful honesty, her unregenerated and primitive emotions, her extreme loveliness, and her daintiness—sometimes unwashed.



A door slammed, echoing through the garden like a pistol shot. Doña Maria did not even appear to notice the startling noise.

And mostly, no doubt, her hot, heedless, headlong inclination for me. No man could be indifferent to it.

At the moment, however, I was full of wrath and disgust when I went out into the garden, headed for my departmental office under the pepper trees at the other end of it. Recently, and on several occasions while traversing the garden, I had encountered Doña Maria Zozaya, who, it appeared, had reconsidered her decision to keep out of her own garden whilst the hated American invader was in possession.

I encountered her now—exquisite as a silver-pink rose amid the riot of delicate bloom.

I bowed extremely low; her curtsy was lower. Then ensued the formal preliminaries, always de rigueur:

"Good morning, Doña Maria."

"Good morning, Señor Captain Don Juan."

"Are you well, Doña Maria?"

"Sin novedad. At your service. And you?"

"I am rejoiced. And how are you, señora?"

"At your disposal; and you?"

"A thousand thanks."

"Pray be seated, señor."

"I beg of you to be seated."

"Vaya, to oblige you. How beautiful is your garden today, Don Juan!"

"Your beauty would turn the chaparral into Eden."

"A thousand thanks."

She reseated herself on the fountain's rim, where, in the limpid water, fat, lazy goldfish glided, brilliant as the hibiscus blossoms around her.

"I was looking over some old miniatures," she said, showing me two dangling from a gold chain around her neck, and which she held out for my inspection.

ON the back of one was written: "Don José de Zozaya y Herrera, Enviado Extraordinario y Ministro Plenipotenciario de la Republica Mexicana cerca de la Cartagena; y su Esposa, Doña Francisca Maria Carmelita de Zozaya. Plazuela de Buenavista, No. 2."

"Undoubtedly," said I, "this handsome gentleman and very beautiful lady are the fortunate parents of Doña Maria."

"Alas, señor, fortune departed with my birth, I think."

"Impossible."

"Well, look at me!"

"I see only youth and health and beauty, señora," said I, smiling.

"You see a daughter of Mexico overwhelmed by her country's misfortunes."

"When two brave men meet, both cannot be fortunate, madam."

"Your delicacy consoles me. . . . Vaya, enough of war. . . . I am reading the little American romance which you so kindly loaned me. I read quite well the English, sir—but do not speak it so fluently."

I think, take her all in all, that she was the most beautiful woman I ever have seen. Her very presence was a perfume.

"I have ventured to suggest," said I, "that a little

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-FOUR]

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at Chicago's

MORRISON HOTEL

EVER since its inception, the new Morrison Hotel has attracted travelers because of its central location, its luxurious accommodations and its *economical rates.*

Now a new 500-room addition to this world's tallest hotel makes a further reduction in rates possible. Ground floor subrentals to stores in the new section will increase the revenue of the hotel by $140,000 annually. This added income permits many reductions in room rentals throughout the entire hotel. For example a number of rooms that formerly rented for $3.50 may now be had for $3.00.

There are 2500 rooms in the Morrison at $2.50 up. Each room is outside with bath, circulating ice water, bed-head reading lamp, telephone and Servidor. Excellent garage accommodations are available to guests having cars.

HARRY C. MOIR
PRES. & GEN. MGR.
"THE MAN BACK OF THE INSTITUTION"

The Morrison is the world's tallest hotel — 46 stories high with 2,500 rooms.

The Morrison is the most centrally located hotel in Chicago. At the corner of Madison and Clark Streets—in the heart of the loop—it is nearest to all the places you wish to reach—offices, theatres, wholesale and retail districts, banks and railroad stations. Traveling men find that they can accomplish two days' business in one day by making the Morrison Hotel their headquarters. They save not only time, but the cost of a more prolonged stay.

MORRISON HOTEL
THE HOTEL OF PERFECT SERVICE
and TERRACE GARDEN CHICAGO'S WONDER RESTAURANT
CLARK AND MADISON STREETS
"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"

SILVER KNEES
Continued from page seventy-two

daily conversation with an American might offer you practice in our language."

She laughed a little.

"Very often," said I, "you are absent from the garden during several days."

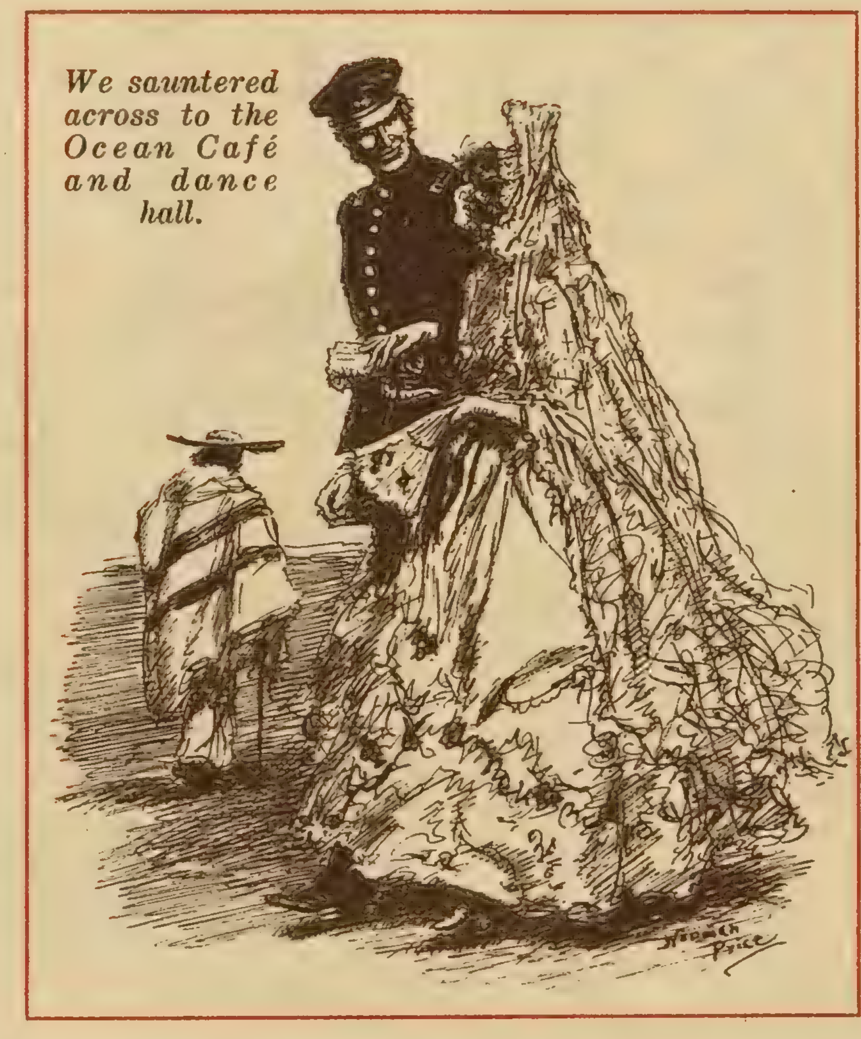
"Do you think your General Taylor would be pleased to have one of his officers teach English to a Mexican?"

"Why not?"

"Mexican women are dangerous."

"I know my peril, señora."

She laughed again, and drew her finger tips across the surface of the pool. Jagged reflection of hibiscus bloom made the water a rocking basin of fire.



We sauntered across to the Ocean Café and dance hall.

"Well, sir, if you already are on your guard."

"Too late, madam; I am a prisoner at your feet."

"It is I who am captive in my captured city. I wonder why you never interrogate me, señor captain?"

"Interrogate you, Doña Maria?"

"Yes. You are captain of all the American spies in Mexico, are you not?"

I reddened.

"Is it not your duty, then, to catechize me in your unsatiated quest for military intelligence?"

"Do you think it is?"

"Why not? I know a great deal. I am your enemy, too."

"A gentle one."

"Do you think so, Don Juan?"

I looked at her. Her eyes were softly regarding me; her delicate red lips were edged with a smile.

"I shall not be the first to take the offensive," said I laughingly.

"Who does not take the offensive must ultimately retreat," said she. "That is war, Don Juan."

"There is none between you and me."

"There always is war between man and woman."

"I surrender in advance."

"There is another war as implacable between Latin and Anglo-Saxon."

"Not in my heart, señora."

"And what do you suppose is going on in *mine?*"

"All that honors a true Mexican must animate your heart and mind, madam."

SHE said, with an odd smile: "You fence so honorably and beautifully that very nearly, at moments, you disarm me. Vaya, I must not be careless. . . . Some day I shall prepare an ambuscade for you, Don Juan. I shall invite you to take tea with me in my own house, after the English fashion."

"Is that an ambuscade?"

"Ah! Under the intoxicating influence of tea, señor, you shall tell me all the secrets of your army. Will you accept, nevertheless?"

We were still laughing when, in my villa, a door slammed, echoing through the garden like a pistol shot.

There was no wind blowing to slam it. Calixto didn't slam doors. Doña Maria did not even appear to notice the startling noise where she sat, idly trailing the points of her fingers across the fountain and watching the goldfish following her moving hand.

She said quietly: "Gentlemen are not too many throughout the world, Don Juan, compared to the swarming myriads of the canaille. Therefore you will not misunderstand it that I find your society pleasant, and that it would be agreeable for me to receive you under my own roof."

I kissed her hand as she rose; once more, as was incumbent upon the well bred, we went through the unvarying ceremony of leave-taking.

When, at length, Doña Maria had disappeared within the bluish shadow of her own portal, I went back to my villa to learn who had slammed that door, and why.

III

SILVER KNEES was in her bedroom, door bolted. I knocked. "Come out," said I shortly.

She came, undaunted, her face white, her eyes marred with recent tears.

"Did you slam that door, Encarnación?"

"Ei."

"Why?"

"Quien sabe?" she muttered.

"Answer me, Encarnación."

"What you were doing did not please me, Don Juan—"

"What do you mean?" said I sternly.

"Doña Maria made slut's eyes at you—"

"Que disparate!" I exclaimed, exasperated. "Savo pusca san tu, that you explode when no one touches you? Also—although it is none of your business—there is nothing sentimental between Doña Maria Zozaya and me—"

"I know when a woman is pleased with a man," she interrupted stubbornly.

"What is that to you? And if it were true, and concerned you, is it a reason for rudeness and temper and the slamming of lateen doors? Can't I converse with a lady if I choose—"

"She is too beautiful—"

"Odoros—jealous fancies!"

"I am jealous," said Silver Knees palely.

"Ca! You talk like a bobota!"

She said in a low voice, "I know the Gachi and I know the Romanicels. Doña Maria's eyes were like a deer's when she looked at you. And you had the air of comer el hierro—"

"The terms you employ are highly impertinent! What do you mean by 'Gachi'?"

She gave me a dangerous look. "Is she la señora marquesa, then, this Doña Maria? May God blot out her name before I see you two exchange the mirada again—"

"You *are* crazy!"

"No! She excites you as the muleta excites the bull—"

I was so incensed that I was seized with an impulse to spank this outrageous youngster, and I took her by the shoulder in a policeman's grip.

"Vaya," said she, white as a sheet, "beat me—send me to the alcalde if you choose. I love you, nevertheless, and will affirm it daily in the calabozo!"

I let go of her, and went and sat down on her bed, and, taking my head between both hands, tried to comprehend this young devil I had evoked naked out of the Great River of the North that day in May, and whom I did not understand how to exorcise.

My attitude of perplexity and despair, however, wrought an instant change in her. She uttered a stifled and strange little cry—"Johár de mi alma!"—and threw herself upon the floor against my knees, sobbing, "Daia, daia, what have I done who am so desperately in love with him and know nothing of love or how to behave when afflicted!"

I smoothed the tawny hair away from the flushed, tearful face. "Hijita, let us forget all that we have said. I love you dearly. Doña Maria Zozaya is a very grand lady; and you must behave like a rani Ingrés, and I must conduct myself like a hidalgo—an American caballero—lest she think meanly of us and of my profession and of my native country. Vaya, that is all there is to it, chiquita!"

"No more than that much, Don Juan?" she asked piteously.

"Nada. . . . Shall we go shopping in the Plazuela?"

"Ei," she nodded, drying her eyes naïvely with the hem of her nightgown.

She looked up with one of her heavenly smiles of a child.

"And in the Grand Plaza," said she, "we will have frozen cream and chocolate, and look at the promenade which passes!"

"Ei, niña."

"And there," said she, "we shall see all the chavos making eyes at the pretty girls—the maestranzas and the alguacils, and muchachos of the ganderia, after the corrida!—the great diestro with his coleta, strutting among the toreros and pelotari after the derribo—and the American officers in their blue and gold with a tinkle and clink-clink of spurs—"

"Querida mia," said I, "put on your gown and stockings rosa incarnada, and your little narrow silver slippers with four-inch heels, and your mantilla of woven spider's web, your silver comb, your painted fan, and in the cool of early evening, when all Monterey walks abroad in the Grand Plaza, all Monterey shall see the loveliest and best behaved rani tani that ever danced and sang the saeta!"

"Lozano!" she cried, flinging herself into my arms with the passionate abandon of a willful child.

"Modo correcto!" I gasped, half strangled.

"Oh, the devil!" said she, letting me loose. And, straightening up, she swept me the laughing, extravagant curtsy of the wild baile flamenco.

. . . . .

WELL, at the fashionable hour, in the cool of the declining sun, we sat at the Café Manzanilla and watched all Monterey parade before our eyes.

There had been a bullfight. All society and the fag-ends of it were promenading around the beautiful Plaza; cafés and restaurants were crowded. Our military police kept perfect order. The aristocrats did not condescend to notice them; others regarded with a shrug of patience.

Doña Maria was there with an aged, yellow-skinned lady, and a lemon-tinted caballero wearing lemon-colored gloves and tremendous mustachios.

I rose from our table to salute them; profoundly distant bows were exchanged; they passed leisurely.

I did not dare glance at Silver Knees. She remained silent for some little time.

I think I saw there every American officer I ever knew in Mexico. Several stopped to pay their devoirs, too gravely or with a touch of mischief, but their unfeigned admiration and masculine envy were plain enough. I couldn't help what they were thinking, although I had told many of them about my youthful ward and what I hoped to do for her.

But Silver Knees' attitude and manners were perfection—and her shy dignity, modesty, and reticent composure charmed me and gently amazed every man who came to make his manners, leaving him very uncertain, after all, whether I had been politely lying to him, and whether I really was to be more respected than envied.

The band of one of our regular infantry regiments was playing in the painted wooden stand under the palms, catalpas, and china trees.

As twilight deepened the street lamps were illuminated; theaters, cafés, dance halls blazed out in prettily colored arcs and festoons, and long strings of red, green, and white lanterns twinkled, surrounding and crisscrossing the Plaza.

The military music ended, the bandmaster in his great plumed and gilded shako marched his red-tunic-clad men

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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So doctors the world over now feed that gland substance to correct this condition.

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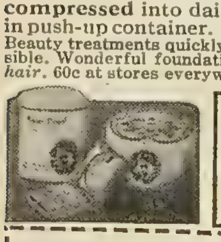

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[SILVER KNEES
Continued from page seventy-five]

away to the barracks. Now, from the dance pavilion of El Mar, where a jeweled fish hung sparkling red against a sea of blue light, came enchanting strains of violin, cello, and guitar. I could see Silver Knees' little high-heeled slippers going taptap to the enticing rhythm as she sipped her murciali.

"Murmo," she said in a low voice, "could we dance, oste—just once?"

So I paid our reckoning in white money, and we sauntered across to the Ocean Café and dance hall, where, presently, I had in my arms a creature of thistledown, who floated as though blown and wafted by the music's breath—or a silvery-winged loré—a gnat drifting in the lamplight.

We danced every waltz. This girl and the music were intoxicating. Also, it was hot, and we drank pulque iced—and danced and danced—and had supper of chili, dulces, and champagne. And danced and danced.

One cannot help the stare of masculine admiration directed at one's partner in Mexico, which tribute is meant, and modestly endured, as an honor. But no American understands it or is flattered, and the staring of men made me restless.

One man in particular—he of the mustachios and lemon complexion and gloves, who had passed us in the Plaza, escorting Doña Maria—annoyed me. And, moreover, he was the only man on whom the casual glance of Silver Knees lingered at all—fleetingly, it is true; yet more than once. "Dios," thought I, "am I jealous in my turn? I would never dream of marrying this girl. What am I jealous about?"

Those who were playing our dance music were Gypsies of the Kalo Rom—"Romanicel of the Kalderas," Silver Knees whispered to me, after a smilingly significant exchange of glances with these laughing musicians.

NOW she caught the leader's eye and made a sign to him; and he rose, still playing his violin, and bowed to us. Then, ending with a ripping bow stroke, he dashed into the wild Gypsy dance of the Kalderas, called Kheli Flamenca; and I not even knowing it, nevertheless we danced it together till the last ringing clash of the tambour basque died away amid the shouting applause.

The girl was excited; my own blood raced; such fierce, wild music is irresistible.

They played the Black Goat Dance and the Jojóy, and the crazy Mulatí or Gallows Dance of the Karavlasi horse thieves.

We had had enough iced pulque, too. And that fellow with the mustachios never took his eyes from us.

Suddenly Silver Knees got up from our table, murmuring something.

"Are you ill?" said I.

"Na, ninelo; mutrar."

"My God," said I, "will you ever learn there are some things people don't say?"

"But you asked me—"

"Hereafter I'll ask you nothing!"

"Norungy san tu?—are you angry? Well, then—I retire—to pull up my stockings—" She made an adorably impudent face at me and vanished through the red curtain behind us. A moment later I noticed that the gentleman of the mustachios also had disappeared.

When Silver Knees returned she was deathly pale, and I was afraid, at first, that what she had eaten and drunk had upset her stomach.

She was reticent; she would dance no more. She sat rigidly in her chair, swathed in her rose currandi, switching her fan with the menacing rhythm of a lithe jaguar meditating mischief. Her gaze followed the whirling dancers, but her thoughts were somber and remote, and she looked at me blankly when I spoke. Yet, all the while, whenever my head was partly turned away from her, I felt that her eyes were observing me covertly.

FINALLY I asked her bluntly what had happened to upset her.

She was switching her fan nervously and with increased tempo when I spoke abruptly: "Of what are you thinking?" I added smilingly: "For you look like a young ocelot ambushed in the mesquite."

"I was thinking," said she in an altered voice, "of a Gypsy proverb."

"What proverb, chispita?"

"It says, 'As soon as a girl tells a man she loves him, her lover begins to look about at other girls.'"

"How does that concern you?"

"I told you I love you."

"We both love each other, little sister."

"I don't love you only *that* way; I love you every way you let me. I have told you so, and instantly you begin to look around at other women—"

"What folly!"

"You do! I saw you with Doña Maria—"

"Are you going to begin that nonsense again?"

"Is it nonsense?"

"It is."

"Very well," said she passionately. "Read *that*, then!"

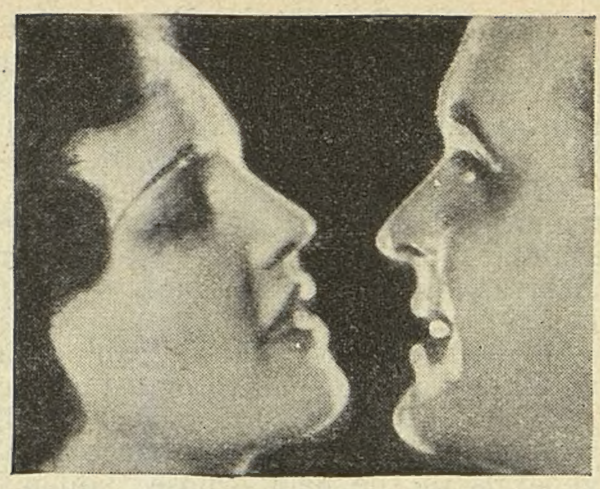
From her bosom she pulled a bit of crumpled paper and almost threw it at me. I unfolded and read it:

> Señorita Gitana—
> Your lover is playing you false. Do you wish proof? Then tie a handkerchief to your window bars at sunrise.
> (Signed) One Who Pities You.

"What idiotic stuff is this?" I asked, disgusted. "And where did you get it?"

"At the mirror in the ladies' parlor, I was arranging my hair to suit me. Somebody, in that room full of women, tossed this billet upon the table under my very nose. Naturally I read it. Naturally I am infuriated."

"Silver Knees," said I, "don't be a little fool. In the first place, I am not



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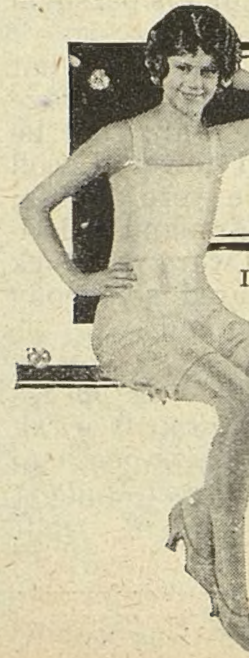

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your lover, and so could not play you 'false.'"

"In my heart you are my lover, and could cruelly deceive me—"

"That is a childish fancy—"

"You think I am a child, Don Juan? I will undeceive you if you'll let me—"

"What you say is silly—wanton—"

"Why is it shameless? I am a Gypsy and have no tribe; I am a runaway and have no marriage money; I am a rias who has lost her chica—posiláti—sasta rujia quejeláno. Ca! Nevertheless, I am young, healthy, and have beauty, perhaps—and a heart faithful in your service, humble to please you, and passionately inclined. . . . What am I to do with my life, then? Stab myself? Or *her?* Or—*you!*"

"No. Quiet yourself, chiquita; you are very much excited—"

"Oh, daia, daia," she whimpered, "I am not even his mistress, and already I am losing him—"

"You are not! Be quiet!"

"Why that warning note, then? And I saw how Doña—"

"Damnation! I'm not going to listen to such stuff any longer. I've told you what I'm trying to do in your behalf. I'll do it if you'll let me. But I'm not going to try to tame a gato!"

"A—what?" she demanded, astonished in her tears.

"A wildcat. I said it. You behave like one. Everybody notices us. Compose yourself!"

Fresh tears welled up from her eyes. "You compare me to Red Paws the Chac Mool, then! O Diosa Purissima! Majaro Soláres! To this man I am only a tigress of Yucatan! But his Doña Maria is a dove—"

"Come," said I, "we will go home."

WHEN we arrived there, Silver Knees gave me a tragic look out of swollen, tear-marred eyes; but I would have none of her. Indeed, I gave her a slight push in the direction of her bedroom; and like a desolate child she trotted into it, whimpering; and I closed her door.

In my own room, Calixto came with a little crested note from Doña Maria Josefa Zozaya, bidding me to sip tea with her after the manner of the English.

This note I locked in my military chest, and went to bed angry, disgusted, and uncomfortably perplexed. Who the devil was trying to stir up trouble between Silver Knees and me? What mischief-maker was meddling?

As for Doña Maria Josefa Zozaya, what business was it of this Gypsy girl whether or not I found her charming? And I did. She was the most beautiful woman I ever had laid eyes on. The sheer loveliness of her was astounding. Garrison life was dull. Old Zack scarcely employed my department at all. Nine-tenths of the time I was idle. Peep and Emilio Bandara were idle. So were the ruffians they employed or subsidized.

A normal young man tires of the society of men alone after a while.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Did You Ever Give Your Face a Clasmic Pack?

YOUR first Clasmic Pack will be a thrilling experience never to be forgotten. For Clasmic Pack, developed by 13 years of research and improvement in the famous Boncilla Laboratories, is the quickest way known to a lovely complexion. You smooth a fragrant, soothing, creamy substance on your face. After thirty minutes see the results—your face amazingly refreshed, fatigue lines utterly removed, color in the cheeks no rouge can bring; crows' feet, blackheads, pimples gone, enlarged pores closed, a smoother, softer, more lovely skin. Secure Boncilla Clasmic Pack, exactly the same as used in the most famous Beauty Salons of Europe and America, from your drug or department store. The cost per treatment is a few cents—money refunded if you are not delighted.

BONCILLA CLASMIC PACK

Recipe for Making Hands Soft and White

A dandy way to make dry, rough, red or work-stained hands soft, smooth and white is to rub into the hands, after each washing, a few drops of a mixture of sea moss and glycerin. Sea moss is a noted skin-whitener and softener, and glycerin a splendid balm. In combination, the two make a remarkable lotion. You can buy this lotion at any good drug store. It is called Nepto Lotion and costs only 50¢ a bottle.

Nepto Lotion makes dry, rough or red hands soft, supple and white. It makes "houseworky" hands look aristocratic. Nepto Lotion may be used on the face or any other part of the body with as great benefit as on the hands. Wherever it is used, it whitens, smooths and refreshes. It also relieves and prevents chapping, chafing, sunburn and windburn. Rub a few drops into your skin before going out and it will protect your skin from the withering effects of sun and wind. Nepto Lotion is a naturally good thing for the skin and can do no harm whatever. Contains no grease to clog the pores and catch dirt. Rubs in dry and smooth so you can powder over it. Economical, too, as a little of this unique lotion goes a long way.

If your druggist or department store cannot supply you, send attached coupon for free trial size bottle of Nepto Lotion.

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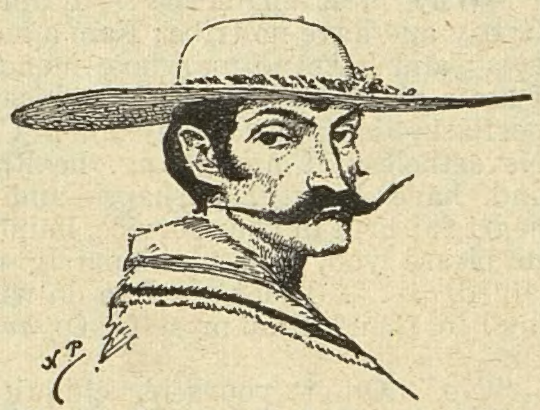
SILVER KNEES
Continued from page seventy-seven

A woman of his own caste takes the curse off of masculine monotony.

This Gypsy youngster was something different. It was impossible for her to satisfy the social want in me, although I loved her dearly and was concerned for her welfare. But the constant anxiety—the care and taming of her—kept me in a state of perpetual unrest. There was, with this enchanting child, no repose, no relaxation—always a subtle peril in her slender loveliness and primitive emotions—in her terrifying honesty and passionate attachment for me.

To be continually stirred up becomes wearisome. The charming, ceremonious sophistication and youthful composure, the calm assurance of caste, the feminine awareness always slumbering beneath her dark lashes—everything she was—made Doña Josefa Zozaya a very desirable incident in a young man's tiresome environment. . . .


That fellow with the mustachios never took his eyes from us.

Before I went to bed I wrote a note to Doña Maria. Good Lord, why should I not take tea with her!

Nevertheless, I bade Calixto deliver it unobserved by Señorita Encarnación.

IV

WE had not been in touch with the Mexican army since it marched out of Monterey.

We did not know precisely where it was; and Old Zack didn't seem to care where it was.

He had let the defeated Mexican army escape. One would suppose he might wish to know where it was and of how many troops it might be composed.

But at Old Zack's request I had turned public ratcatcher to rid the Monterey district of the vermin which, he declared, infested his camp and interfered with his "privacy."

So Pacheco and Bandara had trapped nearly a dozen Mexican spies for him, every one of whom went to his death with a calm courage not proverbially Latin, and crying out in thin, frightened voices—when they could find their voices at all—"Viva Mexico!"

Also, between our military police, provost guard, and my secret agents, we caught, red-handed, far too many of our own soldiery—no regulars, as I remember, but worthless, prowling louts from volunteer regiments—whose plundering and brutal instincts neither Patterson nor Floyd had been able to eradicate.

Outrages against poor country women in solitary ranches and tiny hamlets—murder for the purpose of robbery—these and desertion were the principal crimes for which Old Zack executed the uniformed ruffians who disgraced our army and the nation's flag.

As a matter of fact, my department had nearly all it could do to cope with crime committed by the vagabond element among our volunteers and the constant succession of robberies and murders committed by roving bands of Mexicans—rancheros, chaparral robbers, desert bandits—always hovering just outside our videttes and all along our line of communications to overwhelm small wagon trains and their escorts, assassinate solitary sentinels and videttes, rob and murder messengers and stragglers.

In time of war, when death has become too familiar to attract one's attention, nothing is more horrible to me than to hear the dead march throbbing through the lull between battles, timing the solemn march to the scaffold or to the field of military execution.

. . . . . .

Camp gossip is not supposed to be reliable. But I believe our army at Monterey knew fairly well that the petty, blundering meanness of President, cabinet, and Congress had landed our country in that blind morass—that miserable military and political mess—which is due to military and economic unpreparedness.

Incredibly sordid politicians intrigued with contractors, snouting and gruffling jowl-deep in profits.

An ignorant, petty-minded Congress, realizing too late its responsibilities and its parsimony, strove to repair mistakes and authorize the armament and men which it had refused.

A sly President, a stupid cabinet, a wrangling Senate—all befogged by the reeking black fog of slavery, all wrangling, all afraid of successful generals in the field, whose suddenly won prestige might knock them, their politics, and their party into so many cocked hats—these squalid minds, full of jealousy, acrimony, and selfish fears, were watching the victorious progress of Old Zack with a kind of terror inspired by dread of his Presidential availability in the coming campaign.

Everything was being done to discredit the military part of this rough-and-tumble row with Mexico. A political and party victory was what the administration wanted; and it sent political envoys to Mexico City after—and during—every upset of the Mexican government, to intrigue and barter and try to trade for a peace with each new Mexican President—until this crawling and louselike policy nauseated the Mexicans themselves.

There was in the United States a veteran soldier who knew his business. He knew how to plan the vital campaign which must be fatal to the Mexican cause; he knew from where to start this campaign, how to pursue it, and what was to be his objective. And all these things he laid before the administration with all the simplicity and clarity and precision of a real soldier. And the administration snubbed him, ignored him, and did everything to discredit him because his plan had originated in a soldier's mind and not in the mind of a stinking politician. The soldier's name was Winfield Scott.

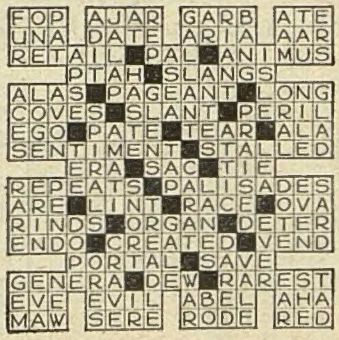
YET, after all is said, the mean-minded administration had more to perplex it than dirty politics or clean ones. War with England loomed vaguely over Oregon; war with France and with Spain was no impossibility; nor was a civil struggle in arms unthinkable where not only a southern state or two, but the mewling New England Puritan, had threatened secession from the Union as the final remedy for that sectional bigotry which once hanged witches, outraged Quakers, and murdered friendly Indians in the North, and which made human slavery the foundation of civilization in the South.

All these matters were known in our little army occupying Monterey. Criticism of Old Zack became softened in the knowledge of the hostility of the administration toward the brave old man. If he blundered, he blundered victoriously; if his military ignorance lost us the fruits of victory and cost us dear, we liked him for his personal courage and his unvarying kindness to all.

As for General Scott, we knew about him only what everybody knew—that he had fought with courage and sagacity against England in the late war; that he was a professional, very handsome, and towered well over six feet in his gilt-spurred boots. We were for him to a man, regulars and volunteers alike. And were very sick of war and wanted somebody who knew how to end it.

When Doña Maria reappears in next week's installment of the story, startling things begin to happen. Follow her and Maddox and Silver Knees in their further adventures.

NOTE—An interesting letter from Mr. Chambers regarding an earlier installment of "Silver Knees" appears in Vox Pop this week—page 59.



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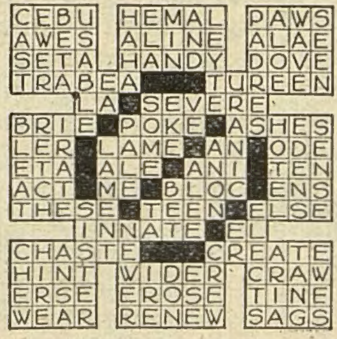
Answer to the puzzle on page 60



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Answer to the puzzle on page 61

"*Now* it pays to trade at Smith's

I save money and shop easier at his I.G.A. store"

"At last, Dad, I am able to do what I've always wanted to do . . . . trade with an Independent Grocer! And you have no idea what a real pleasure it is to shop at Mr. Smith's since his grocery became an I. G. A. Store! You've tasted his foods . . . . and liked them . . . . but I haven't told you, that because I am buying our foods from him now, I am actually saving more money on our meals than ever before! And you should see how clean his store is today, and how handy things are I can select anything and everything I want as quickly or as leisurely as I choose, and I know just what things cost because everything's plainly priced. I really enjoy doing business with Mr. Smith, too . . . . he's so helpful and pleasant."

" Great, Mother! I'm glad that Smith, as an I. G. A. Grocer, is meeting both your needs and his competition! I earn my money in this community and I'm glad to know that now we can trade with an Independent retailer and keep it right here in town, without having to sacrifice anything in convenience, quality or price."

"As an I. G. A. Grocer I know that if I am to merit your patronage I must offer more than just service - - - and I do.

First, I know that I must give you pure, wholesome foods at the lowest prices. Therefore, I mass my buying with thousands of I. G. A. Grocers in 37 states, and share with you, the savings of *a five hundred million dollar I. G. A. purchasing power.*

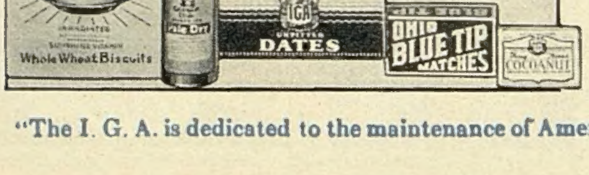
Next, I realize that I must lighten your shopping problems by carrying complete, fresh stocks—pricing and displaying them to save your time. I must have a clean, up-to-the-minute store arranged for your convenience. My I. G. A. Store meets all these requirements—and in addition, I am aware of my obligation to you—and to our community.

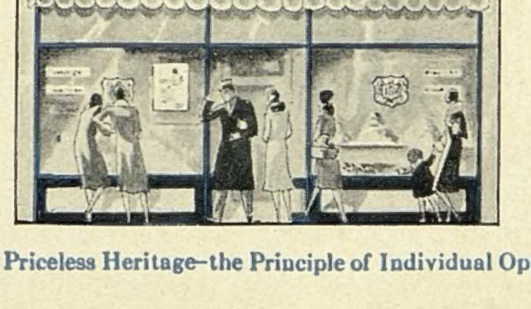
When you shop at my I. G A. Store you gain everything for yourself, your family and your community, and you sacrifice nothing in value, service or quality. Look for my Ivory and Blue I. G. A. sign. It is your guarantee of dependability."

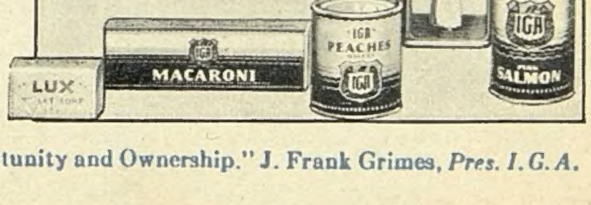
INDEPENDENT GROCERS' ALLIANCE *of America*

Leading nationally advertised brands—as well as my I. G. A. Brand of Food Products—guarantee known quality at budget-beating prices at my I. G. A. Store.

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
185 WEST ADAMS STREET
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.







"The I. G. A. is dedicated to the maintenance of America's Priceless Heritage—the Principle of Individual Opportunity and Ownership." J. Frank Grimes, *Pres. I. G. A.*

Women Are Changing

at the rate of
90,000 Every Month

To This Unique Mistake-Proof Cake Flour

The Scientific Creation
of the Leading Flour Millers
of the World

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NOT SELF-RISING
Eventually
GOLD MEDAL
Why No
CAKE FLOUR
"Soft as Silk"

Corrects These 3 Common Faults in Cake Making

Coarse, Uneven Texture

Soggy, Too "Heavy"

Quickly Stale

Dear Madam:

Women by the thousands are changing to a remarkable new cake flour. The creation of the millers of GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour.

It embodies new discoveries in a flour. It makes cake making immeasurably easier than ever before. Last year, over 1,000,000 women, or an average of 3,000 every day—discarded ordinary cake flours and adopted it.

Corrects the 3 Great Difficulties Most Women Experience

Years were spent creating it. Over 90 noted domestic science experts worked on perfecting it. Betty Crocker, famous expert, perfected recipes to prove its results. It marks a new era in home cake making. It gives results widely different from any cake flour you have ever used.

It scientifically overcomes coarse texture in cakes. A trouble 9 out of every 10 women baking cakes experience at one time or another.

It scientifically overcomes *sogginess.* And thus largely ends the embarrassment of a "heavy" cake.

Cake made from it stays fresh often TWICE AS LONG as cake baked with ordinary, less scientific cake flour.

Will You Try It Strictly At Our Risk?

If you have any of the above difficulties in the cakes you bake, we urge you to try this new GOLD MEDAL achievement.

We believe it will change your previous ideals in fine cake making.

Obtain it at any grocery store. If it doesn't delight you, return it to your grocer for a cash refund of the entire purchase price.

The best bakers today are using GOLD MEDAL *Cake Flour* and other well-known high grade ingredients for making a variety of delicious cakes. Have you tried them? *1032*

GOLD MEDAL PRODUCTS COMPANY
of
GENERAL MILLS, INC., MINNEAPOLIS

Copyr. G. M. Inc., 1931

Try These Wheat Products Made by the Millers of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour
Eventually
WASHBURN'S PANCAKE FLOUR
WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES
WHEATIES
WITH ALL THE BRAN
WASHBURN CROSBY
Gold MEDAL FLOUR
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR
Kitchen-tested

LISTEN IN . . . Every Wednesday and Friday morning at 10:30 Eastern Time—9:30 Central Time—9:30 Pacific Time—to Betty Crocker's Gold Medal Cooking School over National Broadcasting Co. ***Gold Medal Fast Freight*** . . . Every Wednesday Night at 9:00 P. M., Eastern Standard—8:00 P. M., Central Standard—7:00 P. M., Mountain and 6:00 P. M., Pacific Time, The Gold Medal Radio Organ—the Wheaties Quartet—Coast-to-Coast Over the Columbia System.